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AND  
ROSE GARDENS



WALTER P. WRIGHT













ROSES AND ROSE GARDENS.



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ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR

ROSE GARDEN IN HAMPSHIRE.

Painted by BEATRICE PARSONS.

LONDON:  
HEADLEY BROTHERS  
BISHOPSTON





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BY  
WALTER P. WRIGHT.

AUTHOR OF  
"Alpine Flowers and Rock Gardens."

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## CHAPTER I.

### Of the Grace, Beauty and Fragrance of the Rose.

*To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet . . .*

THE famous passage from *King John* comes before me in glittering letters when I raise my pen to write of the charms of the Rose. Can presumption so far dare? Do not the memory of a hundred inspired writers and the perfumed breath of a thousand gardens warn me that "wasteful and ridiculous excess" could never be shown more strongly than in praise of the Rose?

But my thoughts wander to those gardens of desolating rote and drear monotony where the fiery Zonal Geranium still rears its undiminished head, where the tubby Aucuba and the aggressive Laurel shoulder their way over precious sites, where Scarlet Runners and Artichokes rule riotously.

After all that has been said about the advance of garden art, the majority of those who lay out gardens will still plant a Potato patch before they think of a pergola, and allot a site to a bed of Beetroot in preference to a pool of Water Lilies.

These acts, we may be told, are the necessary practical things of gardening. Is it out of place to suggest that in those districts where it is possible to grow good Roses there is almost always an abundant supply of fresh vegetables available at low cost, and that the truly practical thing in such circumstances is to keep precious garden space for something more satisfying, more interesting, more educational, than Parsnips? After all, is it not practical to multiply objects of beauty, to minister to artistic wants? Why should it be practical only to cater for the grosser material needs?

When I see the most space and the best positions in gardens marked out for unimportant crops then will I make protest—

*Then will I raise aloft the milk white Rose  
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed.*

Why should we not, in planning our gardens, first allot the best places to the best plants? Think what it would mean if this simple theory guided our possibly inexperienced hands. The Rose, the Lily, the Rhododendron, the Sweet Pea, the Chrysanthemum, the Phlox, the Michaelmas Daisy first provided for, given the most prominent positions and the richest soil, arranged in such ways as to permit them to display their individuality, and planted with an eye to harmonious blending of colours—why, the garden would be all but made.

These things—these beautiful, necessary things—first. After them, with their sisters of the rockery, the





ROSES, LILIES, AND MARIGOLDS.

Painted by BEATRICE PARSONS.







herbaceous border and the pool—after them, if you will, the succulent Savoy and the melting Vegetable Marrow.

And first of all the Rose, for, great as the Rhododendron, the Sweet Pea, and the Chrysanthemum are, the Rose is still greater. It vies with them in the bed, it excels them on the wall, the arch, the arbour, the pergola. It is nearest of all to our homes and hearths. Yes, first of all the Rose.

Let us think with grateful hearts of the grace of the Rose : how, in the heat haze of the summer, it hangs its cool clusters of pink and orange, cream and white, from the pillars round the pool, sways with welcoming courtesy at the portals of the summer house, flecks the path of the pergola with slender shadows, and patters affectionately on the window panes. In the industrial districts of the great towns we may see, if we are afoot there in the early morning, a worn, rugged man going from door to door to arouse the workers before the hooters at the factories shall give them a raucous and peremptory intimation that in so many minutes the gates will be closed. Country dwellers have a more gentle summons in the sweet voice of the lark and the soft scratching of the Rose sprays.

Our song birds know and love the great hedge-rows of many country sides, where Dog Rose and Thorn, Wayfaring Tree and Hazel, Travellers' Joy and Sweet Brier, mingle. But they do not disdain the thickets of Carmine Pillar and Crimson Rambler when those strong Roses have had a few years in which to establish themselves on arches and arbours. The tits will have great sport along the pergola, and the watcher may

see them clinging like little fluffy balls to the swaying shoots of the Roses, picking off the aphides that cluster there.

The happy association between birds and flowers may encourage us more and more to break up the uniformity of our gardens with supports of all kinds for rambling Roses, and it may also prompt us to provide thickets of the great hairy Japanese Rose, *rugosa*, which makes masses of thick, heavy foliage and bears large crimson or white flowers ; as well as to cover banks with creeping Roses of the Dorothy Perkins class. Will the garden suffer from this increase of bird cover ? On the whole, no, because insects will be kept in subjection, but seedlings must be netted, fruit-quarters protected and Peas guarded ; for the sweetest of our singers take as freely as they give.

The raw garden just made from treeless pasture takes on immediate life and character when rustic erections are made and planted with Roses.

Here is an awkward triangle of bare, scrubby turf, without a shrub, without a plant. What can be done to give it the semblance of a garden ? If the central area is large enough for a tennis lawn our course is clear : it is to roll, dress and mow the grass, set a rustic summer-house planted with climbing roses in one corner, and make a rockery in the other. The first summer will see bloom on the Roses ; the second will find them a thick canopy.

There, perhaps, is a bank covered with rough tussocks. It is an eyesore, and in view of poor, thin soil it threatens to remain so. Turn in the turf, with



some manure, plant Wichuraiana Roses like Dorothy Perkins, Alberic Barbier, Gardenia, and Jersey Beauty on the bank, and in a year or two it will be a mass of verdure and blossom. And the "deadness" of the treeless garden can be further relieved by making large round beds in selected spots—beds at least six feet across—setting boles in them and draping them with Roses.

In these and in other ways that I shall indicate presently we can enjoy the grace of the Rose. By no means must garden-lovers restrict her to squat little bushes, pruned annually to stumps, in rectangular beds; still less to a line of gawky standards by a side walk. We must give our stronger Roses tolerance and freedom.

The beauty of the Rose as a bloom is often gained at the sacrifice of its grace as a plant; but that beauty is so ravishing, so overwhelming, that it is impossible to expect amateurs who judge Roses by show standards—and they are both a large and increasing number—to forgo it. It may be prophesied safely that there will always be two schools of rosarians; those who grow the Rose as garden-lovers pure and simple, and those who grow it for exhibition. Their paths will be divergent, because their ideals are essentially different. The one studies the plant, the other the flower; one seeks to make beautiful pictures of liberty and grace in the open air, the other strives for perfect form and richness of colour in combination with the largest possible size.

The model show Rose is a thing of exquisite and

enchancing beauty. It has the symmetry of a statue, and yet has the rich pulsing warmth of life. Mellow shades of sunset and sunrise play on its thick petals. The amber and amaranth tints of rare old vintages lurk in its luscious depths. It has the glow, the lustre which Tulips brought us from the East, and which we find enshrined very passably in old-time florists' publications, such as Sweet's. Modern artists do not attempt to reproduce these floral masterpieces, except for trade purposes. Thousands of people admire model Rose blooms at the shows, but the Roses that they love to see on canvas are the half-wild, careless, wind-blown flowers of the garden.

Happy shall we be when we are able to get the vigour, grace and profusion of our best garden Roses combined with the beautiful form and powerful perfume of the best show sorts. At present we are far from having arrived at that Arcadian stage. Dorothy Perkins and her sisters, Crimson Rambler and cognate varieties, Hiawatha, Mrs. F. W. Flight, American Pillar, Leuchtstern, Coquina, and many others of the lovely pillar varieties, have no particular merit as individual flowers, and little scent.

The perfect Rose must have fragrance, which is the richest of the heaven-sent gifts of this glorious flower. Whatever Roses we grow for our arches, whatever sorts we choose to represent us on the show board, we must have also varieties with the full, delicious odour of the old Damask Rose. There are many Roses which are particularly sweet, as we shall see in a future chapter, and we must take care to grow them, even if they

never win us a prize and are unsuitable for walls and pillars.

The perfume of our sweetest varieties stands alone amongst flowers. The Pæony approaches it in power and richness, but even the Rose-scented Pæonies, strongly reminiscent though their odour is of the old familiar fragrance of the Damask, lack the refined, non-cloying sweetness of the Rose. There is a suspicion of rankness, of coarseness in the smell of Pæonies that is never present in the Rose. If I might so express it, one seems, in following up the first pleasant whiff by a hearty, long-drawn, lung-expanding sniff, to smell the plant—perhaps almost the manure—beneath the flower. The scent of the Rose is purely that of the flower; there is nothing behind. One inhales the pure essence of the beautiful petals, in whose cells the volatile oils which yield the perfume lie. Nevertheless, it has to be confessed that there are people of such delicate nervous organization that sweet and refined as Rose fragrance is, it may overcome them if they sniff it up too eagerly, if they remain long near nosegays of Roses, or if they sleep in a room containing many flowers.

In suggesting that particular people are more likely to be affected than others I accept the conclusion that such ill effects as sometimes arise from the scent, not only of Roses, but of Lilies, Oranges, Jasmine, Tuberoses and others of our sweetest flowers, are due rather to nervous susceptibility than to direct respiratory injury, although I am aware that if bunches of these flowers are placed under a cover that is hermeti-



cally sealed and left for some hours they will appreciably affect the small quantity of air around them by taking oxygen from it and returning carbonic acid.

It is said of a gruff old physician that when a patient much given to complaints of imaginary ailments told him that her arm hurt her when she raised it, he replied : " Well, ma'am, keep it down." Those who are unable to enjoy Rose-sweetness long drawn out must be content to take it in passing whiffs—to savour it, as Robert Louis Stevenson teaches us in *Virginibus puerisque*. Chartreuse must not be gulped by the tumblerful.

If in one respect the highly strung Rose-lover may suffer in comparison with a more robust brother in another he has an advantage, for his refined sense of smell may detect shades of difference in the perfume of Roses on different plants, even if they are of the same variety ; nay, it may find *nuances* in flowers on the same plant. Who will not admit that the power of distinguishing between the differences of perfume—all equally delicious—is an enviable one ? To one being a dozen flowers have precisely the same smell ; his nose is no more capable of detecting the delicate gradations of odour than his ear is equal to distinguishing sharps and flats in music ; but to another there are many degrees, evenly and nicely graded, but still distinctly perceptible. Differences may be expected in flowers of different ages, and under variations of temperature ; with heat exercising an influence it is not too much to claim that a difference



HARRY KIRK.

A pretty, sulphur-coloured Tea, a vigorous grower and a good garden variety.







of odour can be detected in the same flower at various periods of the day. There must, we may suppose, be more than one perfumed essential oil in the cells ; and with several, coming forth in greater or less quantity according to the heat and moisture in the atmosphere, we should get the varying mixtures that we call the fragrance of the Rose, and be able to account for slight differences.

In the golden warmth of the July days divine invisible emanations flow from the petals. They are drawn forth by the heat of the sun, as moisture is drawn from the earth and diffused in vapour. At those periods when the heat is both fierce and dry, as it often is between noon and three p.m., the oils may be drawn forth and dissipated so rapidly that the flower appears to be less strongly scented than during the cooler hours. Moderate heat and atmospheric moisture give the richest scent. With such conditions the delicious odours seem to cling with filial affection round the flowers. They linger tenderly, as though loth to leave for ever the beautiful bosom which has nurtured them. And it is at such periods that our Roses are dearest and most precious to us. Like the human beings whom we love, they have an ever-present charm ; but they have their special moments, when their beauty, their grace, their amiability, their gentleness, seem to be enhanced by an inspiration.

It is only when we study our Roses day by day, when we enter into a loving companionship with them, that we get the full measure of enjoyment from their

sweet and gracious beauty. Then, and only then, they become a part of our inmost life. They take their place as sentient things, which set in motion currents of affection and tenderness. Life becomes richer and fairer for the stimulus which they give it. Art grows into a more forceful reality.

Youth has its glamour, maturity has its Roses. We may part from illusion with a sigh, as something that has been very good to us in the days that are gone, and as an influence that can never be replaced. But riper, deeper, fuller is the joy with which we look forward, in spite of the fact that the grave has come nearer, for we see the future through an arch of Roses. Their swinging clusters of pink and gold sway against the blue of a sunlit sky, and seem to be beckoning us on to the gardens of eternity.

## CHAPTER II.

### Of the History of the Rose.

THE reader who has learned from Homer that Roses adorned the shield of Achilles and the helm of Hector, will pardon a writer who recoils from the task of relating in detail the history of the Rose. A flower that was chosen as an emblem by the warriors who battled before the walls of Troy has had a career which cannot be traced step by step.

Throwing our imagination back into the dim light of the earlier ages of the world, we see a spiny plant crawling over rocky banks, and turning an aggressive front to the monstrous herbivorous mammals which sniffed for food along the arid wastes.

Before they had learned the slow, but vital, secret of developing flowers from their leaves, these creeping plants must have propagated themselves by throwing out roots from the prostrate stems, and it is interesting to note that they have not yet forgotten their old plan of increase, and will practise it, on occasion, at the present day. But when the leaves had become modified into coloured petals, when stamens, pistil, anthers, and ovary had developed, the more rapid method of seminal reproduction became available.



In giving the earliest Roses thorns we are ignoring legendary lore, which declares that Roses only assumed thorns when Satan came into existence, and began the temptation of man. And this reminds us how easy it would be to learn the origin of Roses if we would but be content with the information that satisfied our forefathers. Is not the theory of Anacreon beautiful enough, that when the sea was formed and sustained Venus proudly on its billows, the earth, eager to prove that it could do as much, produced the Rose, which the gods hastened to water with nectar? Again, what more satisfactory explanation of the formation of the Moss Rose could be found than that a crown of moss was given as an extra charm to the Rose, by the angel which had the care of the flowers, in a burst of gratitude for the pleasant shade and delightful perfume which it had given to the celestial gardener? Then, accepting the theory that the first Roses were white, why should we not believe with Theocritus, that they became red through being stained by the blood of Venus when she sprang among the rocks to the succour of Adonis, attacked by a boar? This legend is alluded to by Spenser :

*White as the native Rose before the chance  
Which Venus' blood did in her leave impress.*

We have to begin our rough attempts at making Rose history with the few old kinds that were referred to by the early writers, and these are difficult to identify, because no detailed descriptions were given. In the days when writers first began to refer

to plants particular Roses were identified with the names of towns. Thus there was the Rose of Damascus, the Rose of Miletus, the Rose of Poestum, and so forth. Have we these Roses now, or descendants of them?

We have a Rose that we call the Old Damask. The origin of this sweet old Rose has interest for us. The name Damask is a corruption of Damascus, and it was from the old Syrian town, famed for its steel blades, that this Rose came. There are not wanting writers who assert that the name Syria itself comes from a species of Rose named *Suri*, so that it may be called the land of Roses. It is certain that in centuries long past Roses grew abundantly around Damascus. The Damask Rose concerns us deeply, because it had the welcome habit of flowering twice in a year, and it may well have been one of the original parents of our great modern class of Hybrid Perpetuals, which have large, rich, handsome flowers, in most cases powerfully scented, and which bloom twice a year. The perpetual habit, by the way, did not please the superstitious "religious" of the middle ages, who regarded it as a sign of evil, and looked for a death in the family of the person in whose garden the plant bloomed.

The Damask Rose has lived so long owing to its two great qualities: its perfume and its habit of flowering twice a year. Its fragrance has made it the great variety of the perfumers, who grow it in the Near East, and on the Côte d'Or, for yielding attar of Roses. Virgil alluded to the character of flowering twice in the Georgics.

Some writers connect the Rose of Damascus with the Rose of Poestum (*Posodonia*), the charms of which were sung by Ovid, by Martial, and by Virgil in the *Georgics*.

The Provence Rose is another famous old kind, and it is identified with the *Rosa centifolia* of Linnaeus, and the *R. provincialis* of Miller, which is also known as the Cabbage Rose. When we speak of the Rose of a hundred leaves (*centifolia*) we must fix petals and not foliage in our minds, following Theophrastus, who wrote: "Roses differ among themselves in the number of petals, the colour and the perfume. Some have five petals, others from twelve to twenty, others again still more, and there are even more that are called the hundred-leaved Rose, because of the number of their petals." The name "Cabbage" was given because of the abundance of petals.

Thibaut, Count of Champagne, is said to have taken this Rose home with him from the Holy Land after the Crusades, with a piece of the true cross, and planted it in the city of Provins, hence the name Provence Rose. It became the national flower of England consequent on its adoption as a badge by Edward I. in compliment to his mother, Eleanor of Provence. A French writer, however, M. Cochet-Cochet, traverses the theory of the introduction of the Provence Rose by Thibaut, and advances two arguments against it: (1) that the Provence Rose was a native of France, (2) that it does not exist in Palestine or any part of the East. He would doubtless support those who claim that the Provence Rose is

a variety of the Rose known to antiquity as the Rose of Miletus, which was grown in France long before the Crusades. According to Pliny, however, the original Rose of Miletus had very rich colour and not more than a dozen petals. It is suggested that it originated in Palestine, and was taken by the Phœnicians to Cyprus, Rhodes, Greece and eventually Italy and France.

To link up modern Roses with those of antiquity by an unbroken chain would be an impossible task. Sappho, Herodotus, Theophrastus, Nicander, Virgil, Martial, Ovid and Pliny all refer to Roses, but not explicitly. The last named was the most definitive, but even his descriptions amount to very little. One Rose was "early," another "late," a third "free flowering," and so forth. We may assume that there were several species of Roses in ancient times, but we have no means of knowing what they were.

Nor are we in much better case when we consider the Middle Ages. In the thirteenth century Albert the Great, who, like Charlemagne, encouraged the cultivation of Roses, wrote of five species, in four of which experts affect to recognize species known to modern botanists as *Rosa alba*, *R. repens* (*arvensis*), *R. rubiginosa* (Sweetbrier), and *R. canina* (the dog Rose), but only one of these was probably cultivated in gardens, and that the first. Add to these the hundred-leaved Rose, and we have a total of six. Probably there were more than this number cultivated in the Middle Ages, but no record has come down to us. An Arab writer described eight Roses as growing in



the East, including a double white, double red, and a blue! He also mentioned the China Rose. The "China Rose" of later years was one of the parents of our modern Tea Roses.

Progress in Europe was slow in the fifteenth, sixteenth and even seventeenth centuries. In the eighteenth Diderot states that there were nearly eighty varieties, of which a third had single flowers. But if the number is considerable compared with those already quoted, it is only when we get to the records of the nineteenth century that we see the Rose to be in full march. Development was particularly rapid in France, which, until comparatively recent times, gave us most of our best Roses. In 1829 Provost of Rouen described nearly 1,000 varieties, but that these were, after all, only a selection is proved by the fact that in the same year Desportes, in the *Rosetum Gallicum*, named upwards of 2,500 species and varieties. New varieties continued to pour out, until some 12,000 had been named. These were the result of cross-fertilising the old species, and the records of the crosses can be given by no man.

The Roses of the early part of the nineteenth century were mostly varieties of the Provence Rose; they were strong growers, but did not bloom late, like the Damask. The hybridists began to work actively then. They crossed the China Rose, *indica*, with varieties of the Provence Rose, and with the French Roses. They also crossed the Provence and French with an autumn-flowering Rose found on the Isle of Bourbon, giving what was called the Hybrid Bourbon



*ROSA GIGANTEA.*

A species with very large single white or cream flowers.







Rose. Hybrids of the Bourbon were crossed with hybrids of the China, and a few years later came the class of Hybrid Perpetuals as we know it now.

It was in the early part of the nineteenth century that Philippe Noisette, a Frenchman living in America, crossed the Musk Rose, *Rosa moschata*, with the common blush China, and produced *Rosa Noisettiana*, which he sent to his brother Louis at Paris. Crossed later with Tea Roses it gave Maréchal Niel and other famous varieties.

What were the Roses of York and Lancaster—the innocent flowers seized on by ambitious men as emblems for one of the most terrible and bloody struggles in history, lasting thirty years and costing hundreds of thousands of lives? What was the red Rose of Lancaster? What was the white Rose of York? The former was probably the Provence Rose, and the latter the trailing white native Rose known to botanists as *repens* or *arvensis*. It has been suggested, however, that the Rose of York was a variety of the Damask. The white Rose triumphed when Edward IV. came to the throne, and was used on the great State seal. Eventually the two rival houses united by the marriage of Henry VII. to Elizabeth of York, and the Tudor princes chose the Hawthorn as a badge. This choice was made because the Crown of England was found hidden in a Hawthorn bush after Richard III. had been slain at Bosworth, and because, while belonging to the Rosaceae, the Hawthorn combined the red and white colours of the once rival houses. These, by the way,

are also united in an old striped Rose, commonly called the York and Lancaster, but the proper name of which is *Rosa Mundi*. The real York and Lancaster Rose (for there is such a one) is not so constant or so clear in its markings as *Rosa Mundi*, and hence the gradual transference of its name to *Rosa Mundi*.

When comfortably established in the nineteenth century we are relatively at ease, because we have definite varietal names, of which records have been kept. Let us glance at these, mentioning also a few older Roses, of which the date of introduction is known; and placing them in alphabetical order.

That charming old white pillar Rose, Aimée Vibert, which I have grown with delight within the past ten years, was introduced in 1841. Some of the modern Roses have elbowed it out of a good many gardens, but I for one am loth to consider it out of date. The brilliant carmine show Rose A. K. Williams came in 1877, and the more conical and richly coloured Alfred Colomb, one of the best of our exhibition Hybrid Perpetuals, and also one of our sweetest Roses, in 1865. Anna Ollivier, a vigorous and sweet Tea, somewhat variable in colour, was introduced in 1872. We have to go back to 1840 for Hermosa (Armosa) a good bedding Rose much beloved by the beautiful and gracious Queen Alexandra.

Confirmed lovers of Roses are interested in the old Austrian Briers. Both the Copper and the Yellow were grown by Gerard in England in 1596 and they are certainly among the oldest Roses in European gardens. The White Banksian, to which special

reference is made in Chapter III. dates back to 1807. One meets with this old Rose, and also its yellow sister, not infrequently, for lovers of Rose curios like them.

The beautiful pink Baroness Rothschild, which held a prominent place in the estimation of exhibitors for many years on account of its substance and fine form, and is not yet entirely superseded, came out in 1867. Garden-lovers would have viewed it with greater favour if it had been sweet. The vigorous rambler Bennett's Seedling (*Thoresbyana*) has a history dating back to 1840.

One of the first Hybrid Tea Roses to make a great impression on Rose-growers was Bessie Brown, which appeared in 1899. It has proved to be more important as a show than a garden Rose, and it is still in high favour with exhibitors.

That beautiful H. T., Betty, came from the same source as Bessie Brown in 1905. It is pre-eminently a bedding Rose, with its free, continuous blooming habit, and bright colour. It is also sweet.

The famous old white *Boule de Neige* came out in 1867, and was used by exhibitors until the arrival of Margaret Dickson; but both have had to give way to the wonderful *Frau Karl Druschki*. Captain Christy, long a prime favourite with exhibitors and garden-lovers, appeared in 1873, and its climbing form eight years later.

Few varieties ever won favour so rapidly as *Caroline Testout*, which was introduced in 1890. A vigorous Rose, of splendid constitution, a free bloomer, brilliant in colour, it proved to be one of those rare sorts which

are good for almost every purpose. It is a notably fine bedding Rose, and is one of the best for town gardens. A climbing form appeared in 1902.

That charming Rose Catherine Mermet, which was a great favourite with exhibitors, and also with growers of pot Roses, was sent out in 1869. In the days of my boyhood one saw standard Roses at the shows where now one sees tall pillars. One of the favourites as a standard was Charles Lawson, a Rose sent out in 1853. The brilliant climber Cheshunt Hybrid came in 1873, the China in 1796, and the Crested Moss in 1827.

One of the most remarkable of all Roses was the Crimson Rambler. Taken to Scotland by a seafaring man, it was grown provisionally under the name of Engineer, which Turner changed to Crimson Rambler for its distribution in 1893. This wonderful Rose has had a profound influence on flower gardens of all classes, is grown almost everywhere, and has given a series of beautiful sports. I noted a general prevalence of mildew on it in 1909, and this disease must be kept under surveillance and attacked with sulphur.

An almost equally remarkable, and in some respects superior Rose, Dorothy Perkins, was introduced by an American firm in 1901. This has the blood of the Japanese species Wichuraiana, and according to a writer in the *Journal des Roses* was obtained by crossing that species with the old silvery pink H.P. Madame Gabriel Luizet, which was introduced in 1877. If this is really the case the result is astonishing. Wichuraiana is a single-flowered Rose of creeping habit, with scented white blossoms in which the yellow





DOROTHY PERKINS OVER TRELLIS WORK.

Painted by E. R. ROWE.



J. R. Jones



anthers show prominently. Madame Gabriel Luizet is a full, fragrant exhibition pink Hybrid Perpetual. Dorothy Perkins has small semi-double pale pink blossoms, borne in large clusters at midsummer or later, but with the valuable feature of bearing flowers on new shoots in autumn. It holds its foliage very late, and is one of the best arch, pillar and creeping Roses, but is of little use for walls, and has hardly any scent.

The sixties gave us a little group of brilliant exhibition H.P.s that are still used. Dr. Andry and Duke of Wellington came in 1864, Duchesse de Morny in 1863, Duke of Edinburgh in 1868, and Exposition de Brie in 1865.

That beautiful white pillar Rose of the *sempervirens* class, Félicité-et-Perpétue, was introduced as long ago as 1828, and is still grown in many gardens. Another old favourite was Fortune's Yellow, which came out in 1845. I have grown this as a pillar Rose in a warm position out of doors, but it is more satisfactory in a cool house, where it blooms profusely. It is rather orange than yellow. The Rose sent out under the name of Beauty of Glazenwood proved to be the same as Fortune's Yellow.

A long-looked-for, anxiously awaited Rose, namely, a pure white H.P. of vigorous, free-blooming habit, with flowers of show quality, appeared in 1900, under the name of Frau Karl Druschki. At first, Rose-growers could hardly realise their good fortune, when they did the rush for plants kept every nursery under strain for several years. Frau Karl is a glorious Rose,



good for show, good for garden, good for pots, good for planting out under glass. Planted in a cool house it may give flower stems two feet long, and with deep, solid buds that expand into massive blooms of the purest white. Unhappily it has very little scent.

Two famous Roses came out in the fifties, the scarlet H.P. *Général Jacqueminot* (1853), and the fragrant Tea *Gloire de Dijon*. Neither is done with yet. The brave old General, one of the strongest, most generous, most accommodating, most fragrant Roses ever introduced, has plenty of fight left in him; while as to *Gloire de Dijon*, there is still no better choice for a cold wall. It does better than most Roses in town gardens too. A delightful old Rose. A Rose for the cottage and the villa. A Rose that will quickly cover a large expanse of wall, and will bear liberal cutting.

Another good town Rose, and a variety suitable for bedding or pegging down, is *Grüss an Teplitz*, which came out in 1897. It is a Hybrid Tea with smallish but bright crimson, highly-perfumed flowers in bunches. Useless for exhibition, it is one of the very best of garden Roses.

The brilliant pink *Her Majesty* made a lively stir when introduced in 1885, for good flowers were exceptionally beautiful; but it did not prove to be a healthy grower, being subject to mildew, and it was almost scentless.

One of the best Roses of the nineties, and a variety which is certain to grow in favour year by year, is *Hugh Dickson* (1904), a rich crimson H.P. of splendid exhibition quality, and yet a fine garden variety,

owing to its vigorous habit, late-blooming powers and perfume. It is a good town Rose too.

No dwarf or standard Rose has ever enjoyed more favour than La France, sent out in 1867. Its healthy growth, compact habit, profusion of bloom, lovely form, splendid colour and rich perfume endeared it both to garden-lovers and exhibitors. The shell-like petals are of a delicate silvery pink. La France is still one of the Roses best worth planting in beds.

Liberty won high favour on its introduction on 1900, for its colour was rich, its buds beautifully formed, and it proved a good bedder as well as a useful pot variety. Richmond (1905) has perhaps taken its place now, nevertheless Liberty stands out as a notable Rose.

Lord Penzance (1894) was one of the earliest of the famous Penzance Sweetbriers, and as such must be regarded as a famous Rose.

A beautiful bedding H.T., Madame Abel Chatenay, appeared in 1895, and is to-day one of the most popular varieties we have. The habit is good, the flowering abundant and fairly continuous, the colour a lovely shade of salmon pink, and the perfume delicious. And it is a good town variety.

Madame Alfred Carrière, one of the best Roses for walls, and certainly the best white climber, being a healthy grower, a profuse bloomer, and sweet, came to us in 1879. The popular Tea, Madame Lambard, was introduced in 1877, and is still grown. It is rarely, however, that we see that dear old Rose, Maiden's Blush, a hardy and very fragrant variety of *Rosa*

*alba*, and once much favoured as a wall Rose. It dates back to 1797.

The great Maréchal Niel was distributed in 1864, and has never been superseded. Its rich shade of yellow, its beauty of form, its profusion of bloom, its powerful perfume, have never been equalled in a climbing Rose ; and it has the merit of flowering so early in a cool house, and making fresh growth so fast, that it may be cut right back to the stock on which it is budded directly after blooming with the certainty, given good soil, of making abundant wood for the following year's flowering during the summer and early autumn. It can only be grown successfully in the open air in mild, sheltered places.

A year before Maréchal Niel came that good old carmine show and very sweet Rose, Marie Baumann (1863), which is not often seen on the exhibition table now. Marie van Houtte, a good Tea, with lemon, rose-edged flowers, appeared in 1871. Mildred Grant, a H.T. from Ireland, which arrested instant attention, was sent out in 1903 ; it has come to be regarded rather as an exhibition than a garden Rose.

The Moss Rose dates back to that wonderful plant year 1596, which is credited with so many introductions of beautiful plants that we are driven to wonder whether its records are not wholly connected with the writings of Gerard. The Moss Rose sprang from the 100-leaved "Cabbage" Rose. We now have several forms of the Moss, including the Common, the Crested, and the Perpetual, or double white. The Crested was introduced in 1827, it has pink flowers. It is said



ROSE BRADWARDINE,

A rose-coloured Penzance Sweetbrier, good for pillars and hedges.







that the Moss Rose was not introduced into France till 1785, when it was sent to Madame de Genlis from Caen Wood, Highgate, by Lord Mansfield. Mrs. Bosanquet, old as it is, having been introduced in 1832, is an infant in comparison with the Moss. This sweet and free-blooming old China is almost forgotten now.

The greatest introduction of the English raiser, Bennett, Mrs. John Laing, appeared in 1887. This beautiful H.P. is still one of our best Roses. It is a vigorous and healthy grower, flowers freely twice a year, has large, substantial pink flowers, and is deliciously scented. One of the best as a show Rose, one of the best as a garden Rose, Mrs. John Laing is also one of the best as a pot Rose. It is a fine winter bloomer, and it is a good town sort. There are few varieties of which so much could be said.

Mrs. W. J. Grant, which was sent out from Ireland in 1895, and from America under the name of Belle Siebrecht, is a good Rose, and distinguished by its remarkably free blooming, which makes it a good bedder. A climbing form was distributed in America in 1899.

The old species *multiflora* (*polyantha simplex*) which came from Japan in 1781, has little value in itself, but it has proved important as a parent, for it has given us our modern Rambler Roses, the most beautiful of which are mentioned in Chapter III. It has small single white flowers, borne in large bunches, and the cluster habit of blooming has happily descended to the

brilliant double varieties which are so prominent at the present day.

Niphetos, long a favourite as a greenhouse Rose, and still valued for bouquets and buttonholes, although partly superseded by the larger Frau Karl Druschki, dates back to 1844. Carmine Pillar, one of the most brilliant of early blooming singles for pillars and summer-houses, came in 1895.

The Provence Rose is given the "general utility" year, 1596, but as we see in Chapter III., it is probably much older.

The once-familiar climber, Rêve d'Or, which has been largely superseded by the newer Ramblers, was introduced in 1869. It is a very vigorous climber, with strong, dark wood, but with all one's predilection for old favourites one must confess that it compares unfavourably with its modern rivals, for it does not clothe the pillars from top to bottom with tender greenery as they do. It blooms twice, however.

The rugged Japanese Rose, *rugosa*, came in 1802. In 1839 appeared Safrano, which until comparatively recent times was much grown in pots. It has pretty orange buds, and is still worth growing by those who want buttonhole flowers.

We do not often see the good scarlet H.P. Sénateur Vaisse (1859) now. Souvenir de la Malmaison (1843) with its pretty blush flowers is going. Souvenir d'un Ami (1846), one of the brightest and most refreshing of Teas, has lost ground.

Ulrich Brunner (1881) is a notable Rose, with its huge, deep, brilliant, highly-perfumed flowers. It is a

fine exhibition variety, and it is a good garden sort, while as a winter bloomer it is so admirable as to make a worthy companion for Frau Karl Druschki and Mrs. John Laing. The crimson flowers have a bluish tint.

Our list of notable modern Roses may conclude with Victor Hugo (1884), a good dark H.P., white Maman Cochet (1897), a beautiful Tea ; William Allen Richardson (1878), one of our best wall Roses ; and Xavier Olibo (1864) a dark H.P. which has the merit of flowering well at the end of summer.

Here, then, are the records, so far as they can be given, of the most interesting and important Roses. Imperfect as they are they may prove welcome to those who concern themselves with the life-story of their favourite flowers.

### CHAPTER III.

## Of the Types of Roses and their Classification.

I COMMENCE this chapter after a little hesitation. Do most Rose-growers care what types the various Roses belong to, and how they are classified? Has the matter any intrinsic importance? "Type" and "classification" are words that savour of the herbarium. We almost feel that this is a matter best left to spectacled botanists, poking among dry specimens and writing out technical descriptions in a singular and unprepossessing language.

Cannot one consider a Rose as a Rose and nothing else? Of course there must be names for the different varieties, otherwise they could not be ordered from nurserymen, and talked about among friends. We have to distinguish Roses by name as we have to distinguish men and women. Need there be anything beyond that?

I am afraid that we cannot very well do without something more. We certainly seem to need it for show purposes. The types of Roses differ so much they cannot be pitted against each other in competition, any more than Wyandotte fowls can be fairly shown against Houdans, or Pekin spaniels against



mastiffs. And when a system has been devised for exhibition purposes it tends to get into gardens and catalogues, and into the mouths of those thousands of flower-lovers who, if not actual exhibitors, are in sympathy with them and like to keep in close touch with modern developments.

When we look into the system of classifying Roses we find that it is very imperfect, but we also find that it serves its purpose, and as there is neither political eminence, social importance, nor wealth to be acquired from amending it we discreetly accept it as it is. Some attempt has been made to group the varieties under the names of the species from which they sprang, and this appears logical and satisfying. It is vitiated, however, by the fact that four-fifths of the Roses grown are of doubtful parentage, and cannot be dealt with in this way. An embarrassing beginning, is it not? Almost, one would think, fatal. But the genius of rosarians has risen superior to the difficulty.

Let us consider and admire the beautiful simplicity of their scheme. The first cross-bred Roses, of which the parentage was unknown, were, as the offspring of different species, hybrids. We will establish that as fact No. 1. They had the habit of giving two crops of flowers in a year, and might therefore be called perpetual. (Of course a habit of flowering twice a year does not make a plant "perpetual," for that means unceasing, but a distinctive term had to be found). That is fact No. 2. Now all that we have to do is to group all these varieties together and

call them Hybrid Perpetuals, and half our task is performed in a moment.

A large class of Roses, differing from the Hybrid Perpetuals in size of bloom, colour (considerably), foliage and perfume had sprung from a variety of the China Rose—the *Rose indica odorata* of botanists. They originated in the East, they had an odour strongly reminiscent of tea. Another brilliantly original and simple inspiration came—it was to call this class Tea Roses.

When the hybridists got to work on crosses between Hybrid Perpetuals and Teas, simplicity still ruling, the offspring were classed as Hybrid Tea.

So the four-fifths were comfortably disposed of, and the task of classifying was triumphantly completed by a few simple provisions which we shall see in a moment. We may take the big classes in turn, and deal with the remainder in alphabetical order.

#### HYBRID PERPETUALS.

An immense and important class, indispensable to the exhibitor, beautiful in the garden. In order to familiarize readers with the type let me give the names of a few varieties, old and new :

A. K. Williams.	Helen Keller.
Baroness Rothschild.	Hugh Dickson.
Charles Lefebvre.	Madame Gabriel Luizet.
Duke of Edinburgh.	Mrs. John Laing.
Earl of Dufferin.	Ulrich Brunner.
Frau Karl Druschki.	Xavier Olibo.

Here are a dozen, chosen from several dozens.

What Rose-lover does not know at least some of them ? Mrs. John Laing is a universal favourite, with its abundance of beautiful pink flowers, so large, so exquisite in form, so fragrant. A. K. Williams, with its brilliant, flattish, imbricated flowers ; Earl of Dufferin, with its rich, dark colour ; Frau Karl Druschki, deep, massive, pure white ; Hugh Dickson, richest of crimsons, and a glorious late bloomer ; Madame Gabriel Luizet, large, handsome, charmingly tinted ; Ulrich Brunner, deep and solid, with the colour of a ripe dark cherry—all these Roses which we know so well and love so much are Hybrid Perpetuals.

#### TEAS.

To familiarize ourselves with this class let us, as before, put the names of a few popular new and old varieties into a table :

Anna Ollivier.	Marie van Houtte.
Catherine Mermet.	Niphetos.
Comtesse de Nadaillac.	Peace.
Corallina.	Safrano.
Lady Roberts.	The Bride.
Madame Lambard.	White Maman Cochet.

These are beautiful Roses, but without the great size and rich colour of the H.P.s. They are smaller, neater, closer in the bud. The colours run in whites, creams, yellows and pinks. The scent is not so rich and musky ; it is sharper, more spicy ; it resembles the pungent aroma of tea. It was a quaint fancy to give the name of a familiar household beverage to a great class of Roses, and yet a happy one.

## HYBRID TEAS.

Of the third class the following are familiar examples:

Bessie Brown.	La France.
Betty.	La Tosca.
Caroline Testout.	Liberty.
Grace Darling.	Madame Abel Chatenay.
Grüss an Teplitz.	Madame Ravary.
Killarney	Mildred Grant.

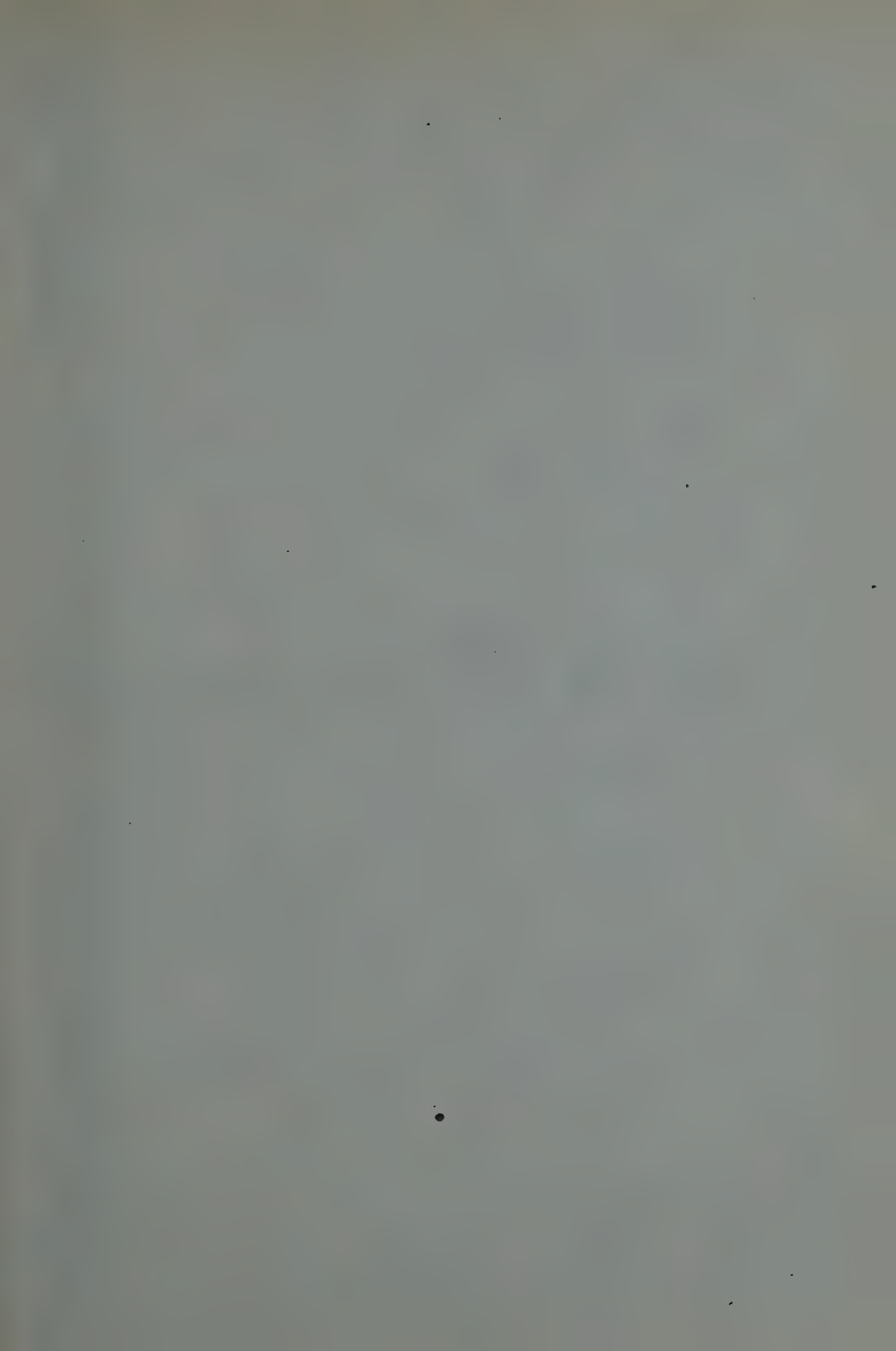
It is a modern class which has sprung from crosses between H.P.s and Teas. The flowers have the bud-beauty of the Teas, with the richer colours of the H.P.s. They are beautiful for the garden because with charm of flower is combined vigour of growth and freedom of bloom. The exhibitor makes telling use of them. Three out of every four new Roses introduced in these days are Hybrid Teas or (this is the smiling sceptic's way of putting it) are called such because Hybrid Teas are now the ruling fashion.

The exhibitor need not look beyond the three great classes for his stands. The garden-grower will find in them all that he really needs for his beds. It is when we want climbing Roses that we have to go farther.

So much for the three big classes, the culture of which, with selections of varieties for every purpose, shall be given anon ; and now for the minor types :

## AUSTRIAN BRIER.

This class has lost some of its importance, for the varieties belonging to it which used to be grown, such as Austrian Copper, Austrian Yellow, Harrisoni and



WHITE KILLARNEY.

A pure white sport from the beautiful pink H.T. Killarney.







Persian Yellow, have been ousted from many gardens by the modern Ramblers and Wichuraiana Hybrids. But an addition was made to the class in 1904 which attracted the notice of rosarians, and that was a Hybrid Austrian called Gottfried Keller, a single Rose of uncommon and very attractive colour, rich yellow, with a strong suffusion of terra-cotta. It is hardly vigorous enough for a high pillar or wall, but may be grown in a bed. Afterwards came Rayon d'Or and Juliet.

#### AYRSHIRE.

A small class, but including two Roses of great merit as climbers in Bennett's Seedling, which is the same as the Rose grown under the name of Thoresbyana, and has white flowers, introduced as far back as 1840 ; and Dundee Rambler, a very old Rose of enormous vigour, bearing white flowers edged with pink. Not the most luxuriant of modern Roses grows more lustily than the Dundee Rambler. It throws out long streamers, which ramble in all directions, and it will grow almost anywhere. It is not a good wall Rose, because its vigour expresses itself (at all events such was the case in the strong clay soil in which I grew it) in long, whippy shoots. Nor does it clothe a pillar so completely as Dorothy Perkins.

#### BANKSIAN.

Pretty and interesting Roses, very vigorous in growth and suitable for a high wall. They differ from the great majority of other classes in flowering on ripe wood, and consequently they must not be pruned

when young. It may be found that they are rather slow in starting to bloom, but once they are established they will flower pretty regularly, if the pruning is restricted to thinning crowded growth. The double white was introduced by a traveller named Kerr as far back as 1807, if we may trust the *Botanical Register*, which was very carefully edited; and the double yellow by the Royal Horticultural Society in 1824. It rarely happens that double varieties come into cultivation before the single forms from which they have sprung, but such was the case with the Banksian Roses. The single yellow did not get into cultivation in Great Britain till 1870, and the single white was not known to botanists in the British Isles until quite recently, yet Mr. E. H. Woodall claims in the *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society*, Vol. 35 (1910) that it was taken from China to Scotland by Robert Drummond, of Megginch, Strathtay, in 1796, where it was repeatedly cut to the ground in severe winters and rarely bloomed. Cuttings were given to Mr. Woodall, who took them to Nice, struck them, flowered them, and found them to be in reality the typical single white Banksian, "so long sought for, and hidden away in this nook of Scotland for more than a hundred years." The Banksian Rose was named in honour of Lady Banks, wife of Sir Joseph Banks.

#### BOURBON.

A small class, but containing one of the most famous of Roses in *Souvenir de la Malmaison*, a grand old sort, with large, fragrant, blush-white flowers borne

by a vigorous bush. It blooms twice. We do not doubt the statement that after being divorced by Napoleon, Josephine sought consolation in flowers at Malmaison, but we can hardly credit that this famous Rose was one of her favourites, because it was not introduced until 1843. I have grown it within recent years, and it is still offered in nurserymen's lists. A more modern Bourbon is Madame Isaac Pereire, introduced in 1880. It is a strong, very sweet Rose, with rosy carmine flowers, and does well on a pillar or pegged down. One Hybrid Bourbon Rose is popular, namely, *Zéphirine Drouhin*, a vigorous sort suitable for a wall or pillar, with deep pink, highly perfumed flowers. It is thornless.

#### CHINA.

There are some ripe old names in this class. Few Rose-lovers are unfamiliar with the Old Monthly, and this is the same as the common China, a Rose introduced to Britain in 1796. The flowers have no merit from the exhibition point of view, but the bright colour and continuous blooming make it desirable. It is often seen in cottage gardens, where it blooms regularly, unpruned and untended, year after year. The Old Blush and the Old Crimson are varieties of it. Another China Rose that middle-aged rosarians may not have forgotten is Mrs. Bosanquet, a vigorous, free-blooming sort, with flesh-coloured very sweet flowers. It was introduced in 1832. *Cramoisie Supérieure*, only two years older than Mrs. Bosanquet, is another well-known China; but

it has declined a little under stress of the competition with modern sorts, such as Chin-chin, sulphur; Laurette Messimy, pale rose, very free, one of the very best of bedding Roses; Madame Eugène Resal, coppery rose; and Queen Mab, apricot, shaded orange; all of which are beautiful Roses. Their flowers are small, but pretty in form, and they are borne in great profusion on plants of neat, close habit, which makes them good for bedding. There is a very pretty bedding Rose among the hybrid Chinas, and that is Charlotte Klemm, which was only introduced in 1908. The flowers are brilliant red, and it has the other good qualities of the China class. Several Hybrid Chinas that were once famous remain little more than a memory, notably Blairii No. 2, a blush climber introduced in 1842; Charles Lawson, rose, very sweet, once much in favour as a standard; and Hermosa, a variety with pink flowers that is still worth growing as a bedder, for it is very free-blooming and flowers continuously.

#### DAMASK.

The typical variety is one of the oldest of Roses. There is an interesting variety called York and Lancaster, because the flowers are sometimes striped. It is often confused with *Rosa Mundi*, a true striped Rose of much beauty, and very sweet. The latter, the *Rosa Gallica provincialis* of botanists, is much better than the old York and Lancaster. There are one or two modern Damask Roses, notably Mrs. O. G. Orpen, introduced in 1906, pale pink, a vigorous





ELISA ROBICHON.

One of the brightest of the popular Wichuraianas, yellow tinted with rose ;  
as the photograph shows it is an abundant bloomer





grower ; and Lady Curzon, light pink, a strong grower ; but the class is not an important one.

### Moss.

A pretty class, comprising several distinct varieties. The Crested Moss, one of the oldest, with rosy flowers, is good. De Meaux, deep pink, and Blanche Moreau, white, are two of the greatest favourites in this section.

### MULTIFLORA SCANDENS.

Under this somewhat formidable title are found some of our most famous modern Roses, for it includes the great Ramblers. Taking a few of the most important in alphabetical order, we find Aglaia, yellow ; American Pillar, pink ; Blush Rambler, pale pink ; Claire Jacquier, nankeen yellow ; Crimson Rambler ; Electra, pale yellow ; Euphrosyne, pink ; Hiawatha, red and white ; single : Leuchtstern, crimson, white centre, single ; Mrs. F. W. Flight, pink ; Philadelphia Rambler, deeper in colour than Crimson Rambler ; Tausendschön, rose ; Thalia, white ; The Dawson, light rose ; The Lion, carmine ; The Wallflower, rosy crimson ; and Trier, cream.

Multiflora itself is a species with white single flowers borne in bunches, a plant of great vigour, introduced from Japan in 1781. *Polyantha simplex* is another name for it, best left unused, as there is a class of double *Polyantha* Roses of some little importance. As we see in the chapter on Climbing Roses, some of these varieties and hybrids of *Rosa multiflora scandens* do valuable service on pillars, pergolas, arches, summer-

houses and rustic erections generally. As a class they are not suitable for walls, owing to their abundance of long canes and scarcity of long laterals. Apart from that they love open, airy places. The comparatively close and stagnant air around a house, combined with the generally drier and poorer soil, causes them to grow weakly and pale, and subject to the attack of mildew.

#### NOISETTE.

This class takes its name from Philip Noisette, who crossed the China and the Musk Roses in America, and sent the offspring to his brother L. Noisette in France, where it was grown under the name of Noissettiana. The modern Noisette Roses are climbers, and bear their flowers in clusters. Here are a few familiar examples :—

Aimée Vibert.	L'Idéal.
Alister Stella Gray.	Maréchal Niel.
Céline Forestier.	Rêve d'Or.
Lamarque.	William Allen Richardson.

We linger over some of these names, for they are the Roses which have grown familiar to us by old associations. They are dear old favourites which were popular in childhood. As a class they tend to decline, not because they have lost their former beauty by degeneration, but because of the introduction of the Ramblers and multifloras. Once upon a time it was common to see Aimée Vibert making a brave show of snowy blossoms on a pillar, and Céline Forestier gilding a low wall with its bright yellow flowers ;



but neither is much grown now. Lamarque and L'Idéal are both a little lacking in hardiness, Maréchal Niel distinctly so. Rêve d'Or and Wm. Allen Richardson are, however, hardy enough. The former is a strong pillar Rose, and still very well worth growing ; but it does not clothe a pillar with the close veil of tender green sprays that are borne in such profusion by the multiflora and Wichuraiana varieties. Wm. Allen Richardson won great favour on its introduction in 1878, owing to its distinct colour, which is bright orange, and it is still grown, but the expanded flower is small and of poor shape, while, worse still, the rich colour vanishes with the opening of the flower. Madame Alfred Carrière, the best white wall Rose, is a Hybrid Noisette.

#### PENZANCE AND OTHER BRIERS.

The common Sweetbrier of the hedges is sometimes grown in gardens as a hedge plant, where its sharp and agreeable odour makes it popular. In quality of bloom it cannot compare with the improved Briers raised by Lord Penzance, and these have scented foliage. Most of them are much stronger growers than the wild Sweetbrier, growing seven to eight feet high in a season when planted in good soil. They are beautiful pillar plants, bearing large, brilliant flowers in early summer, then growing strongly, and finally forming large scarlet hips. Amy Robsart, Anne of Geierstein, Edith Bellenden, Flora McIvor, Jeanie Deans, Julia Mannering, Lady Penzance, Lord Penzance, Lucy Bertram, Meg Merrilees and Rose

Bradwardine would form a splendid collection of these noble Briers. Hebe's Lip, white, with edge of purple, a well-known old Rose, is a Brier. Una is a pretty cream-coloured, single-flowered Hybrid Brier, sent out in 1900.

#### POLYANTHA—POMPON.

There are some exquisite little Roses in this class. They make dwarf bushes, which are covered with clusters of small, brilliant double flowers. Some of them are practically bedding forms of well-known climbing Roses. Madame N. Levavasseur, for example, is almost a low Crimson Rambler, and Maman Levavasseur, a dwarf Dorothy Perkins; indeed, it is called the Baby Dorothy, as this name comes more easily and is admirably descriptive. Jessie and Mrs. W. H. Cutbush resemble the Baby Dorothy, but are superior to it. There are several other beautiful varieties in this class, differing in colour. Aennchen Muller, pink, is one, and it is sweet. Fragrance is not common in this class. Anna Marie de Montravel is one of the older varieties, and has white flowers; if a Rose edging is required here is the variety for it. Cecile Brunner is one of the most useful, for it is quite dwarf, but very free, and bears abundance of pale pink flowers. Eugénie Lamesch is distinctive both in its colour, which is bright yellow, with a reddish edge in the bud stage; and its perfume, which is reminiscent of the delicious odour of Violets. Leonie Lamesch has lovely coppery flowers, and is a most charming little Rose. Ma



A PILLAR OF THE BEAUTIFUL ROSE, FÉLICITÉ-ET-PERPÉTUE.







Paquerette, white ; and Mignonette, pink, are a pretty little pair suitable for edgings, and sometimes grown in pots. Schneewitchen has lovely little ivory flowers.

#### PROVENCE.

The common Provence Rose is alluded to in our second chapter. It is the same as the old red Rose called the Cabbage, from its abundance of leaves (petals). The rosy pink flowers are very sweet, but the plant has not the perpetual habit. There are crested and white forms. Spong is a miniature Provence Rose of dwarf growth and is sometimes used for edgings.

#### RUGOSA OR JAPANESE HAIRY ROSE.

A large, strong, rough-leaved Rose, that grows into a dense bush like a huge shrub, and may be put in groups in large grounds ; it has red flowers and very large hips. Of the many varieties, the best are Blanc double de Coubert, which has large, double white sweet flowers ; and Conrad F. Meyer, large, light rose, double, very sweet. Both of these are valuable varieties, and the double white is one of the best Roses for town gardens. Madame Georges Bruant is a semi-double white ; and *rugosa alba* a single white. *Atropurpurea* is a very dark crimson single rugosa, and *repens alba* a white-flowered creeping form, which does well as a weeping standard.

#### SEMPERVIRENS.

A small class of Roses which are nominally evergreen. The most popular of them is Félicité-et-Perpétue, a

pillar Rose which grows vigorously and produces small pure white single flowers most profusely. Wherever a Rose pergola is made, or a considerable number of pillars are being set up for Roses, this useful old Rose, which has been grown since 1828, should be included. Its defect, which it shares with more popular Roses, such as Carmine Pillar, is that it blooms but once a year, and that only for a short period in summer.

#### WICHURAIANA.

Many years ago a species variously named *Luciæ* and *Wichuraiana*, of creeping habit, and with white flowers having prominent yellow anthers, was brought from Japan to European and American gardens. It proved to be a late bloomer and non-perpetual, and would have been of little value but for its fertility as a parent. From it have been raised some of the most beautiful and valuable of modern Roses, such as Alberic Barbier, Dorothy Perkins, and the darker form of the latter named Lady Gay, Edmond Proust, coppery red; Elisa Robichon, reddish yellow; François Foucard, lemon, blooms twice a year; Gardenia, yellow, very strong, an American variety; Jersey Beauty, light yellow, single; Minnehaha, a larger Dorothy Perkins, raised by Walsh, of Philadelphia; Paul Transon, salmon pink, tea-scented; René André, pale pink; Rubra, dark red, single; Ruby Queen, carmine, semi-double; and White Dorothy, a sport from Dorothy Perkins, introduced in 1908. They are beautiful for creeping over banks as well as rambling over arches, and they make splendid weeping standards.

## SPECIES OF ROSES.

The foregoing gives a brief survey of the various classes of Roses. It includes most of the sections grown in gardens at the present day. Few garden-lovers will care to burden their memories with facts about the species of Roses, although botanists may study them. The species are very little grown in gardens, but there is a collection at Kew, and many are of much beauty. He who desires to study the species of Roses should consult *Des Roses*, the great French work by Redouté and Thory, the *Botanical Magazine*, and the *Botanical Register*. The latter work gave great attention to Rose species when edited by Dr. Lindley, and may be consulted at one of the great libraries. Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society will find it at the Lindley Library, Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster.

We may glance at a few of the most interesting species:—*Bracteata* is the Macartney Rose, and was taken to England by Lord Macartney; it has white flowers in summer, and is a dwarf grower.

*Canina* is the dog Rose, a Rambler with white or pinkish flowers. *Centifolia* is the old Provence or Cabbage Rose, the *Rosa provincialis* of Philip Miller. *Muscosa*, the moss Rose, is a variety of it. *Cinnanomea* has pale red flowers in summer and is a strong grower. *Damascena* is the Damask Rose. *Indica* is the China or Monthly Rose, which has pink flowers in early summer. Its variety *borbonica* is the Bourbon Rose, of which we have seen that Madame Isaac Pereire and

Souvenir de la Malmaison are good forms. Another variety, *odorata*, gave us the Tea Rose. The China Rose crossed with the Musk Rose gave the Noisette. *Laevigata*, also known as *sinica*, white with yellow stamens, is the Cherokee Rose. It is not quite hardy, and should have a greenhouse or a warm, sheltered wall. There is a hybrid of this grown under the name of *sinica Anemone*, which makes a beautiful plant for a rustic fence in early summer ; it has semi-double pale pink flowers. *Lutea* is the Austrian Brier ; there is a pretty variety with red and yellow flowers called *punicea*. *Moschata* is the Musk Rose, and another name for it is *Brunonis*. It is a rambling Rose with white flowers in clusters, scented ; there is a double variety. Madame d'Arblay, a climber with cream flowers, is a Hybrid Musk. The Rose grown as *himalayica* is a form of *moschata* : ; it is a climber, and the white flowers have prominent yellow stamens. We have already seen that *multiflora* (*polyantha simplex*) is a Japanese species with single white flowers. *Pomifera* or *macrocarpa* is the great Apple Rose, so called because of its very large fruits ; it has pink flowers in early summer. *Repens* or *arvensis* is a British native with white flowers. If Pliny was right in stating that the name Albion originated from the abundance of white Roses on the cliffs of England, this old species may have been the cause. The variety *capreolata* is the Ayrshire Rose. A form of *repens* was perhaps the White Rose of York, and the Cabbage Rose was the Red Rose of Lancaster. *Rubiginosa* is the common Sweetbrier or Eglantine, and has pink flowers in early summer.

The *Rosa Eglanteria* of Philip Miller is the same thing, but the *eglanteria* of Linnaeus is not. *Micrantha* is the small Sweetbrier. *Spinosissima* or *pimpinellifolia* is the Burnet or Scotch Rose, and has cream flowers in early summer ; *Altaica* is a variety of it with white flowers. *Xanthina* is a dwarf species with yellow flowers in summer. *Villosa* has pink flowers, downy leaves and red hips.

Such is the classification of Roses, in some approach to popular form. He who requires it with greater exactitude is respectfully referred to the botanists. They will be found a tough and precise company, but human withal.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Of Roses and Humanity.

PEOPLE with a pronounced love for gardening are apt to take restricted views of plants. They think of flowers, not unnaturally, solely in connection with gardens. But in the case of others flowers play a much wider part.

The Rose has become closely entwined in the lives of men and women. It has influenced many millions who knew nothing of gardens. It has given rise to societies, played a part in the functions of religious orders, provided names for towns and even provinces, been dowered with supernatural powers, symbolised many virtues, and inspired artists. It may be asked, indeed, if its influence has not been even greater outside the garden than in.

The British people have a special interest in the Rose, quite apart from its success in the beautiful gardens of their damp isle. The name Albion is connected with the Gaelic *alp*, a hill, and the Latin *albus*, white. In the form Albany it is particularly associated with the Scottish Highlands. But Pliny's suggestion that it was applied to England because of the quantity of white Roses (*ob rosas albas*) that grew there arrests attention. We see elsewhere that the wild white Roses of Britain were not the *Rosa alba* of



botanists, which was not a native, but the wild corn Rose, variously named *repens* and *arvensis*.

The interest of the British does not end with the origin of Albion, nor with the part played by the great flower in the Wars of the Roses. Is not the Rose their national flower? And may they not satisfy themselves, with an old writer, that the Rose became so because "its whyteness and redness showe ye beautie of countenance of ye women of ye countrie?" They might go much further and fare vastly worse in search of a convincing reason for the selection of the Rose. It pays a delightful tribute to English beauty.

It is only when pilgrims stand by the burial-place of Shakespeare in the old church at Stratford-on-Avon that many of them realise that the date of the death of the writer who drew the most beautiful literary images and parallels from the Rose is also that of St. George's Day. It is April 23rd. The Roses of the gardens and the hedgerows are not then in bloom, but those who wish to celebrate the day with Roses can do so with the blossom of the greenhouses, which is abundant, and in one respect—length of stem,—much superior to outdoor bloom. Frau Karl Druschki, Mrs. John Laing and Ulrich Brunner are a trio of Roses beautiful enough to do justice to any saint in the calendar, and these glorious varieties may be grown in beds under glass on the American system with stems two feet long, making them splendid material for room decoration.

In former times wreaths of Roses were worn by the clergy on St. Barnabas Day, and in the Dominican

churches the "last Roses of summer" are blessed on the first Sunday in October and distributed among the worshippers. This is called Rosary Sunday, and the reader will hardly need to be reminded that the sacred circlet on which the novice "tells each bead unto the end" is known as the rosary. No doubt Roses have actually been used in making rosaries, for the fabrication of Rose pearls is practised in the East. Rose petals are pounded in a mortar, then partially dried, moistened with Rose-water, and pounded again. After several repetitions the pearls are perforated, strung on a ribbon, dried completely, and polished. It is, however, in the spiritual sense that the name of rosary has been given. The rosary is a spiritual crown, interwoven with words from the Gospels as with Roses, and offered by Catholics to the Virgin Mary. It is interesting to know that the rosary was formerly called the "crown of Mary"; it was called the rosary (from the Latin *rosarium*) after 1470.

The Golden Rose given by the Pope to various potentates devoted to the cause of the Church originated in a celebration on the fourth Sunday in Lent called *dies dominica in rosa*, when a Rose, chosen as a symbol of gladness, was blessed by the Pope. The custom is said to have originated in the year 1050, under Leo IX. The Golden Rose is an object of considerable intrinsic value. It is interesting to know that in the earlier years of his reign Henry VIII. of England twice received a Golden Rose from the Papacy. It is scarcely necessary to add that he received no such mark of favour from Rome in its later stages.



THE ROSE-EMBOWERED FOUNTAIN.

Painted by BEATRICE PARSONS.







We find another proof of the all-pervading influence of the Rose in the many names which have sprung from it. In former days names did not pass from one member of a family to another. When they were assumed they were drawn from physical peculiarities, trades, animals and plants. From the Latin name *Rosa* have come *Rose*, *rosette*, *Rosetti*, *Rosati*, *Rosalba*, *Roze*, *Rosine*, *Rosalie*, *Rosita*. In French we find *rosier*, *de Roziers*, *rosière*, *de la Rose*, etc. In German *Rosen*, *Rosenfeld*, *Rosenkranz*, *Rosenburg*, etc. *Rosamund* or *Rosamond* is from the German *Rosen*, *rose*; and *mund*, month. This, it will be remembered, was the name of the beautiful mistress of Henry II. Rhodes, an island in the Mediterranean, drew its name from the Rose. So did the Rhone (*Rhodanus*). *Rosario* in the Argentine Republic, and *Santa Rosa*, in the Gulf of Mexico are two other examples.

The name of the flower has changed little in different countries, as the following will show :

English, French :—*Rose*.

German :—*Rosen*.

Italian, Spanish, Portuguese :—*Rosa*.

Dutch :—*Rose*.

Russia :—*Roja*.

Hungarian :—*Rocza*.

Polish :—*Roza*.

The Greek word is *Rhodon*, and the Celtic *Rhoa* or *Rhod*. Some writers affirm that the Rose first took its name from the Celtic *rhod*, meaning red. This hardly fits in with the story that the early Roses had white flowers, but it may not have been the first name which the plant bore.

The Rose has had a mighty influence on Art. The great designers of the Gobelins chose the Rose for an emblem of spring in one of the magnificent tapestries made by them for Versailles. Their skill was rivalled by that of the workers in iron in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who produced some marvellous examples of work, in which leaves and flowers were introduced. The pediment of the railings of the cathedral of Amiens is adorned with two noble Roses. From the fifteenth century onwards Roses had been reproduced in thousands of beautiful examples of the engraver's art, both on wood and metal. Double flowers are generally shown, with leaves and buds. Of the many examples of Roses in sculpture the façade of Notre Dame at Rheims, the north porch of the cathedral of Rouen, and the tower of Ruprecht at Heidelberg may be quoted.

It is, however, in painting that we get the most beautiful representations of Roses. We find examples in primitive Greek art, and also in Roman frescoes. Flower-painting developed in a remarkable degree from the middle of the seventeenth century. Jean van Huysum was the greatest flower-painter of the Dutch School. He was born at Amsterdam in 1682, and in his early years devoted himself to landscape painting, only taking up flower-painting in his riper years. He was particularly successful with Roses, and some beautiful examples of his work with this flower may be found in the Louvre at Paris. There were many imitators of this great artist, but none to equal him until the appearance of P. J. Redouté, who was inspired by

seeing examples of van Huysum, and became the greatest of all painters of Roses. Redouté was born at St. Hubert, in the Ardennes, in 1759, and did his greatest work in *Des Roses*, which appeared in two volumes, in folio, with 180 plates, in 1817-1824, the text by C. A. Thory. Every lover of Roses should make an effort to see the wonderful examples of Roses in this work, which may be found in some of the great libraries. *Des Roses* is, however, more than a collection of beautiful pictures, for Thory was well worthy of association with Redouté, and gave the result of close and intelligent research among the species of Roses. If the Rose-lover follow up his study of *Des Roses* by dipping into the pages of the *Botanical Register* of the mid-Victorian era, he will find, in addition to many interesting plates of Roses, some amusingly sharp corrections of Thory by Dr. Lindley, who proved convincingly that doctors may differ.

It is a singular fact that the hands of Redouté, with which the exquisitely delicate and beautiful pictures of Roses that we find among his work were done, were thick and clumsy-looking.

Other painters of Roses worthy of mention were Van Spaendonck, Jean de Heem, Ab. Mignon, Rachel Ruysch, Jean Van Dael, and William Billingsley. The last-named painted Roses on porcelain, and here is Sir John Yoxall's impression of them: "Under the momentary glance the flower seems to float and quiver, almost to form itself and move; the richly enamelled deep heart of it, and the drooping and blowing petals, make a rounding contrast with the high light upon the swell."

Pliny has told us that the Romans grew no flowers except Roses and Wallflowers, but other writers tell us that they also had Hyacinths, Carnations, Narcissi, Lilies and Poppies. Be that as it may, with the Romans, as with ourselves at the present day, the Rose was the most popular flower. Pliny the younger speaks of them springing on all sides in his Tuscan garden.

At certain Roman banquets Roses were worn to indicate that what passed in conversation was confidential. Hence the phrase *sub rosa*, or "under the Rose." It has been suggested that many innkeepers chose the Rose as a sign with the object of conveying to travellers that discretion surrounded them while under the roof of mine host. In England the "Rose and Crown" became very popular, and we may recall that it was at an inn bearing this sign that Jack Sheppard was arrested after several escapes from justice.

The Rose has symbolized many things, some much opposed to each other. If it is the flower of love, beauty, youth, modesty, joy and innocence, it is also the flower of mourning, of past happiness and of martyrdom.

The Sweetbrier is beloved by all of us for the delicious odour of its leaves, especially after rain. In Germany it is believed to have the power of driving away lightning, and people tell you that lightning has never been known to strike it.

The English groom's cocade drew its origin from the Rose, and may have been worn since the days of the wars of the Roses, when partisans of the two rival houses wore white and red roses respectively.

Rose-lovers sometimes find on their plants a peculiar excrescence like a little ball of moss, and wonder how it got there. It has a kinship with the "witches' brooms" sometimes seen on trees, inasmuch as it is due to the puncture of a small insect. Rosarians call it the *bedeguar*. There was an old belief that if one of these singular little balls was put under the head of a sleeping man he would never wake until it had been removed. An old recipe for baldness is to rub in the *bedeguar* mixed with bears' grease. The dog Rose was so called, according to some writers, because the root was at one time considered to be a specific against hydrophobia; but others state that it came from the resemblance of the prickles to a dog's tooth.

I may close this brief chapter on the influence of the Rose with a few examples of its effects on some eminent people.

Charlemagne loved Roses, and showed his affection for them by issuing a special recommendation that they be grown by his subjects.

When the Empress Josephine was divorced by Napoleon she sought distraction in Rose culture, and formed a large collection of Roses in the gardens of Malmaison. The old variety *Souvenir de la Malmaison* commemorates that domain, but it did not appear until some years after the death of the ex-empress.

Luther, we may be assured, loved Roses, for he had a Rose engraved on his seal; but doubtless the flower was used as an emblem of life, and the stone of immortality. On a medal struck in honour of the great Reformer a Rose is seen with a heart in the middle and

a cross at the side. It bears the inscription : " the heart of the Christian is in the midst of Roses when it is at the foot of the cross."

After Milton had become blind he took for his third wife a woman of beautiful face but uncertain temper, and the story goes that when one day Buckingham spoke of her jocularly as a Rose, the poet replied : " I cannot judge by her colour, but I can by her thorns."

Perhaps the history of war recalls no incident more pathetic than that of Queen Louisa of Prussia appealing to Napoleon at Tilsit, in 1807, to be generous to defeated Prussia, and especially to release his hold upon Magdeburg. The conqueror listened, evaded. Presently he took up a beautiful Rose and offered it to the Queen. She hesitated, then said quickly : " Yes, but with Magdeburg." The appeal was in vain, and Napoleon crushed her hopes with a sharp rebuke.

Another illustrious sufferer, in this case at the grim hands of English justice, was Charles I., and he, we read, inhaled repeatedly the odour of a Rose thrown to him by a young girl while on his way to the scaffold.

Beautiful as the queen of flowers is, and powerful as is the sway which she exercises, there have been cases of distinguished people in whom she aroused a positive antipathy. Bacon is said to have been driven to fury by the sight of a Rose. If this is to be accepted as true may we not consider it as an argument to be used against those who would father Shakespeare's plays on him ? Marie de Medicis also had a great distaste for Roses. But the most lamentable case would appear to have been that of a patient of the Roman physician



Capellini, who swooned at the sight of a Rose, and on one occasion was restored to consciousness only to hear the staggering news that the flower which had overcome him was an artificial one.

The wish must have come to the heart of many a flower-lover that when his time should arrive to go out into the unknown he might do so with flowers around him. Victor Hugo always hoped to die in the season of Roses, and when, on the 22nd of May, 1885, the great writer passed away, those who loved him were able to heap Roses upon his coffin.

A singular and sinister figure stands out as a lover of Roses—that of Robespierre. The “Sea-green Incorruptible” was a member of the Rosati, an Anacreontic society composed of young men of education who loved nature. It was founded at Arras in 1778, and every person who wished to join was compelled to compose a piece of verse in honour of the queen of flowers. We thus know that the monster of the Terror had at one period of his extraordinary career pursued the gentle art of the poet, and sung the charms of the Rose. But it is on record that in private life Robespierre was kind and affectionate. He lodged with a couple in Paris, who had one daughter, and to these humble people the grim and blood-stained democrat was a loyal and devoted friend.

In more peaceful times the name of Robespierre might have been enshrined, not on the page of history as a blood-thirsty tyrant, but on a silver cup as a successful exhibitor of Roses.



## CHAPTER V.

### Of the Places in which Roses May be Grown ;

HOW THEY MAY BE PLANTED IN BEDS AND BORDERS, AND  
TRAINED ON ARCHES, ARBOURS, FENCES, PILLARS, PERGOLAS  
AND WALLS.

IN *Fleurs Demodées*, Maurice Maeterlinck speculates on the flowers which did duty in the gardens of our forefathers. He finds but a small band, and suggests that even Versailles—Versailles the magnificent—could not have shown what the poorest village shows us to-day. In the short list that he gives the Rose appears, but *presque encore Eglantine*—still little better than a Brier.

In the embarrassment of our Rose riches at the present time we find it hard to realise that there was once a period when there were only two double Roses available for the garden, and those so little distributed as to be out of the reach of all but a few wealthy travellers. Nowadays, with nursery gardens in every town, with catalogues pouring in by post, with advertisements in a hundred papers, we have to give imagination a sharp prod to be able to conjure up the vision of a country practically without gardens, and



UNDER THE WALLS OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Painted by BEATRICE PARSONS.





where the bulk of the population never saw a Rose except in the form of a single-flowered wildling sprawling in the hedgerows.

Consider the Rose-problem of our ancestors and that which presents itself to us. Theirs was to acquire, through long travel by coach or on horseback, over rough and bandit-infested roads ; or through the good offices of travelled friends, a few meagre plants. Ours is to choose from a thousand beautiful varieties offered at our very doors.

In the olden days the lucky recipient of a few Roses would grow them in some special spot, sheltered and protected ; we fling them largely all over our gardens.

It is a precious thought that the eyes of the young may now open to intelligence, not exclusively on the savage and cruel objects of war and the chase, but on beautiful gardens and sweet flowers. Early impressions are no longer inseparably associated with bloodshed and slaughter, but are coloured by the dainty forms and bright hues of exquisite blossoms.

Flowers in plenty are at our service, and above all is the Rose—that noble, gracious plant, of the vigorous constitution, the amplitude of foliage, the great, rich, perfumed flowers. Not for us the poor task of gathering with painful and costly labour a few straggly plants, small of bloom and with little variety of colour ; we have the greater, the more worthy duty of assembling around us hundreds of sturdy plants, with flowers of beautiful shape and dazzling diversity of hue.

Imagination should have play in this happy endeavour to secure the cream of Rose-beauty. It should



stimulate us, inspire us. We should accept the Rose, not as a meaningless and emotionless object, but as a precious gift, pulsing, sentient, the divine fruit of the passion of Nature. We should linger on the delicious thought that it is our privilege to have appeared on the planet at a stage when great progress has been made in the development of plants from primordial forms. Given this, there will go to the making of Rose-gardens a deeper sense of respect and responsibility, a warmer glow of endeavour, a fuller consciousness of the intimate association of plant and human life than has existed hitherto. Ever and always we should hold before our eyes the link of kinship with the plants that we grow, so that we may learn to consider them as worthy of calling out the best energies that we possess. If we seek for the best of ourselves to give to the Roses we shall create something better still in our minds and hearts, for there is in the flower a secret and mysterious spirit which responds to love and comradeship—an influence, subtle, shy, elusive and still potent, which reacts powerfully on humanity.

We find, when we study the Roses, not only that noble largesse of colour and perfume of which I have spoken, not only hardiness and vigour, but also great variety of habit. We look among the Roses, long, deliberately, lovingly, and distinguishing the sorts from their fellows, we learn that some are taller and stronger than others. We speak of them as "climbers." They are not really climbers; they are ramblers, twiners, if you will, but not climbers. The early Roses of creation would creep over rocks, over banks,

over fallen tree trunks ; they would learn to find shelter and support in thickets and hedgerows ; and that is the nearest that they would get to climbing. But perhaps we need not be too particular about a term ; if it suffices to make a meaning clear it will serve.

The great fact is that we have Roses which will be happy as low, unsupported plants in beds, growing a mere two feet high in spite of the generous culture which we give them ; and we have Roses which, with little encouragement in the form of delving and manuring, will make, in their various shoots, hundreds of feet of wood in a single season. A plant that will form a thick and ruddy mass in a low bed, a plant that will fling blossomy spray over a sunny wall, a plant that will creep over a shady bank and swarm eagerly to the top of a sun-scorched arch—such is the Rose.

There is a wondrous charm in a bed or border of Roses. It may be a broad stretch of mellow earth beside a drive, along a tennis-lawn (with netting or wire to check the flying balls) or skirting a favourite walk. Look around your garden, my reader, and tell me if there is not some site which makes a mute appeal to be turned into a glowing, glittering, fragrant bed of Roses. It is not too severely windswept, let us hope ; it is not subject to the drip, shade and impoverishing influences of large trees. It receives, however, a fair share of fresh, pure, buoyant air, and it enjoys the long caress of the golden sunshine.

It may be only three or four feet wide, this bed that has the happy and ennobling ambition of becoming a bed of Roses ; but it is not disqualified because it is

thus circumscribed. French gardeners have shown us, almost in the heart of London, how the smallest of beds can be made beautiful with Roses, grown in good soil and thickly planted.

If there are Teas among the Roses the beds will be beautiful from the first break of growth in spring. It is one of the supreme joys of the Rose-grower to watch the bed break gently, almost imperceptibly, into a tender film of bronze, which presently deepens, thickens and darkens. The first leaves are slender, shimmery, almost intangible things. They hover over the earth like a tinted cloud. The first glimmer of the shoots is like the faint radiance of a distant firmament at dawn. There is life, there is brightness, there is interest in the bed long before the first flower appears.

Year by year the love of Tea and Hybrid Tea Roses grows greater. What if the Teas lack the massive size and powerful fragrance of the Hybrid Perpetuals? They still have beauty of form, delicate colours and spicy, invigorating perfume to recommend them. Aye, and they have more. They have the habit of continuous flowering which their larger sisters, for all the name "Perpetual," lack. June may give us the first of the Tea Roses, December the last. There will be endless relays of charming buds the whole summer through.

We will take care to form the nucleus of our collection with varieties of commanding merit—Hybrid Perpetuals like Frau Karl Druschki, Mrs. John Laing, Ulrich Brunner and Hugh Dickson; Teas like G. Nabonnand, Peace, Anna Ollivier, and Corallina; Hybrid Teas like Killarney, Grace Darling, Madame



A HEDGE OF DOROTHY PERKINS OVERLOOKING THE LAKE AT KEW.  
This remarkable pink *Wickhamiana* hybrid is good for almost every purpose.



Abel Chatenay, Caroline Testout, Madame Mélanie Soupert, Edu Meyer, Betty, Richmond and Grüss an Teplitz. For these will ensure us success, where success is humanly possible of attainment. With our bed practically made it will be time enough to think about the more tender beauties that arrest our attention on the show table.

Those beautiful beds and borders of Roses, how gladdening to see them flowering gaily and cheerfully as the summer wears into autumn! Handfuls, basketfuls of flowers will be cut from them. The better the culture—and the separate chapters on manuring, planting, pruning, suppression of enemies, etc., show what good culture means—the longer will be the stems and the more suitable the flowers for vases. We want long-stemmed flowers for our rooms—real shoots, not squat, dumpy things which need the aid of wire. A bed of Roses should not be a sacrosanct institution, to be admired with an admixture of distant awe. It should be a real, moving, stimulating item in our lives. It should be the glory of our summer.

No one tolerates what is often miscalled “bad” weather with so much equanimity as the Rose-grower. “Bad” weather for the river picnic is good weather for the Rose bed. The July downpour which scatters a gaily dressed throng on the cricket ground, and sends them fluttering for shelter like frightened fowls, gladdens the Rose grower’s heart. The dry earth sucks up the rain greedily, the sap vessels are like Lake District water courses; flowers rush out.

Do not give all the space of garden borders to coarse

shrubs like Laurels and Aucubas. Do not even give it all to herbaceous plants, beautiful as they are, if there is no room anywhere for a Rose bed. Roses are beautiful in winding borders beside the lawn, and the coarse shrubs should have no more room than they can usefully occupy to give shelter. They must play the humble part of nurse to the Roses. Their role is secondary. "Hewers of wood and drawers of water" are they. They must bar the way, like faithful watch dogs, to rough and brutal winds.

Where trees and shrubs send greedy roots to feed on the good things provided for neighbouring Roses, the grower may have to hold them back by cutting a deep trench. It may not keep them out entirely; a root here and there may dip down below your trench, and come up on the other side of it, for cunning are the food seekers of the strong things of the garden; but it will probably prevent a wholesale loot.

Where the area available for Rose beds is small there will be a natural desire to mix varieties, in order that certain favourites may be included. But where there is room for several beds the better plan is to keep each variety separate. Then, and then only, will each of the limited number of selected sorts show to the best advantage. Its full individuality will be brought out. There will be no hiatuses, no incongruities. A uniform distance of planting can be adopted—say two feet apart, the plants presenting a series of triangles to the eye.

If numerous enough to be grouped the beds may form a collective design, which on occasion may rise to the



dignity of a "Rose Garden." When is a planting of Rose merely a set of beds, and when does it become a Rose garden? My view would be that the Rose quarter may be spoken of as a Rose garden when it forms a separate enclosure. I should hardly call a set of Rose beds on a lawn, or a string skirting a drive, a Rose garden, but if the beds are put together, and enclosed, be it only with a set of pillars or a chain, it would be pardonable to use the more imposing description.

Some, grouping Rose beds in a separate enclosure, will arrange them round a central object, whether an arbour, a fountain, a seat, a pool, or a dial. The "measure of the hours" can never be told with greater peace and deliberation than in the perfumed heart of a Rose pleasaunce, where time passes with a tender reluctance, as though each moment was loth to pass away from the beauty, the sweetness, the reflective serenity of the flower sanctuary.

The true rosarian will keep the spaces between his plants clear, so that he may be able to pass freely among them and examine the flowers at leisure, and at close quarters; but those who grow Roses rather for their effect as plants than their interest as individual flowers may like to cover the bare earth with other flowers—with Daffodils, for example, in spring, and with Violas in summer. But the Roses must stand first and there must be no injurious encroachment.

The beds and borders will house the greater part of our collection of Roses, but even so we may not willingly concede that it is the main part, when we

think of our "climbers." We grow these on our arches, we plant them on our arbours, we drape them on our fences, we train them to our pillars and pergolas, we nail them on our walls. A few, tender and early blooming, we plant to cover the walls and roofs of our conservatories. Not all are interchangeable. The best arch Rose is not necessarily the best wall Rose. But so great is the quantity of material at our command, so admirably diversified is it that all wants can be met.

The climbing Roses have rarely the large size and perfect shape of the best dwarfs. Is it that the soul of the plant has deserted the flower for the stem? Has the element of strength been turned in another direction? But they are beautiful. One is almost glad that perfection of flower is lost, since in its place we get such wild and prodigal profusion. And these slender sprays, which sway so gracefully in the breeze, with their pink, white and crimson clusters, have, we feel sure, a quality of light-heartedness that they could not feel if they were conscious that they bore the burden of an exhibitor's hopes. With such a load they would be overwhelmed with a sense of responsibility which would assuredly rob them of the happy abandonment that now marks them.

We may well see, in another chapter, how a collection of these beautiful climbing Roses may be brought within the confines of the garden.



EVENING LIGHT IN A ROSE GÁRDEN.

Painted by BEATRICE PARSONS.





## CHAPTER VI.

### Of Rose Gardens.

THE formation of a garden within a garden is an alluring task, especially to minds that lean to seclusion. There is a sense of drawing apart from the fierce, hot, clanging turmoil of life ; of entering into a closer communion with Nature. If the garden itself suggests peace and beauty what shall we say of that inner sanctuary where the hours float slowly past on wings curved to take the least possible impulse from the perfumed breeze ? There the most precious book, the most intimate task, the most devotional duty, will find its appropriate setting.

Above all others an inner garden of Roses attracts us, because it is the most complete, the most satisfying, the most embracing.

We can not only have Roses at our feet, but beside and over us. The Iris lover, the Lily lover, the Carnation lover, may have his inner garden, but only the Rose-lover can entirely surround and enclose himself in the flower of his heart.

The Rose garden, then, shall receive the best efforts which we are capable of making. We will lavish on it all of inspiration, all of forethought, all of imagination, all of energy that we have within us. Whether



it be large or small, whether our means be abundant or restricted, we will give it of our best.

The choice of site must have that "careful consideration" which is the stock phrase of the publishers who receive—and, after a decent interval, return—our volumes of verse. And this calm, deliberate judicial weighing of the question of position must come first, not last. There is a type of mind which ransacks woods and timber-yards for poles and harries nursery-men for plants, long before a thought is given as to where they are to be put.

There are natural conditions which make for success with Roses, and others which make for failure. We might form our Rose garden where big trees would shade it, and yet give no shelter in the quarter from which the worst winds blow; and the result could hardly be other than disastrous; but reverse the conditions—get tree-shelter without tree-shade, and the prospects are wholly different. Sunshine there must be; shelter, to some extent, the Roses will make for themselves. A wind-screen made of rough wood, or even of wooden trellis, is no eyesore if, a few months after its erection, we can get it covered with Roses.

A sunny, open site, then. One, too, where the soil is deep and substantial for choice, although I am presently going to tell of Rose-success, within certain limits, in shallow, chalky soil, nominally to the last degree ill-suited to the hearty appetite of the queen of flowers. All successful Rose-growers tell of the liking of our plant for heavy land. It enjoys fibrous soil. The gardener who strips turf from a piece of

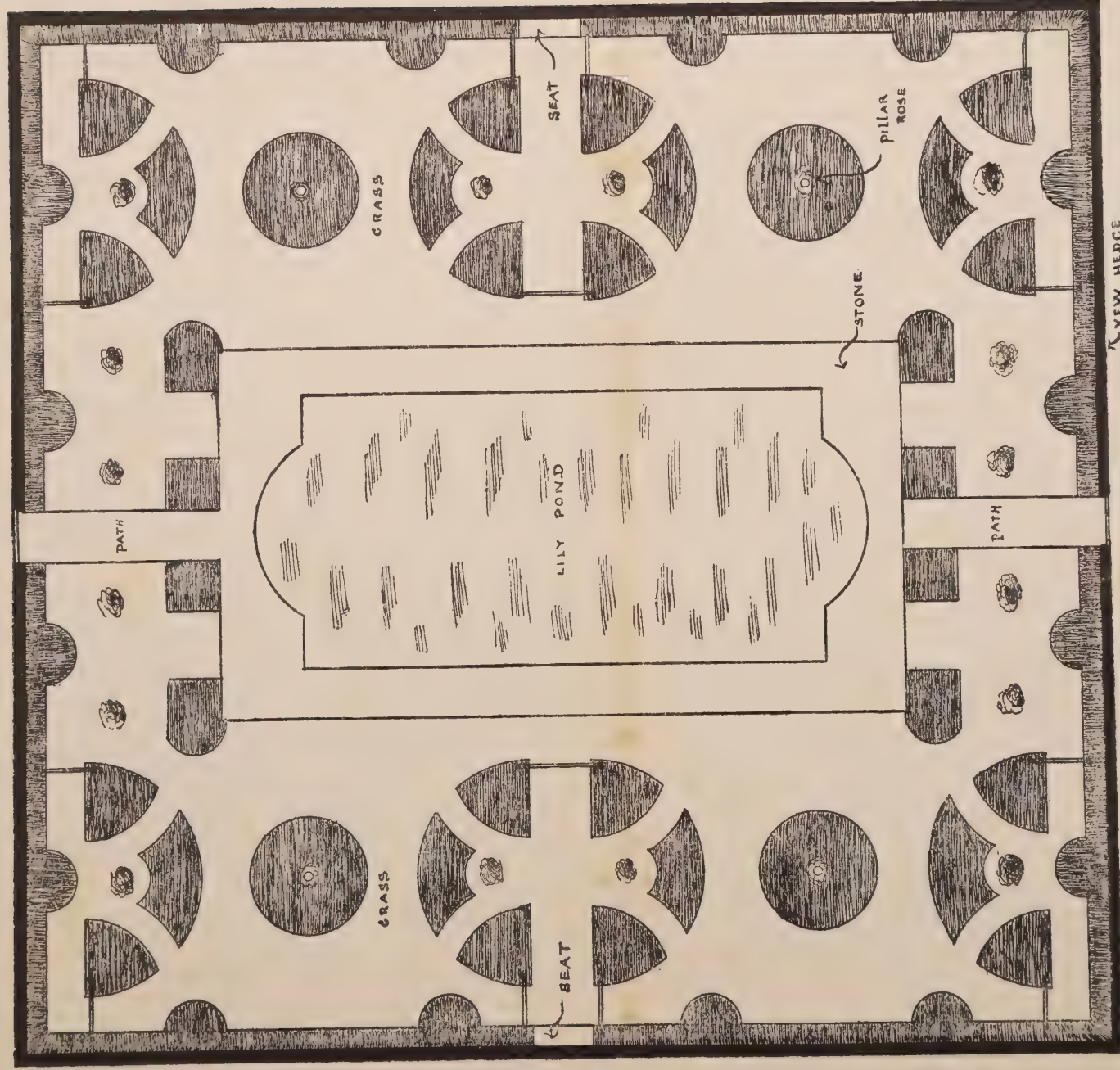
ground on which to make a Rose garden must never be guilty of the egregious folly of selling that turf at the market price of one penny a turf. It is worth a shilling to him for his own Roses. And the soil just beneath the turf, the "top-spit" of the dealers, is also silvern soil.

It is well if a site can be found a little apart from the main flower garden. It helps the influence of the Rose-pleasaunce if it lies remote. It is kept to the last ; it is the culminating thing ; it is the *bonne bouche*. At the least it must have an entrance of its own. The mere closing of a gate suggests seclusion. If the garden is small, perhaps we can get our effect by making a screen with a belt of trees and shrubs or taking a path round a rockery, across a meadow, or along a pergola. By some means or other we must try to keep the Rose garden a thing apart.

It must not be a garden of one level. Granted that beds of a few of the very best Roses would make a brilliant picture when at their best in July, there would be a lack of sustained interest. At certain periods of the year the garden would be monotonous. By introducing pillars, arches, and other features, not only is the uniformity broken up, but an opportunity is made of growing varieties which bloom at different periods of the year. The Rose garden is no longer a mere July show-place. It gives blossom well into the autumn. An interesting and beautiful feature is a bed planted with strong Roses, the branches of which are pegged to the ground instead of supported on pillars. It is advisable, also, to put in a few tall

standards, not the meagre standards of suburban gardens, but plants on tall, strong, five-foot stems, for these make beautiful and distinguished-looking objects. Such varieties as Hiawatha, Lady Gay, *Wichuraiana rubra* and Alberic Barbier, never look better than when grown on tall stems and drooping in graceful tresses. Trees of this kind are somewhat expensive, but it is not necessary to plant them in quantity.

How shall we enclose the Rose garden? If the position is exposed it had better be surrounded by a hedge. Unfortunately we cannot very well fly to quick growers, like common Laurels, for they have a coarse and common look, out of keeping with the character of the place. Nor can we turn with satisfaction to Privet, although it is cheap and grows fast. Of the commoner hedge plants the Myrobalan Plum is perhaps the least objectionable. It has a good appearance, does not look incongruous, grows fairly quickly, and is inexpensive. But indubitably the best hedge-plant for a Rose garden is the Yew. It gives perfect shelter. It has a courtly, old-world air. As a tree it is brooding and sombre, but as a background to brilliant Roses it is admirable. The Yew is not expensive, and it is not very fastidious as to soil. It bears clipping, and the least formal of flower-gardeners must acknowledge that a solid wall of Yew three or four feet thick, planted, it may be, to form angles, forms an impressive foil to the Roses. The one drawback of any importance is slow growth, but that can be overcome to some degree by working the soil deeply and manuring it well. And while the hedge is



PLAN OF A ROSE GARDEN BY LESLIE GREENING,  
Scale 1 inch=15 feet.





getting up the grower need not despise a temporary shelter in the coldest quarter, to be covered, of course, with Roses. Or perhaps he can plant a group or two of shrubs intermingled with the hardy, rugged *Rosa rugosa*.

The repeated reference to shelter should not give the impression that most modern Roses are tender. But in wind-swept places the plants are apt to be tumbled and worried and browned by cold, rushing gales. If these can be broken it is enough.

How shall we arrange our beds? This question is best answered with a diagram of a Rose garden, and a reference to the figure on next page may be made accordingly.

The plan there given is of course only one of many which might be adopted, but the reader will find useful suggestions in the illustrations of Rose gardens in the book.

A string of pillars round the Rose-garden connected by old chain or rods covered with Roses, and crossed at the paths with arches, will give an interesting effect. Strong twelve-feet oak or larch poles, well matured, will serve our purpose. Each post will cost from sixpence to half-a-crown, according to the size, the wood and the circumstances of purchase. We must not, for the sake of cheapness, pick up green wood; and we must not, to save labour, put it in shallow holes; otherwise the pillars will be a constant source of worry. A preservative may involve a little trouble but it should be regarded as indispensable. I am well aware that the suggestion of getting ten or twelve

poles at an average of a shilling each, of digging three-foot holes, of painting with tar, all as a preliminary to the planting of a few Roses, sounds formidable to ordinary non-mechanical people. But there is interest in it. One bargains with timber-merchants, hobnobs with foresters.

Of preservatives any of the following will suffice : (1) hot coal tar, brushed thickly over the base and the lower yard of the pole ; it dries nearly as fast as it is put on ; (2) creosote, painted on and allowed to dry ; (3) thorough charring in a garden fire. The last is as good a plan as any. A hole a yard deep may give pause, but it is worth its labour for a heavy pillar. A pole deeply set will not only be firmer than one set shallow, but will also last years longer, so that thorough work really saves labour. The soil must be rammed hard round the base of each pole ; mere treading is insufficient ; the pole should be immovable by the time the hole is half filled. Given that, the worker may go easier, indeed, it is an advantage to leave the top soil moderately loose for convenience of planting.

I have spoken of connecting pillars with old chains. The chain sags between the posts, to the top of which it is fastened securely, and supports the long, rambling shoots of the Roses. The nurseryman who supplies the plants will often be able to advise about chain ; failing him, we must try a marine store dealer, perhaps at the place where we spend our seaside holiday.

In buying pillars it is often possible to procure lighter material suitable for struts and cross pieces.



Stuff three to four inches thick suffices, but the pillars should be at least six inches thick at the base.

The material with which we make our pillars will also serve for our arches and pergola. With a reasonable wish to keep the cost of timber within bounds, we may set the uprights nine feet apart, rather more where a chain is to be used, but not exceeding twelve feet ; rather less for a pergola if the pillars are somewhat light.

Pillars, whether standing alone or as part of an arch or pergola, ought to be a clear eight feet out of the ground, to allow for the drooping of the shoots and still leave headroom. Such cross-pieces as are attached need to be fastened securely, because there will be considerable pressure on them when they are loaded with Rose shoots and under strain from strong wind. It is a good plan to mortice the principal ones in. There must be no "knocking together" with short nails ; the work should be done well.

Larch and chestnut poles are generally sold with the bark on, and they look better unpeeled ; they hold their bark a long time but portions may peel off, and once they become loosened the wind gets under them and rips them out. Although this may create a little untidiness it is not a very serious matter. In any case it cannot be helped and must be made the best of.

Gates in the Rose garden should be of rustic wood. Paths should be grass, except perhaps in a very large garden, where the main path may be gravelled.

## CHAPTER VII.

### Of the best Soils and Manures for Roses.

THE flower-lover always turns to information about the soil for the particular plant which he wishes to grow with a touch of trepidation ; he feels so sure that a kind will be recommended which his own garden does not provide. It is a way gardens have. They are good comrades, but they have a habit of asserting independence at awkward moments.

It is not often that the case is downright serious, but I am bound to confess that there are gardens which are absolutely unsuited to Roses. When the worst comes to the worst we must compromise. If we cannot grow every Rose that we want we must specialize a few that are capable of rising above adverse circumstances. There are such Roses, and there are people in the world—although, perhaps, not very many—with a spirit of give-and-take.

There are gardens certainly in which the soil and site combine to render Rose-growing almost impossible. What is the obvious duty of the flower-lover in such circumstances ? Indubitably it is to grow Roses. He must steadily set his face against a craven submission to the plants that the soil and site will grow to perfection, and declare, with a fine display of the spirit of



MRS. MYLES KENNEDY.

A beautiful cream Tea, shaded with buff, deepening to pink in the centre ;  
a fine Exhibition Rose. Raised by Alex. Dickson & Sons.







his ancestors, that he is inflexibly determined to grow ROSES.

I cannot imagine any conditions much worse for Rose-growing than a bleak, exposed hillside with a shallow, fibreless layer of poor, whitish soil on chalk. There are good points about chalk. Young men fresh from the chemical laboratories of the agricultural colleges will tell us that chalk (but they may call it carbonate of lime) is necessary to fertility, that a dressing of it is often more valuable than a supply of dung. Yes, but when you have nothing but chalk? When there is solid chalk within six inches of the surface all over the garden? When what little there is of top soil, owing to lack of humus, falls to dust in dry weather? When the surface bleaches almost to whiteness under sunshine? This is a case of having too much of a good thing, is it not?

Roses are not lovers of chalk. You do not find many wild Roses on the chalky uplands, although you may find the Hazel, the Wayfaring Tree, and the Traveller's Joy. You do not search for your best Briers in the hedgerows of lime-stone hills. And yet, so wide is the range of the Rose, so great are its latent capabilities, that we can find varieties, and beautiful varieties, too, which will give us very tolerable results on chalk. What we must not expect, however, are Roses of exhibition quality. We must not expect to see our sideboard gradually fill with silver trophies whereon our name is engraved as winner year after year in the biggest competitions.

We might do well to consider the best soils first.

Perhaps there is no absolute best. After going about amongst Rose-growers for thirty odd years, I have come to the conclusion that there is something more than the mere texture of the soil in Rose-growing. I think that there is something in climate. It is not simply because Rose-exhibiting is "catching," or because the soil is identical, that we find clusters of prominent prizewinners within a few miles of each other. Soils that appear to be exactly the same quality give very different results. But if there is no absolutely "best" soil—no soil that will give first-prize Roses wherever we may find it—there are soils which may be relied upon to produce good flowers with the least intelligence exercised in their culture.

Almost any soil which, delved in to the depth of a yard, cuts thickly in varying shades of red or brown will grow good Roses. Perhaps I might say that the more "thickly" it cuts the more likely it is to grow good Roses. Do not let us, therefore, when leaning on a miry spade and wiping a perspiring brow, bid a hasty and premature farewell to the inscribed silver which at breakfast time shone so brightly in our mind's eye. We like solidity about our silver, do we not? We like to feel that it has weight and substance. Very well, let us draw a parallel between the soil and the silver. Let us hasten to realise that thickness in the one may be expected to lead to thickness in the other. Very stiff soil may be lightened with manure and road scrapings.

The light, easily dug, powdery or gritty soil that turns out such beautiful bulbs, is not so good for Roses

as heavier, stiffer, more lumpy ground. Of course, all soil becomes easy-working with regular cultivation, but my point is that we should be rather pleased than otherwise if, when first breaking a piece of ground for Roses, we find it heavy and lumpy. These are signs of "character." They indicate solid, enduring worth.

I have grave doubts whether any but the most skilful grower could win important prizes from light, gritty ground, although I quite believe that he could grow very fair Roses. The skilful grower would probably stiffen up the soil with turfy loam and give heavy dressings of farmyard manure. The lighter the land the more culpable it is to rob it of its turf and "top-spit," when the ground is broken up. These are the cream of the soil. They are the most solid, the most nourishing, elements. The turf should be chopped up and dug in; the top spit should be broken and mixed with manure.

The colour of the soil is not vital. I mentioned shades of red or brown, because those colours stand for sound, substantial loam, and there are few better soils than that. But a yellow subsoil must not be despised. This may be what is called marl. If on a low, undrained site it may be pasty, because it is waterlogged in wet winters, and in this case it is not right. But I know from experience that yellow subsoil may be made to yield valuable results. Drainage is not difficult, for two-inch pipes laid thirty inches deep, in trenches cut fifteen feet apart, and emptying at the lowest level, will prevent the ground being waterlogged at any period of the year. The subsoil can then be

broken up. In substance the same remarks apply to leaden clay, which is by no means a bad soil for Roses. It is apt to look rather forbidding when it is first disrupted, and reveals itself in stiff, greyish masses, which gleam brightly, almost like steel, when wet ; but there is fertility in it.

I should be disposed to class the soils generally met with in the following order of merit for Roses :—

- 1—Red or brown loam—heavy.
- 2—Red or brown loam—light.
- 3—Dark clay.
- 4—Light-coloured clay.
- 5—Sand or gravel.
- 6—Light earth on chalk.
- 7—Light earth on rock.

I put the rock below the chalk because it cannot be broken up, and a subsoil that is unbreakable (unbreakable, that is, by the recognised horticultural methods ; blasting is too expensive a luxury) must be bad. We can break chalk. We can crumble it and shift it with a strong fork. When we have broken it we can get manure into it. This means improvement. Directly we begin to deepen our Rose bed and get it more thoroughly manured we are in the way for making it richer and moister.

Every now and then in my wanderings amongst gardens I come upon places where things have to be grown in a few inches of soil over solid rock. It is here that I find the most meagre Roses. One learns to judge of the soil by the character of the Roses in it— not necessarily the flowers—I rather have the plants

in mind. The lesson is as clear in winter as summer. We know by the character of the wood. We see thick, sturdy plants in one case and thin, sappy trees in another. The one class looks as solid and enduring as Oak, the other has the weakly, sappy appearance of Willow.

We must be enduringly grateful if we have good, deep, substantial soil, and can live upon it healthfully. Our Roses will be as happy as ourselves. They will bear all the pruning we care to give them. They will last. The lapse of ten years will not see them worn to mere scare-crows, but will still find them strong.

It is not unlikely that the genuine Rose-lover may come to take the soil into account when choosing a habitation. We shall find advertisements of house-property adding to the list of attractions, such as "near to golf links, bracing air, magnificent views, post office and church within half a mile," the final, the crowning advantage "good Rose-soil." Can you not picture the rabid Rose-grower passing the stock items one by one with a contemptuous sniff, and breaking into a beaming smile when he comes to the last? It has hardly met his eye before he is at the writing-table, dashing off a letter to the agents. He trembles lest someone should snap up the treasure before him.

Indubitably natural fertility of soil smooths the way. It brings success within grasp. There is a joy, an elation in working it that the true gardener knows well. He plunges in his implements with a light heart. His reward is sure. It is like fishing in a well-tried stream, like shooting over covers known of old. How juicily

the spade sinks in ! How the soil glows as it is turned over ! If soils could speak, be sure that they would say that they esteemed it a privilege to be tumbled and deepened and manured for Roses. They would call cheerily to their bacteria to make ready, for the Queen of Flowers was coming amongst them. They would cheer loyally for their royal mistress, and hasten to give her dainty dishes.

It is dinned into our ears incessantly that we ought to get our Roses planted in autumn, and although we may have our suspicions that the nurseryman, who naturally wants to turn over his money as soon as possible, is at the bottom of the clamour—even though people who have no connection with the trade actually make it—yet we know that autumn planting is good enough for the greatest growers, and is therefore good enough for us. But autumn planting means autumn (or late summer) soil-preparation, and that is not easy for all, especially for those who are away from home most of the day and do not employ regular gardeners. One cannot very well get up at four o'clock on October mornings, nor can one put in hours of gardening after six p.m., unless, to be sure, there is a moon. In some instances it will certainly be a case of hired labour, and that had better be skilled labour, since it cannot be superintended. It is a precious thought that the much-maligned gardener is in reality a man of professional pride and love of thoroughness. In nine cases out of ten he will do his work as well without supervision as with it, perhaps better if the supervision is unskilled and tactless, for our gardener is a touchy



person, and soon manages to make us understand what he thinks of us if we worry him with tiresome interference. He is used to general instructions from his employer the nurseryman, and does not expect to be told how to turn over every spadeful of soil and which end up to put in the plants. Alas ! worthy fellow that he is, that he is so lacking in a sense of humour. Pity that he has no command of the retort courteous.

The wise rosarian sends the order for his Roses off the day that he turns the first spit of soil in October. It will be a week or two, perhaps a month, before the plants can arrive, and meantime the ground, raised high above its normal level by the deep cultivation and heavy manuring to which it has been subjected, will be "settling down." Mere digging one spade deep will not raise the soil very much, but removing the top foot, breaking up the under layer to the full depth of the tool, and interlarding manure with a liberal hand will. That way the silver cups lie. We start engraving on them with a spade in October and a silversmith's assistant does the rest with a lighter tool the following July.

It is a little disconcerting that our royal lady likes her fare so coarse. Fat, rotten manure that has lain up in a heap for several months, and become a mass of corruption, is very much to her taste. She enjoys three courses, one in the subsoil, one in the top spit, one as a mulch—soup, fish and entrée. Each course may be the same, and she will never complain. It is not, however, convenient for planting to have much manure in the top layer, because it clogs the tools and



prevents the soil being packed firmly round the roots, but a good dressing below will suffice ; the roots will find it speedily.

The amateur rosarian who has not large stores of farmyard manures to turn to will look about for other sources, and may wonder whether artificials will not serve his turn. It is certainly desirable to use natural manure at the outset, partly for its value as food, partly because it warms and disintegrates the soil. Road scrapings are not to be despised on this account. Chemical manures ought to be regarded as auxiliaries rather than principals. In light ground a dressing of kainit might be worked into the subsoil at the rate of a stone per square rod. On heavy ground basic slag at the same rate would be valuable.

In summer, when the flowering season approaches, or after the first flowering, the Roses will enjoy a stimulant. More delicate than our floral queen herself, we sometimes object to the sight of manure on the surface of Rose beds ; we prefer flowers there. If there are close-growing plants like *Violas*—and I know of no better plants for carpeting Rose-beds in summer—we cannot mulch, and there is an end of it. “A happy end too,” murmurs the artist, “faugh !” But the Roses themselves do not say anything contemptuous when they are mulched with manure. With the sweet eloquence of abundant fresh blooms and healthy shoots they express grateful appreciation. Let us, trying for compromise, think of liquid manure. Remember that it may be poured among *Violas*. It may stain them a little for the moment, but they, as



MRS. DAVID JARDINE.

A charming H.T. with bright pink flowers shaded with salmon, very sweet,  
habit vigorous. Raised by Alex. Dickson & Sons.

well as the Roses, will grow the stronger for it, and in a few days all disagreeable traces of it will have gone. Its effects will be seen only in the form of fresh shoots and flowers, and what more do we want ?

Assuredly liquid manure is the thing for us. It satisfies both parties. We can do our brewing in some back corner of the garden, where no delicate nose or aesthetic eye is offended. We can draw on natural or chemical sources, and perhaps we shall do best with a blend of both. Some sympathetic spirit will set us up with sheep, cow or fowl manure, that we can put in a bag and stand for a few hours in a tub of water. Then we can add an ounce of superphosphate per gallon. As a change, we can use soot, which a bargain with the sweep provides. Half a bushel of this in a piece of sacking will make a capital liquid if hung for a night in a large tub of water. And we may do well to remember, for the nonce, that the domestic staff can help the Roses if it can be induced to convey surreptitiously to a selected spot such collections from the household as a discreet mind might consider to come under the description of liquid manure.

A grower of Roses on poor soil for the time being, I find that generous supplies of liquid manure during summer help greatly in putting into the plants that strong growth and sturdy wood which is so important for getting good bloom the following year. True enough in the case of most dwarfs and standards the wood made one year does not bloom the next, for the simple but sufficient reason that it is cut out at the annual pruning, yet in a sense it gives the flowers, because it sustains

the buds from which the flowering wood comes. Without good buds we cannot expect good flowering wood. Feed for wood and you feed for buds. Prune to good buds and you get good flowers.

Liquid manure in the watery forms here suggested is better for Roses—or any other plants for the matter of that—than thick, slimy sewage. Yet if sewage is available it ought to be used. I would not pour it on in a rank, undiluted flood, to clog the soil and perhaps make it unwholesome. But I would have tubs of water handy when it was drawn forth from its unsavoury storehouse and weaken it. And I would take care that the soil was in a lumpy, absorbent state; so that it should not degenerate into slime after the liquid had been poured on.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Of the Best Stocks for Roses, and Propagation by Budding, Grafting, Layering, Seed and Cuttings.

IF Rose trees were one hundred per cent. cheaper than they are now ; nay, if it were the habit of nurserymen to pay premiums to amateurs to take Roses from them carriage paid—which it is not—we should still want to know how to propagate them ourselves.

I doubt if one rosarian in fifty who buds or otherwise propagates Roses does so with the principal object of saving money. I do not, of course, suggest that amateur rosarians object more strongly on principle to economy than, say, amateur anglers or amateur cricketers. With all their eccentricities they are still human. My point is that when they make plans for propagating Roses they do not do so on a pounds, shillings, and pence basis. A plant raised at home has a charm which a plant acquired by purchase can never possess.

The budding of a Rose is an even more fascinating proceeding than the layering of a Carnation or the striking of a Chrysanthemum cutting. There is but one thing to compare with it. Do you murmur that



that must be the landing of a seven-pound trout under the very nose of a boastful rival, or doing a round on the links in an average of three and a half, when "bogey" is sixty-nine? No, it is the grafting of an Apple tree.

Who that has ever tasted the joy of seeing the first Rose bud that he has ever put on change colour and swell will acknowledge that there is anything in life to equal it? It produces an intensity of elation, an ecstasy of bliss, that no words can express. Shall we not indulge ourselves in this supreme and innocent pleasure? Shall we not in autumn hunt the elusive Brier, transfer it from somebody's hedge (no matter whose) to our own garden, and when the summer comes exultingly turn it into a Rose?

I doubt whether it is really economical to bud the rank and file of Roses in a private garden, because the time and labour involved in getting the stocks, growing them, and finally budding them, must be far more valuable than the amount of money kept from the pockets of the nurserymen. I can conceive a saving if buds of meritorious new varieties can be picked up, but, believe me, those lucky beings who possess new Roses generally know well how valuable they are, and guard them jealously. But as hope springs eternal in the breasts of Rose-growers, and prompts the seductive belief that some day we shall light upon a treasure, we may well grow a few stocks in readiness for the happy moment. They are not wasted; for when, as each July wanes, we realize that the long-expected novelty is once more going to elude us, we can use the stocks



ROSE GARDEN AT SHIPLAKE COURT.

Here Box edging is used to divide the beds from the lawn in the Formal Garden.



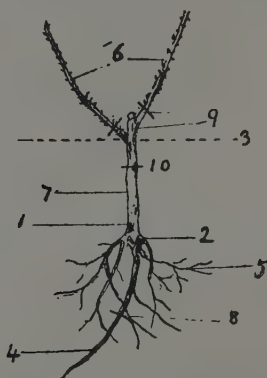
to increase a few of our favourite varieties, and to get that fresh supply of "maiden" plants which, in skilled hands, goes so far to win prizes.

Speaking generally, if Rose-propagation at home is not worth doing for the love of the work it is not worth doing at all. I say this as one who has budded Roses, and struck cuttings of Roses in a private garden; who has had failures and successes, who has made notes and taken account of time and labour. As long as I was satisfied that I was budding for sport and enjoyment all was well, directly that I began to count time and cost, and to look at it as a business proposition, all was wrong. As it was with me so it is likely to be with readers here and readers there. Let me sum the matter up epigrammatically—Love it or leave it.

In the minds of most amateur rosarians the subject of budding Roses associates itself exclusively with Briers. No doubt the majority of Roses propagated in nurseries are worked on Briers, but it may be a race between that and Manetti. In years gone by, before Teas and Hybrid Teas became so popular, the Manetti would have beaten the Brier hollow. It was almost the universal stock. A handsome, prepossessing plant, this Manetti, with an air of almost aristocratic distinction. You sometimes see a whole field full of it in a large Rose nursery, waiting to be budded; and later in the year, if you visit the nursery again, you see a trail of raphia drooping from each main stem telling you that the buds have been put in.

As one would suppose who has a knowledge of the proper names of various countries, Manetti is Italian. The particular bearer of it who interests us as Rose-growers was, I believe, a botanist in the land of song.

Sometimes a Rose-grower has quite a little shock, half of astonishment, half of pleasure. A new Rose is coming up in his garden. He is sure that it is a Rose. He looks closer and makes a singular discovery: the new



YOUNG MANETTI ROSE STOCK RAISED FROM A CUTTING.

- |                    |                                   |
|--------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1—Stem.            | 6—Shoots.                         |
| 2—Base of cutting. | 7—Main stem.                      |
| 3—Soil level.      | 8—Tap root marked for shortening. |
| 4—Tap root.        | 9—Side shoots.                    |
| 5—Fibrous roots.   | 10—Point of inserting bud.        |

Rose is springing up from the base of one of the older ones. Here is an event indeed. The problem is more puzzling than ever. He has two Roses in one, and the newcomer looks like going ahead of the other. It springs straight up, erect and vigorous. It has a neat, comely look and a faint ruddy tinge. After a few days acquaintance it begins to look like an old friend. It

recalls something seen in the past, and then with a flash the explanation comes—it is Manetti stock springing from the base and overpowering the Rose that was budded on it a few years' previously.

A similar thing happens, at times, with Briers. A Rose has been budded on a dwarf Brier stock. It has taken, and the top of the Brier has been cut away.



SUCKERS ON ROSES.

1—Rose growths.  
3—Strong Sucker.

2—Point of budding.  
4—Soil removed and sucker stripped away at the base.

When the shoots are in leaf the suckers can generally be told by the seven leaflets.

The Rose grows from the bud, and the Brier feigns to carry what to it is a true old man of the sea with patient humility. It contents itself with the obscurity of the soil. It forages for food, and sustains the plant that the lord of the garden declares to be better than itself with a becoming self-suppression. But the Rose may prove to be a weakling, unable to hold its own. It



may grow feebly. Then the cunning stock looks up. The encroaching Brier nature asserts itself. A little shoot with seven narrow leaflets on each leaf appears near the ground and begins to steal quietly and unobtrusively upward. No one notices it, and it is a fact worthy of remark that nine Brier breaks out of ten manage to get a yard or two high before they are found out. They may even fill the grower with pleasure. Pushing among the shoots of the Rose they may make him believe that his weakly Rose has taken a new lease of life. Many amateur rosarians hug a Brier fondly I do not write literally—for a year or two before they find out what is afoot. None but the most vigorous Roses have seven leaflets, and if a shoot comes with more than five on a dwarf Rose it should be examined suspiciously. If it springs right from the base of the plant, is strong, green and prickly, and has seven small serrated leaflets, write it down a Brier and strip it off at the very base; do not be satisfied with cutting it in close. We want the Brier as a stock, and as a stock alone; we do not want it growing and mingling with the growths of the Rose which was budded on it.

The reason why most amateurs associate budding exclusively with Briers is that the Manetti, not growing wild, and not being in general commerce, is unknown to them. It is, however, an important plant. The nurserymen propagate it by cuttings towards the end of summer, and plant it out in beds after it is rooted to grow on till strong enough for budding. They raise a large quantity of their Briers in the same way. Many varieties of Roses do well from cuttings, growing





ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ROSE GARDEN AT SHIPLAKE COURT.



on their own roots without the assistance of a stock. September is a good month to put in cuttings of stocks and Roses. Pieces of firm, partially ripened wood of the current year's growth, six to eight inches long, which have borne flowers and are removed with a heel of old wood, are inserted firmly nearly up to the tip. They may be put in quite close together, but just clear of each other, in order to economise space, and stand for



A TWO-YEAR OLD SEEDLING BRIER ROSE STOCK.

1—Tap root.

4—Side shoots.

2—Fibres.

5—Point of budding.

3—Ground level.

a year, then be planted out six inches apart in rows two feet asunder. The stocks will be ready for budding in the second or third year.

Transplanted hedgerow Briars are ready for the buds much sooner, in fact, if moved to the garden in autumn, where they may be planted a foot apart in rows two

feet asunder, they ought to be ready for budding the following summer. No top or side growth is wanted in autumn ; all may be cut close in ; the roots, too, may be trimmed to knobs. Our Brier looks, indeed, a mere walking stick in winter, and often when I have surveyed a batch of Briers in spring, mere straight stems a yard or so high, absolutely without a sign of growth, I have thought it impossible that they can be ready for budding that year. By and bye, however, little reddish knots appear on the stems, they swell, they become shoots, they show leaves, and in five or six weeks, behold : there are four or five sturdy shoots two feet long.

Naturally, interest grows when the shoots show this surprising development, and in the case of beginners it may ripen into excitement when it is seen that a bout of budding is becoming possible. Let not the old hand indulge in a superior sniff, and growl an inquiry as to what there is to get excited about. Verily nothing when experience has robbed the operation of its interest; but much before that unhappy time has arrived. For my own part, I look back regretfully to the days when Rose-budding was a fascinating mystery, anticipated with a species of fearful joy, arousing by turns thrills of pleasure and shivers of apprehension. Ah! the glamour of those halcyon days! Would that I could live them over again! Roses and youth—can you link them together, you whose hair is becoming grizzled, without a sigh, without a burst of longing, without a single pang of regret? If we are wise we shall hold fast to the Roses, so that haply our hearts

may remain young when time ties our limbs. And we must not commit the error of clinging too closely to the older sorts. We must keep on finding places for the new varieties, and renew the interests of our youth in the florists' latest creations. So shall we keep our outlook on life fresh, our minds wholesome, our hearts free from the agony of unrequited longing.

Who can grow old when he sees the never-failing fount of youth in the beautiful treasures of the garden ? Who can fear that life is losing its freshness when every year brings its tale of new varieties ? The thought of these novelties keeps our mind in the future. We are always looking forward. And that way happiness lies.

Meantime, let he who can get every particle of interest there is in the tasks of the garden. Let him feel no shame if a flutter of mingled joy and apprehension seizes him at the thought of Rose-budding, but let him permit it to work its will with him.

The hour of action may come in June if the district is mild, the soil fertile and the weather moist ; but in most cases it will not arrive before July, and it may not be wholly past at mid-August. We can tell of its arrival by the condition of the plants from which buds are to be taken. When the summer shoots have become plump and fat, when they are fresh and sappy after rain, when the thorns leave the shoots slowly, succulently, instead of breaking off sharply—when these conditions are before us we may safely proceed with the budding, provided the stocks are strong enough to receive the buds. The stems should be a full third of an inch thick, and the strongest may be a little more.

It is delightful to visit a nursery where a good many Roses are grown in summer, for there, perhaps, we can see not only the best of the new varieties in bloom, and pick out the plants we want for autumn planting, but also see the budders at work, and learn a practical lesson in exchange for the order which we give to the nurseryman. At first we feel almost appalled at the ease and nonchalance with which these ruddy and sunburnt fellows twirl the buds out and in. A slice with the knife, a prick or two at the stock, a deft touch with the flattened handle, a push, and the bud is in. Not so dare we work, not so ought we to work, when we are making our first attempts. We must first make sure that we understand the principle, and then we must practise slowly.

The principle of budding is this: The germ of growth that forms on a Rose shoot in the summer for making leaves and flowers the following year does so in the form of a green knot lying in the axil of the leaf. It is quite small, in fact it does not greatly exceed the size of a pin's head. Small as the germs are, if we can get three or four established on a Brier we can turn it into a beautiful Rose tree, capable of bearing the largest and most brilliant of flowers within the year; and by a little manipulation we can get them so established. We have to handle the bud in such a way as to bring the germ into contact with the tissues of the Brier, to which it unites, and of which it forms a part. To this end we slice off a piece of Rose shoot about one and a half inches long. When removed it looks rather like a small, elongated shield.



In order to expose the inner portion of the germ, and get it in contact with the Brier, we must pick out the pith which fills the bark. This operation is the crux of the budding question. It is easily "mulled," for the germ has a tendency to come away with the pith. But it is also easily done successfully, provided there is plenty of sap in the shoots, as there is, as a rule, after showery weather. If the budding has to be done in dry weather it may be advisable to throw the shields in water for an hour or two to facilitate getting out the pith. The man in the nursery does it quickly and unerringly, and a little intelligent observation and practice will enable an amateur to do it properly.

With the pith removed the germ is seen nestling under the base of the leaf-stalk, in the hollowed bark. The bud is now ready for insertion. The bark of the Brier is slit through near the base with the point of a sharp knife, both longitudinally and transversely, and the edges are raised. The bud is pushed down the slit, the edges of the bark folded over it, and tied in with worsted or raphia.

In those favoured districts which I have referred to as permitting budding in June, the buds will begin to grow the same summer, and the shoots may even become strong enough to flower. But that is exceptional. It is more usual for them to make use of what remains of the summer to form a close union with the Brier, to remain dormant in winter, and to start growing the following spring.

It ought to be made clear that in speaking of putting buds in the shoots of the Brier reference is made to



long-stemmed "standard" Briers collected from the hedgerows. It is the three or four top shoots of these that are budded. Any on the lower part of the stem may be cut away. In the case of Manetti stocks, also of dwarf Brier stocks, whether raised from seed or cuttings, only one bud is required for each, and this is put in the main stem close to the ground. Growers find that it facilitates a union if the stems of dwarf stocks are earthed three or four inches a few weeks before budding, as the bark is kept comparatively



A shoot of Dorothy Perkins Rose which rooted at X when pegged down to the soil.

moist and soft. However, the budding of these stocks is almost exclusively done in the nurseries.

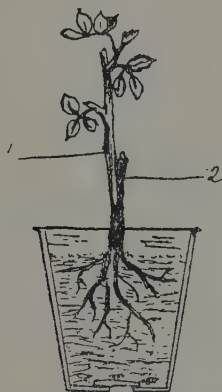
Why, it may be asked, trouble about stocks at all if Roses will strike from cuttings? The cutting plan seems the more simple, but it does not prove to be the best with the majority of Roses. Nurserymen would no more trouble about stocks for Roses than they would for Black Currants if experience taught them that they could get plants as good, with greater economy, from cuttings.

Many arch Roses strike readily from cuttings. Crimson Rambler is a case in point. Others are the

Wichuraiana Roses, of which Dorothy Perkins is such a popular example.

The Manetti and Brier are not the only stocks for Roses. The de la Grifferaie is fairly popular.

The grafting of Roses is not practised extensively, but it is done under glass in winter and spring by nurserymen, who set the grafts in the side of the stock.



HOW TO GRAFT ROSES.

1—Stock.

2—Scion inserted in side. The growing part of the stock is cut back after the scion has united.

Roses are not, as a rule, layered, but the Wichuraiana varieties, and some others with long canes, will root if the strong shoots are pegged to the ground in late summer. When rooted they may be cut away from the parent.

The Rose-lover who is interested in new varieties, and learns that they are raised from seed, may like to try this method of propagation. The seed is borne in

berries or "hips," which may be laid in sand till they decay, and the seed sown in sandy soil, either out of doors or in boxes in a cold frame, in spring. The plants grow slowly while young, and it may be three years before they flower. Few would mind waiting if they had reasonable hope that at the end there would be something worth keeping, but there rarely is. Those raisers who distinguish themselves by introducing beautiful new varieties year after year have special strains of seed, which are not procurable, whether "for love or money," by the rank and file of growers. And even these raisers have a thousand blanks to one prize. Only by growing seedling Roses in hundreds of thousands from special strains can anyone expect to get results worth having from seedling Roses.





THE ROSE GARDEN AT FOX HILL, READING.  
A riot of colour and perfume.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Of the Planting of Roses.

LET us always plant Roses hopefully, brightly, with thoughts of the flowering season in our minds.

Those who do their gardening mechanically, with about as much interest and spirit as they would black a pair of boots if circumstances dictated that task to them, lose half its pleasures. They make it a mere labourer's duty, very little better than sweeping a road. And if this is bad with gardening generally, how much worse must it be in whatever concerns Roses !

Rose-planting is a delightful mental stimulus. It is a tonic of the best description, freshening us up without leaving any unpleasant after-effects. It is done often, perhaps generally, on autumn days, when the leaf has fallen from the trees, the herbaceous borders are sere, the skies are heavy, the birds are mute. It calls us out into the invigorating open, when we are tempted to huddle over a fire, get bored in clubs, or work up a spurious excitement at a cinematograph entertainment. It fills us with thoughts of new life, fresh beauty, at a time when our spirits are drooping and the world is assuming a wry and hopeless look.

We must make of Rose-planting a real event. We must look forward to it, and bubble over it, as others might anticipate a meet of the hounds or a shoot. We ourselves have no time for those trivialities. We cannot, try as we may, work up any real interest in them. Our thoughts turn in other directions. We are of those who dream dreams of a beautiful external world. We see visions of a better civilisation, hastened on by the practice of creating garden beauty. Brutality and bloodshed are remote from us.

We need not plant a Rose one whit less well because we do it with alertness of mind, with an active outlook, with a lively intelligence, with healthy forethought. We need not fumble over it, or be longer over it, because we do it with real uplifting of the heart. We must, of course, be practical, and we shall successfully resist any tendency to become finicking in our work. We shall do it the more thoroughly for the interest which we take in it.

We saw in a previous chapter that ground trenched and manured in late summer "settles" in autumn. The loosening and manuring have combined to raise its level. When that work is finished it stands several inches higher than it did before it was broken up. During October it will lose a little of its new altitude. It will become more solid; it will compact itself. But it will remain crumbly, friable and permeable. It will yield readily to the spade when November comes.

We have already pleaded guilty to a suspicion—which is not a carping or malicious one, but is tinged with kindly indulgence—that the tradition that autumn



Rose-planting is the best took its rise from the nursery-men. They naturally want to sell their plants, receive their money and make fresh use of their ground, with as little delay as possible. Very cleverly, and quite legitimately, they have encouraged the belief that early planting is greatly superior to late. I have no evidence that it is, but I know that autumn planting is good, and I am glad to see it done, not only because I have a warm and friendly feeling towards those splendid fellows the florists, than whom a fairer, more earnest, more sportsmanlike body of traders does not exist, but because it brightens the grower, furnishes the garden and is good for the plants. Let us by all means plant in autumn if our ground can be got ready ; and let us, when we put in our Roses on a November day, put amongst them some of the beautiful Primroses and Polyanthes which are at our disposal, and which will do no harm to the Roses, but will rob the ground of its bareness, and give fragrance and beauty in spring.

It must, however, be made clear that the passing of autumn does not mean the passing of all opportunities of planting for the following season's bloom. If any harm has been done by the stress which has been laid on the importance of autumn planting, it is that it may have given the impression that winter or spring planting is so much inferior as to be hardly worth doing, and I can quite suppose cases in which people have actually waited a year because they could not plant in autumn. There is no necessity for this. Late winter and early spring planting are just as good as autumn, so far as the welfare of the plants is concerned.

A point in favour of autumn planting is that the dealers are full of stock of most varieties. The earlier we buy the less likely we are to receive sorts that we never ordered, with a note (and sometimes without even that mollifying courtesy) that they have been substituted for something which we had asked for, but which has been "sold out."

And in connection with this point of selling-out, let us remember that it is most likely to happen in the case of good new varieties, partly because there is a special demand for them, and partly because they are comparatively few. New Roses cannot be increased by thousands a month, like Mustard and Cress; they can only be multiplied slowly. All the great Rose nurserymen in the world were trying for years to meet the demand for that wonderful white Rose Frau Karl Druschki, and failing; they increased their plants from a hundred to a thousand, from a thousand to ten thousand, from ten thousand to twenty thousand, and still the insatiable demand remained unappeased. It is really a little difficult for an amateur who has never been behind the scenes in horticulture to realise what the demand for a new flower is like. If a Sweet Pea, there may come orders for fifty thousand packets; if a Rose, for a hundred thousand plants. These fifty thousand packets, these hundred thousand plants do not exist. There may be twenty thousand packets, there may be thirty thousand plants, but there are certainly not enough, and many of those who order must be disappointed.

The keenest of the buyers—and the most wide-awake





A BED OF ELECTRA AT KEW.

It is a pale yellow Rambler Rose, distributed by J. Veitch & Sons in 1900, and may be grown on a pillar.

members of the community are to be found among exhibitors—make it their business to order early, because it is the rule of the nurserymen to supply in rotation, beginning with the earliest orders. Directly an amateur has reason to think that a particular variety which he wants is likely to be in great demand he sends an order for it, even if the month be June or July. Here his experience as a visitor to shows helps him. He hears the sort talked about ; he observes that it has secured an award of merit from an influential committee. Or perhaps he reads the opinion of an expert in a gardening paper.

Apart, however, from the novelties, for the possession of which the competition is keenest, there are many popular varieties which the amateur can never be sure of getting after Christmas. And this is a powerful inducement to buy and plant in autumn.

In bed-planting it is perfectly legitimate to provide for what might be called an inter-crop, as referred to in the chapter on soil and manuring. We do not, it is true, see other plants put in Rose-beds by prominent exhibitors, as a rule ; and if we asked the opinion of the great prize-winners on the practice we might be alarmed by pursing of lips, dissenting shakes of the head, wrinkling of disapproving brows. The exhibitor is not, perhaps, prepared to say that the *Violas*, *Pansies*, *Primroses*, *Polyanthuses*, or whatever plants are used, would do the *Roses* any harm, but the most distant fear that they might would be sufficient to disturb him. He will contemplate the contingency of their



abstracting from the soil a certain amount of food which the Roses ought to have, of their interfering with movement among the Roses, of a hindrance to manuring, of preventing hoeing, and so forth. And he may not be disposed to set against these draw-backs the benefit conferred by the dwarf plants in checking the evaporation of the moisture. He prefers to control that with his hoe and with mulchings of manure. The exhibitor, in short, is not taking risks. He is "giving nothing away."

Many of us, however, grow Roses mainly for beautifying our gardens and supplying ourselves with plenty of sweet and charming flowers. We do not allow show considerations to sway us. So magnanimous is our nature that we get more satisfaction out of leaving the silver cups to someone else than in winning them ourselves. And, this being the case, we can very well afford to stiffen our backs when the lip-pursing and head-shaking begin. We have done our soil well; we have trenched it deeply and manured it thoroughly. We are confident that it contains enough fertility to give us good Roses and still leave a little for the carpeting plants.

If only one variety of Rose is grown in a bed we can probably provide a carpet of Violas to give an appropriate blend. A white Viola, such as *Pencaitland*, looks charming under a pink Rose; a soft yellow, like *Sylvia*, is delightful with a salmon Rose, a lavender, *William Neil* or *Maggie Mott*, for instance; makes a perfect companion for a white Rose. The Violas planted in autumn, winter or early spring, will be in

bloom in May, and if picked over regularly will flower as long as the Roses.

Large-flowered Primroses and Polyanthuses, of which the seedsmen have given us such magnificent strains, are delightful for planting in mixed beds of Roses. Perhaps no strain of Polyanthuses is better than the Munstead, which gives us long, strong stems, large heads of bloom, and a preponderance of beautiful cream, yellow, apricot and other shades. The best way of growing these lovely flowers is to sow in boxes in a cool frame or greenhouse at midwinter, and transplant them to a spare bed, where they may be set nine inches apart to facilitate hoeing, in June. There they will be quite safe until the Rose beds are ready. They will be at their best in May, and if the seed pods are picked off will remain a long time in bloom. When they finally go out of flower they can be shifted to a reserve bed, or left *in situ* for the following year.

The Roses are seen to the best advantage when the plants are set in such a way as to form triangles. If they are set in parallel lines, one exactly behind the other, they do not show up so well. The point will be made clear by looking through the figures in the parallel columns below :—



In A the plants tend to hide each other, in B they are well exposed. By adopting this plan and planting



two feet apart (very strong varieties like Grüss an Teplitz, Corallina, Caroline Testout, etc., three feet), there will be no overcrowding, even if dwarf plants are put between. Many Rose-growers were struck by the very close planting of the French growers at the Anglo-French Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, London in 1909. Most of them were only set about a foot apart. But, doubtless, the Gallic growers took into consideration that they were planting late, that they were planting in London, and that they only had a very short time in which to get a display.

It is a delight to plant Roses when, the soil having been previously well prepared, it falls into small particles when the spade is set to work. The practised planter will not scoop the soil out with a shovelling motion, leaving a hole of irregular shape and varying depth. He will drop the spade perpendicularly east, west, north and south, forming a square. Thus he will get a hole of regular form. He will put the soil taken from it in a heap near the edge, so that it is at hand for filling in. Six inches will probably be deep enough, eight will be ample. A calculation may be made by providing that the earth mark on the stem shall be just covered when the soil is filled in and trodden down. It is in making holes that the planter realises the advantage of getting the manure well below the surface in trenching. If it is near the top it impedes the tools in planting. While the plants are waiting the roots should be moistened and kept covered.

Does the beginner give a nervous start at the mention



#### STANDARD ROSES WITH VIOLAS.

Here the well-known variety, Caroline Testout, is used as a standard. This, one of the best of all Hybrid Teas, with brilliant pink flowers, was introduced by Pernet fils-Ducher, in 1890. It makes a good bush. There is a climbing form.



of treading down? Does he hesitate to apply the full pressure of his capacious garden boots and the sixteen stones or thereabouts above them, to the soil over the roots, in fear of causing injury? His qualms do credit to his gentleness of soul, but they are quite misplaced. Often have I seen an amateur gardener hopping round a Rose bed in an agony of apprehension, while a grumpy gardener rammed a huge foot on to the barely covered root of a newly-planted Rose. But the Roses did not wilt and die. On the contrary, they grew cheerfully when the spring came. I do not think Roses can be very well planted too firmly. The more closely the soil is brought into contact with the roots the more likely the plants are to push a number of fine, fibrous feeding roots.

It will be found most convenient to plant when the soil, though moist—as it nearly always is in November—is not so wet as to be sticky. The planter can generally find his opportunity, although he may have to wait longer for it on a heavy than on a light soil. The plants will take no harm even if the waiting extends to a month or more, if they are laid with the roots in a shallow trench and covered with soil. If the ground is frost-bound when they arrive, leave them in their straw-covering and put them in an outhouse.

It is not safe to transplant Roses which are growing out of doors after they have made a start in the spring, and success can only be expected if the plants are pruned back and then syringed. But nurserymen keep a limited number of varieties in pots, and these can be transplanted out of doors at almost any time, so there need be no disturbance of the roots. However, it is

a good rule to syringe plants that are in leaf, as it checks evaporation and relieves all strain on the roots ; consequently, the plants are soon established and growing vigorously.

Soil will prove to be a better protection than a mulching of manure ; it may be drawn in a ridge a few inches high around all the varieties of doubtful hardiness, and levelled down again at pruning time in spring. May is early enough to mulch.

We must not leave standard Roses unstaked, or they may be blown over. A stout stake tarred or charred at the base should be driven well down when the hole has been opened to put the tree in, and it should be long enough to reach to the head of the Rose. Wind-sway will be checked if the longest shoots are shortened. If a little bracken is then placed among the branches, and left till early spring, the plants are rarely injured, even if they are delicate Tea or Noisette varieties.

Lastly we have to consider labels. Too often the narrow slips of the nurserymen are left to flutter disconsolately on the trees until they decay or the writing becomes effaced. Then, and not till then, does the grower develop a feverish thirst for the names of his Roses, which can only be slaked by worrying friends, nurserymen or newspaper editors, all of whom loathe him for it, even if they courteously dissemble their disgust. Acme and Stratford plant labels, with raised letters, and long shanks which permit of their being thrust into the ground, are good. If wooden labels are used they should be coated with a thin brush of white paint at the top and have the base dipped in

hot tar. The writing should be done with a Wolff pencil. Thus treated they are fairly durable, but I make a plan of going round all my borders twice a year with a supply of fresh labels in case renewals are called for. In the borders where the Roses grow are choice Tulips and Daffodils, and it is odds that one or the other shows a broken, defaced or split label that calls for substitution. I often use the merely defaced label again, running a plane over the face and then repainting. The labels are cut up by the garden hands in wet weather, from builder's laths, and are made about ten inches long.

The very worst label of all is that which is fastened to the tree by a piece of twisted wire, for as the tree grows the wire pinches and gangrene is set up.



## CHAPTER X.

### Of the Pruning of Roses.

A BEGINNER in Rose-growing handles his pruning knife for the first time with the same mixed feelings as a lad of sixteen opens his razor for the first shave. There is desperate resolution one moment, quavering hesitation the next. Something has to come off, but what it is, and how it is to be done, are a fearful mystery.

We must prune. Roses that are left entirely unpruned become straggly and unkempt; what is worse, they bear puny, ill shaped flowers. Most of us have seen the unpruned Rose. We have seen it in the garden of a house which has long stood empty, and which we "looked over," perhaps with a vague idea of taking up the tenancy, perhaps out of mere curiosity. Somehow, the Roses did not prepossess us in favour of the place, or seem to be quite in keeping with the advertisement, which spoke of a "large and well-stocked garden, with a splendid collection of trees and shrubs." We realise that adjectives are more plentiful than Apples, that the language of the rostrum is more eloquent than the sight of the Roses.

Yes, we must prune. We should have to do it were if only for the sake of neatness. Up to a point we can

beguile ourselves, as the house advertisement beguiled us, with phrases. We can talk of the freedom, the grace, the picturesqueness, of naturally-grown plants. This sounds well, and for a time it satisfies us, because it gives us a feeling that we are high-souled, and have large, lofty views, and expansive minds. We have a soothing feeling that we are artistic, and have a communion with Nature which is denied to meaner spirits. But when the Roses sprawl in all directions, when they grow into each other, when they impede our work, when they assume the wildness of shock-headed street arabs, we begin to have misgivings.

And if neatness did not cry out for recognition we should still find that we had to prune for the sake of flowers. Nearly all Roses bear the best blooms which they are capable of producing on new wood ; it follows, therefore, that we must have an adequate supply of good, fresh shoots if we are to have nice Roses. Fertile soil is one factor in encouraging the production of strong, healthy wood, and pruning is another. If a Rose growing in good soil were left unpruned, it would certainly push a large number of new shoots each spring. Without restriction and regulation these would get tangled. Each succeeding year's crop would become smaller and more crowded than the one which had preceded it. The bush would be bigger, but it would bear smaller blooms.

Let us draw an illustration from the thumb and fingers on an open hand. If our digits bore buds, as Rose shoots do, which had the power of starting into growth each spring, we should have, as year succeeded

year, our fingers increasing in number and our hand growing in size until no glove in the largest emporium in the country could be found to accommodate it. We should be embarrassed with a multitude of fingers. The Artful Dodger would find them in his way. Fagin would have such trouble with his pupils as would drive him to distraction. We should surely want to chop off a few superfluous digits, preferring a small number of strong, flexible, manageable ones, to several dozens of weaklings.

It is the rule to prune newly planted dwarf and standard Roses hard. The long shoots are reduced to short stumps, which thicken as the summer comes on, and at the same time push fresh shoots from the three or four buds which were left on at each pruning. On these fresh shoots the flowers come. If, in the following year, the wood which has bloomed is reduced to say six buds, just as the mother wood was (that is "grand-mother wood" the second year, of course), there will be an entirely new crop of shoots. If the same process be repeated every year there is a constant supply of fresh flowering shoots, and the Rose bush only increases in size by inches a year. That, then, is pruning, as applied to dwarf and standard, not climbing, Roses.

Nothing teaches better than living example, so the next time we find ourselves in a good Rose garden we will do more than look at the flowers on the older plants; we will peer among the green shoots and find what is below them. We shall find that they are carried by thickish pieces of brown wood a few inches long, and that these are sustained by equally short but still

thicker pieces nearer the base of the plant. There may be three or four sets of these stumps, each showing clearly the annual pruning of the different years.

There are, naturally, different schools of pruners. People find material to disagree over in everything, so why should they not disagree over pruning Roses? Theoretically the Rose is such a sweet, peaceful, soothing subject that no one could possibly wrangle over it; but although it may soften human nature it does not wholly transform it.

Some growers of Roses have a very plausible way of arguing on the subject of pruning. They say: "If some Roses are much stronger than others, if the habit of the varieties is essentially different, why should we prune them all in the same way? We ought to prune the strong ones lightly." Yes, this is plausible, and it gives us pause. If our object in pruning is to get strong flowering wood why prune if we already have strong flowering wood? But, unfortunately, the matter hardly rests here.

Are we growing Roses in mixed beds? Most of us are, probably. We cannot all provide such spacious areas for Rose-gardens as to be able to set apart separate beds for each variety that we grow. Well, if we are mixing several varieties in a bed we shall find real, practical objections to different systems of pruning. To begin with, at planting time we shall have to arrange for different distances apart, because some varieties will need much more room than others; and that is awkward. Let us fix that point in our minds freely: different systems of pruning mean planting at different

distances, to allow for some plants extending much more than others.

"Not a very serious matter," suggests the variable pruner. Perhaps it is not for the expert who knows the habit of every variety which he plants, but it is for the general grower. He must have elaborate data to work by in planting, to which he must be constantly referring, in order that no mistake may be made. This means a considerable extra expenditure of time, and time may be more important than meeting the meticulous requirements of certain Roses.

In the second place, we shall have to employ a skilled pruner until we have learned the peculiarities of the varieties, or else work slowly by data collected from experts.

It is, we perceive, a question of specializing. Are we prepared for that? Can we give close, discriminating attention to all our Roses? Are we in a position to study each variety that we grow, and give it the particular treatment which our advisers tell us suits it best? We do not doubt that it would be a delightful task. We will certainly do it if we can. Meanwhile, it is a great relief to us to know that we are on safe ground with the majority of bedding Roses when we prune severely. Can we not learn the lesson of this in almost every good garden and nursery, where dwarf Roses are largely grown? In ninety-nine out of every hundred they are pruned hard. We see it in the great nurseries, we see it in the case of this great exhibitor and of that.

What guides these successful growers is the law of







STEPS WITH ROSE PERGOLA LEADING FROM HOUSE TO LILY POND.

averages. Ninety per cent. of the varieties are best suited by hard pruning, and the other ten will do well under it, even if they do not give the very best that is in them. What better, then, can we do, as sensible men and women, than to prune hard? In learning how to prune bedding Roses we must begin by pruning severely. We must make it a rule to cut back to half a dozen buds, weak shoots still lower. Then we must watch results, and jot them down. Fixing them on paper will help to fix them in our brains. As the years pass we can modify our treatment by the experience which we have gained.

It is a theory of mine—being human I naturally want to disagree with somebody about something—that Rose experts do not lay sufficient stress on the soil in connection with pruning. They have a great deal to say about strong and weak varieties, but very little about the influence of the soil. Is not this somewhat illogical? Does not the soil influence growth considerably? A variety that is strong in rich soil may be weak in poor soil.

The reply may be that nobody grows Roses in poor soil. Oh, yes, they do. They have to. Manure alone will not make some soils satisfactory, and it is not everybody who can afford to cart in decayed turf. Let some of those who talk so glibly about Rose-pruning shift their quarters to a bleak, chalky hillside, with a few inches only of poor, fibreless soil over the solid chalk, and they will learn to modify their views on many details of Rose culture. There is no doubt about the ideal course in such circumstances; it is to break up

and remove some of the chalk and substitute fibrous loam well interlarded with manure. But that is almost a luxury, and if it cannot be done there must at least be chalk-loosening and liberal manuring. Even so, the Roses will not grow very strongly. After several years of Rose-growing on such soil I am coming to the opinion that one cannot count on long life for the Roses, and that frequent renewal is desirable. There is not enough fertility in the soil to encourage liberal growth for many years. Light pruning seems to be advisable, with renewal every fourth year or so. Happily Roses are cheap, and change of plant enables us to keep up-to-date with our varieties. The better the soil the more we can prune our Roses, because we are sure of a good break.

When shall we prune? Not, if we live in cold districts, so early in spring that a late frost catches the tender young growths which the pruning encourages, or our plants may be badly crippled. Every few years we get a cruel, vindictive spell of bitter weather in the early part of April. Such a visitation came in 1911, and left a trail of blackened shoots and browned wood behind it. The creepers on the pillars hung limply. The plants in the beds looked sick and worn. It was a melancholy sight. Eyes grew troubled, hearts grew heavy, at the horrid spectacle.

The blizzard came, as blizzards do sometimes, after a burst of mild, sunny weather that seemed to foretell an early spring. The shop windows had suffered an eruption of sunbonnets and Panama hats. The papers had thrown out a feeler about the river season. A

man in a club had grumbled because he could not have ice for his whisky and soda. Then the wind shifted to the north and grew stronger. The sun took a pale farewell of a grey and apprehensive world. Hourly the wind grew colder, the skies more gloomy. Soon a raging, tearing wind, full of snow and hail, was sweeping through the garden. It blew throughout the day, it blew throughout the night. It continued to blow the day after, and the day after that. The shop windows underwent another eruption, and this time broke out in furs. A newspaper which had flirted with the river season published a leader calling attention to the disgraceful provision made for clearing the streets of snow. The man in the club growled because the fires were not kept up. And all the while, the tender, green shoots of the Roses were curling, shrivelling, blackening in the icy blast.

Just when it seemed as though the world must resign itself to a never-ending blizzard the weather changed again : the wind fell, the ice melted, the snow disappeared, the sun came forth once more. But on what a scene of desolation the luminary gazed—shrubs yellow, Tulips twisted and wrinkled, Rose stems ringed with brown !

Early pruned Roses were the worst sufferers. The shoots which grow in the summer have many buds—each an embryo branch—which lie dormant until February or March, and then begin to grow, earlier or later according to the severity of the winter. A mild February excites them, and before the shortest month is out the earliest starters are in active motion. It is

KAISERIN AUGUSTA VICTORIA.

A vigorous H.T., cream, with yellow shading.







rank and file of Teas are as much benefited by severe pruning as H.P.s are. If any modification is desirable it turns rather upon the habit of the particular variety than on the class to which it belongs. Why should Tea Roses be pruned lightly when they correspond in vigour to H.P.s which are pruned hard? There is no good reason. And as to time, what applies to the one applies to the other. A period when it is dangerous to prune Teas early is a period of risk for pruning H.P.s. That is the long and the short of it. That is the common-sense position.

The grower who feels that he would like to prune his Roses quite correctly, and is prepared to treat the varieties according to their individual requirements, may be glad to see some of the most popular varieties put into groups. I will make three. He may then, if he likes, grow varieties of corresponding habit and vigour together, so that strong may not be mixed with weak.

#### GROUP I.—STRONG.

The following are vigorous growers that give the best results when the pruning is light. If the soil is good the stronger main shoots from the base may be cut back to within a foot of the ground, if only moderately fertile not closer than eighteen inches. Healthy lateral shoots may be snipped back to three or four inches. To take an example of a variety that is not suited by hard pruning, I have found that brilliant and free-blooming Rose, Augustine Guinoisseau, almost

refuse to break when hard pruned in moderate soil ; when left almost unpruned, however, it did well in the same ground. Those who are growing the varieties in this group for exhibition may prune the main wood back rather closer, say to eight or nine inches, and the laterals to three buds. It may be assumed that no modification is necessary for the soil in this case. Show growers must have good ground.

*General Remarks.*—Whether for garden or exhibition, old stumps and very weak wood should be cut clean out at the base. In-growing shoots should be cut back to prevent crossing. Shoots browned by frost should be pruned below the mark, even if it reduces the branch below the height suggested ; the pruner must keep on reducing till he comes to firm, white pith, as only that is of any use. The top bud, that is, the one to which the cut is made, should point outward, in order that the shoot which pushes from it may go out and not towards the centre ; this tends to keep the bush open. A sharp pruning knife should be used, and the cut should be made as close to the bud as can be done without injuring or undermining it ; stumps above the bud are undesirable. In the case of a dwarf the base is the ground line, in that of a standard the base is the top of the stock. A good knife is better than *sécateurs* in the main, but the latter tool is useful, particularly with climbers, and does good work if sharp. The cut which it makes is less sloping than that of a knife. Later, disbudding may be necessary with show plants (see chapter XIII.).

## THE PRUNING OF ROSES

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H.P.=Hybrid Perpetual ; H.T.=Hybrid Tea.

Abel Carrière, H.P.	Hugh Dickson, H.P.
Alice Cory Wright, H.T.	Irish Brightness, Tea.
Augustine Guinoisseau, H.T.	J. B. Clark, H.T.
Avoca, H.T.	Johanna Sebus, H.T.
Bessie Brown, H.T.	John Hopper, H.P.
Blanche Moreau, Moss.	John Ruskin, H.T.
Captain Hayward, H.P.	Jules Margottin, H.P.
Caroline Testout, H.P.	La France, H.T.
C. J. Grahame, H.T.	La France de '89, H.T.
Charles Lefebvre, H.P.	Laneii, Moss.
Clio, H.P.	La Tosca, H.T.
Commandant Felix Faure, H.P.	Lady Waterlow, H.T.
Common Moss.	Madame C. Joigneaux, H.P.
Comte de Raimbaud, H.P.	Madame Gabriel Luizet, H.P.
Corallina, Tea.	Madame Hector Leuilliot, H.T.
Countess of Caledon, H.T.	Madame Jules Gravereaux, Tea.
Countess of Rosebery, H.T.	Madame Victor Verdier, H.P.
Dr. O'Donel Browne, H.T.	Magna Charta, H.P.
Duchess of Portland, H.T.	Maharajah, H.P.
Duke of Edinburgh, H.P.	Maman Cochet, Tea.
Duke of Teck, H.P.	Maréchal Vaillant, H.P.
Dupuy Jamain, H.P.	Margaret Dickson, H.P.
Eclair, H.P.	Marguerite Brassac, H.P.
Entente Cordiale, Hybrid Brier.	Marie Rady, H.P.
Florence Pemberton, H.T.	Marie Van Houtte, Tea.
Frau Karl Druschki, H.P.	Marquise de Salisbury, H.T.
Gladys Harkness, H.T.	Mavourneen, H.P.
G. Nabonnand, H.T.	Mrs. B. R. Cant, Tea.
Goubault, Tea.	Mrs. George Dickson, H.P.
Grace Darling, H.T.	Mrs. Stewart Clark, H.T.
Grüss an Teplitz, H.T.	Paul Jamain, H.P.
Gustav Grünerwald, H.T.	Paul Nabonnand, Tea.
Her Majesty, H.P.	Peace, Tea.
His Majesty, H.T.	Robert Duncan, H.P. [H.T.
Homère, Tea.	Rosette de la Légion d'Honneur,

Sarah Bernhardt, H.T.  
Simplicity, H.T.  
Thomas Mills, H.P.

Ulrich Brunner, H.P.  
White Bath, Moss.  
White Maman Cochet, T.

### GROUP II.—MEDIUM.

We have here a long list of varieties, which enables us to apply our law of averages. It is by far the largest set with which we have to deal. The varieties enumerated are the moderate growers. In good soil a few, such as Edu Meyer, Madame Abel Chatenay, Medea, Rayon d'Or and Mrs. John Laing, may become as strong as most of those in Group I., but we may fairly take them together as sorts which are best suited by moderate pruning, that is, cutting back to about nine inches for garden and six inches for show work. General remarks as under Group I.

Admiral Dewey, H.T.  
A. Hill Gray, Tea.  
Aimée Cochet, H.T.  
Alfred Colomb, H.P.  
A. K. Williams, H.P.  
Alice Grahame, H.T.  
Alice Lindsell, H.T.  
Alphonse Soupert, H.P.  
Amazone, Tea.  
Anna Ollivier, Tea.  
Anne Marie Soupert, H.T.  
Antoine Rivoire, H.T.  
Arthur R. Goodwin, H.T.  
Auguste Rigotard, H.P.  
Aurora, H.T.  
Baron de Bonstetten, H.P.  
Baroness Rothschild, H.P.  
Barthelemy Joubert, H.P.

Beatrice, H.T.  
Beauté Inconstante, Tea.  
Beauty of Waltham, H.P.  
Ben Cant, H.P.  
Betty, H.T.  
Betty Berkeley, Tea.  
Bridesmaid, Tea.  
Camille Bernardin, H.P.  
Camoens, H.T.  
Captain Christy, H.T.  
Caroline Kuster, Noisette.  
Catherine Mermet, Tea.  
Celia, H.T.  
Charles Darwin, H.P.  
Cherry Ripe, H.T.  
Clara Watson, H.T.  
Claudius, H.T.  
Comtesse de Ludre, H.P.

- Comtesse de Nadaillac, Tea.  
 Comtesse d'Oxford, H.P.  
 Countess Festetics Hamilton,  
     Tea.  
 Countess Icy Hardegg, H.T.  
 Comtesse Riza du Parc, Tea.  
 Countess of Gosford, H.T.  
 Countess of Shaftesbury, H.T.  
 Countess of Pembroke, H.T.  
 Cynthia, H.T.  
 Dainty, Tea.  
 Danmark, H.T.  
 Dean Hole, H.T.  
 Dorothy Page Roberts, H.T.  
 Dr. Andry, H.P.  
 Dr. Grill, Tea.  
 Dr. J. Campbell Hall, H.T.  
 Dr. Sewell, H.P.  
 Duchess of Bedford, H.P.  
 Duchess of Edinburgh, H.T.  
 Duchesse de Morny, H.P.  
 Duke of Connaught, H.P.  
 Duke of Wellington, H.P.  
 Earl of Pembroke, H.P.  
 Earl of Warwick, H.T.  
 Edu Meyer, H.T.  
 Elizabeth Barnes, H.T.  
 Enchantress, Tea.  
 Ethel Malcolm, H.T.  
 Etienne Levet, H.P.  
 Etoile de France, H.T.  
 Etoile de Lyon, Tea.  
 Eugène Fürst, H.P.  
 Eugénie Verdier, H.P.  
 Exposition de Brie, H.P.  
 Exquisite, H.T.  
 Fairy Queen, Tea.  
 Ferdinand de Lesseps, H.P.  
 Fisher Holmes, H.P.  
 Francisca Krüger, Tea.  
 François Dubreuil, Tea.  
 François Michelin, H.P.  
 Frau Lilla Rautenstrauch, H.T.  
 Frau Peter Lambert, H.T.  
 General Gallieni, Tea.  
 Général Jacqueminot, H.P.  
 General McArthur, H.T.  
 George Laing Paul, H.T.  
 Gloire Lyonnaise, Tea.  
 Gottfried Keller, Hybrid Brier.  
 Grace Molyneux, H.T.  
 Grand Mogul, H.P.  
 H. Armitage Moore, H.T.  
 Harry Kirk, Tea.  
 Heinrich Schultheis, H.P.  
 Hélène Guillot, H.T.  
 Hon. Edith Gifford, Tea.  
 Hugh Watson, H.P.  
 Innocente Pirola, Tea.  
 Irene, H.T.  
 Irish Beauty, Tea.  
 Irish Elegance, H.T.  
 Irish Engineer, H.T.  
 Irish Glory, Tea.  
 Irish Harmony, Tea.  
 Irish Modesty, Tea.  
 Irish Pride, Tea.  
 Irish Star, Tea.  
 Isabella Sprunt, Tea.  
 J. D. Pawle, H.P.  
 Jean Ducher, Tea.  
 Jean Soupert, H.P.



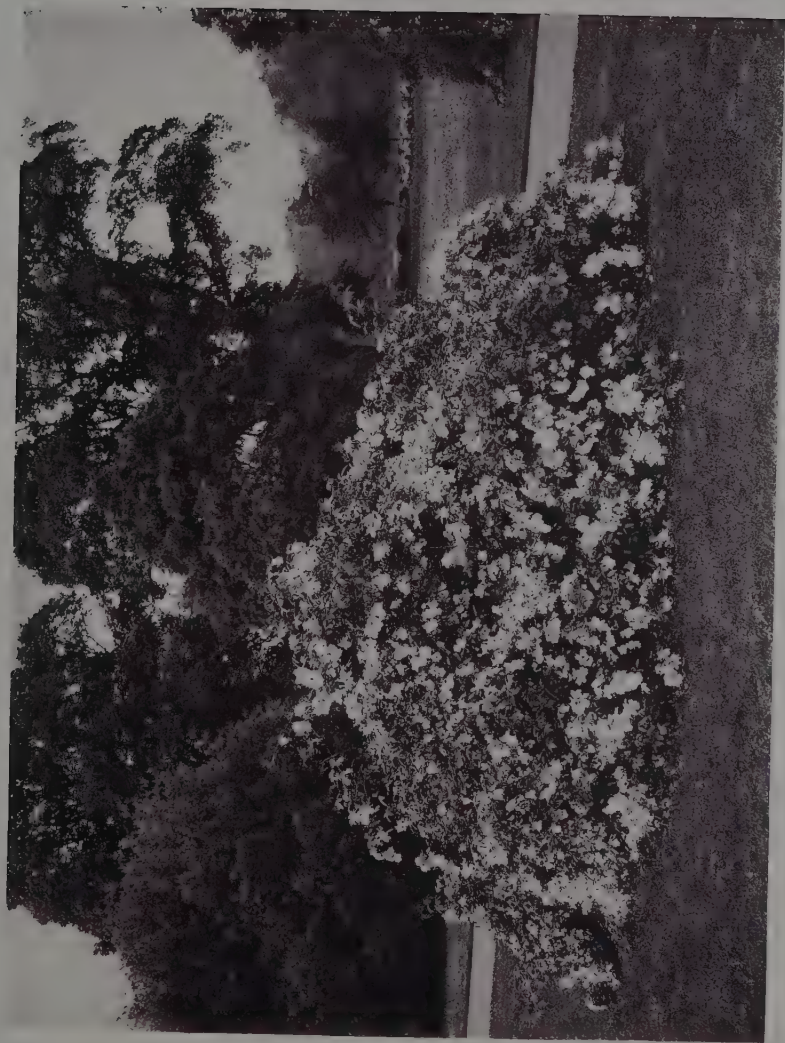
- Jeanne Buatois, H.T.  
 Jeannie Dickson, H.P.  
 John Cuff, H.T.  
 John Stuart Mill, H.P.  
 Joseph Hill, H.T.  
 Jubilee, H.P.  
 Jules Finger, Tea.  
 Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Tea.  
 Kathleen, H.T.  
 Killarney, H.T.  
 Königin Carola, H.T.  
 La Rosière, H.P.  
 Lady Alice Stanley, H.T.  
 Lady Arthur Hill, H.T.  
 Lady Ashtown, H.T.  
 Lady Clanmorris, H.T.  
 Lady Hillingdon, Tea.  
 Lady Mary Corry, Tea.  
 Lady Moyra Beauclerc, H.T.  
 Lady Pirrie, H.T.  
 Lady Quartus Ewart, H.T.  
 Lady Roberts, Tea.  
 Lady Ursula, H.T.  
 Lady Wenlock, H.T.  
 Laurent Carle, H.T.  
 Liberty, H.T.  
 L'Innocence, H.T.  
 Lohengrin, H.T.  
 Louis van Houtte, H.P.  
 Lucie Faure, Tea.  
 Lucy Carnegie, Tea.  
 Lyon, H.T.  
 Mabel Morrison, H.P.  
 Madame Abel Chatenay, H.T.  
 Madame Bravy, Tea.  
 Madame Cadeau Ramey, H.T.  
 Madame Charles, Tea.  
 Madame C. Crapelet, H.P.  
 Madame C. de Luze, H.T.  
 Madame Chedane Guinoisseau,  
     Tea.  
 Madame Cusin, Tea.  
 Madame de Watteville, Tea.  
 Madame Edmée Metz, H.T.  
 Madame Eugène Verdier, H.P.  
 Madame Falcot, Tea.  
 Madame Félix Faure, H.T.  
 Madame Hausmann, H.P.  
 Madame Hippolyte Jamain,  
     Tea.  
 Madame Hoste, Tea.  
 Madame Jenny Gillemot, H.T.  
 Madame Jules Grolez, H.T.  
 Madame Lambard, Tea.  
 Madame Maurice de Luze, H.T.  
 Madame Mélanie Soupert, H.T.  
 Madame Pernet-Ducher, H.T.  
 Madame Ravary, H.T.  
 Madame Segond Weber, H.T.  
 Madame Willermoz, Tea.  
 Mamie, H.T.  
 Marchioness of Londonderry,  
     H.P.  
 Marchioness of Lorne, H.P.  
 Marchioness of Waterford, H.T.  
 Margaret, H.T.  
 Marguerite Guillot, H.T.  
 Marguerite Poirer, H.T.  
 Marie Baumann, H.P.  
 Marie Corelli, H.P.  
 Marie Finger, H.P.  
 Marie Louise Poirer, H.T.

Marquise de Castellane, H.P.	Paula, Tea.
Marquise de Vivens, Tea.	Paul Neyron, H.P.
Ma Tulipe, H.T.	Paul's Royal Scarlet, H.P.
Maurice Bernardin, H.P.	Perle des Jardins, Tea.
Medea, Tea.	Perle von Godesberg, H.T.
Merveille de Lyon, H.P.	Perpetual White, Moss.
M. H. Walsh, H.P.	Pharisaër, H.T.
Milton, H.P.	Pie X., H.T.
Miss Alice de Rothschild, Tea.	Pierre Notting, H.P.
Miss Cynthia Forde, H.T.	Pride of Waltham, H.P.
Miss Willmott, Tea.	Prince Arthur, H.P.
M. Boncenne, H.P.	Prince Camille de Rohan, H.P.
Mrs. Aaron Ward, H.T.	Prince de Bulgarie, H.T.
Mrs. A. E. Coxhead, H.T.	Princess C. de Ligne, H.T.
Mrs. Alfred Tate, H.T.	Princess of Wales, Tea.
Mrs. Cocker, H.P.	Princess de Sagan, Tea.
Mrs. Edward Mawley, Tea.	Princess Marie Mertchersky, H.T.
Mrs. E. G. Hill, H.T.	Queen of Spain, H.T.
Mrs. Foley Hobbs, Tea.	Rainbow, H.T.
Mrs. Frank Cant, H.P.	Rayon d'Or, Hybrid Brier.
Mrs. G. W. Kershaw, H.T.	R. B. Cater, H.P.
Mrs. Thomas, H.T.	Red Dragon, H.P.
Mrs. Herbert Stevens, Tea.	Rev. Alan Cheales, H.P.
Mrs. John Laing, H.P.	Rev. David R. Williamson, H.T.
Mrs. Jowitt, H.P.	Rhea Reid, H.T.
Mrs. Myles Kennedy, Tea.	Richmond, H.T.
Mrs. Peter Blair, H.T.	Rosomane Gravereaux, H.T.
Mrs. R. G. Sharman-Crawford, H.P.	Rosieriste Jacobs, H.P.
Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, H.T.	Rosslyn, H.T.
Molly Sharman-Crawford, Tea.	Rubens, Tea.
Muriel, H.P.	Salêt, Moss.
Narcisse, Tea.	Salmonea, Tea.
Nelly Briand, H.T.	Sappho, Tea.
Oscar Cordel, H.P.	Sénateur Vaisse, H.P.
Papa Gontier, H.T.	Sheila, H.T.
	Sir Garnet Wolseley, H.P.

Sir Rowland Hill, H.P.	Sylph, Tea.
Souvenir de Catherine Guillot, Tea.	The Bride, Tea.
	The Lyon, H.T.
Souvenir de Gabrielle Drevet, Tea.	The Queen, Tea.
	[H.T. Tom Wood, H.P.
Souvenir de Maria de Zayas,	Violette Bouyer, H.T.
Souvenir de Maria Zozaya, H.T.	Viscountess Folkestone, H.T.
Souvenir de Pierre Notting, Tea.	Warrior, H.T.
Souvenir de S. A. Prince, Tea.	W. E. Lippiatt, H.T.
Souvenir de Thérèse Levet, Tea.	White Baroness, H.P.
Souvenir d'un Ami, Tea.	White Killarney, H.T.
Spenser, H.P.	W. F. Bennett, H.T.
Star of Waltham, H.P.	William Shean, H.T.
Sulphurea, Tea.	W. R. Smith, Tea.
Sunset, Tea.	[H.P. Yvonne Vacherot, H.T.
Suzanne Marie Rodocanachi,	Zephyr, Tea.

### GROUP III.—WEAK.

This, our third group, is composed of varieties which are of comparatively weak growth. Happily it is the shortest. I have put one or two varieties in it, notably Ecarlate and Mrs. W. J. Grant, with a certain amount of hesitation. I have seen the former fairly strong, although it is weak with me on light soil. I have had Mrs. W. J. Grant strong on clay. The Roses in this set must not be left with more than six buds on the strongest shoots for garden decoration, and four for show; half the number will suffice for weak shoots. This severe pruning leaves very little plant, but it is the best plan for getting vigorous new wood. General remarks as under Group I.



ROSES GROUPED ON ROUGH STUMPS.  
Fellenberg, the Dawson, and the Wichuraianas make beautiful clumps when grown in this way.



- Adam, Tea.  
 Albatross, H.T.  
 Baldwin, H.T.  
 Beauté Lyonnaise, H.T.  
 Belle Siebrecht, see Mrs. W. J. Grant.  
 Beryl, Tea.  
 Black Prince, H.P.  
 Boadicea, Tea.  
 Burgundy, Miniature Provence.  
 Charlotte Gillemot, H.T.  
 Chateau de Clos Vougeot, H.T.  
 Cleopatra, Tea.  
 Comtesse de Paris, H.P.  
 Comtesse de Saxe, Tea.  
 Corinna, Tea.  
 Countess Annesley, H.T.  
 Countess of Derby, H.T.  
 David Harum, H.T.  
 De Meaux, Miniature Provence.  
 Devoniensis, Tea.  
 Duke of Albany, H.P.  
 Duke of Fife, H.P.  
 Ecarlate, H.T.  
 Edith D'Ombrain, H.T.  
 Ernest Metz, Tea.  
 Ethel Brownlow, Tea.  
 E. Y. Teas, H.P.  
 Farben Königin, H.T.  
 F. E. Coulthwaite, H.T.  
 George C. Waud, H.T.  
 George S. Schwartz, Tea.  
 Golden Gate, Tea.  
 Gustave Piganeau, H.P.  
 Harrison Weir, H.P.  
 Helen Keller, H.P.  
 Horace Vernet, H.P.  
 Hugo Roller, Tea.  
 Instituteur Sirdey, H.T.  
 Ivory, Tea.  
 Jean Noté, H.T.  
 Joseph Lowe, H.T.  
 La Fraicheur, H.T.  
 Lady Battersea, H.T.  
 Lady Faire, H.T.  
 Lady Helen Vincent, H.T.  
 Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, H.T.  
 Lady Rossmore, H.T.  
 Le Havre, H.P.  
 Lena, Tea.  
 Le Progrès, H.T.  
 Luciole, Tea.  
 Ma Capucine, Tea.  
 Madame Constant Soupert, Tea.  
 Madame Léon Pain, H.T.  
 Madame Philippe Rivoire, H.T.  
 Maid of Honour, Tea.  
 Marchioness of Downshire, H.P.  
 Marchioness of Dufferin, H.P.  
 Marichu Zayas, H.T.  
 Marie Verdier, H.P.  
 Marquise de Sinety, H.T.  
 Marquise Litta, H.T.  
 Meta, Tea.  
 Mildred Grant, H.T.  
 M. Furtado, Tea.  
 M. Noman, H.P.  
 Mrs. Conway Jones, H.T.  
 Mrs. David McKee, H.T.  
 Mrs. John Bateman, H.T.  
 Mrs. W. J. Grant, H.T.  
 Muriel Grahame, Tea.



Muriel Jamieson, H.T.	Sunrise, Tea.
Niphetos, Tea.	T. B. Haywood, H.P.
Papa Lambert, H.T.	Tennyson, H.T.
Princess Beatrice, Tea.	Ulster, H.P.
Renée Wilmart-Urban, H.T.	Victor Hugo, H.P.
Reynolds Hole, H.P.	Victor Verdier, H.P.
Safrano, Tea.	White de Meaux, Miniature
Souvenir d'Elise Vardon, Tea.	Provence.
Souvenir de J. B. Guillot, Tea.	White Lady, H.T.
Souvenir of Stella Gray, Tea.	Xavier Olibo, H.P.
Sultan of Zanzibar, H.P.	

## CLIMBERS.

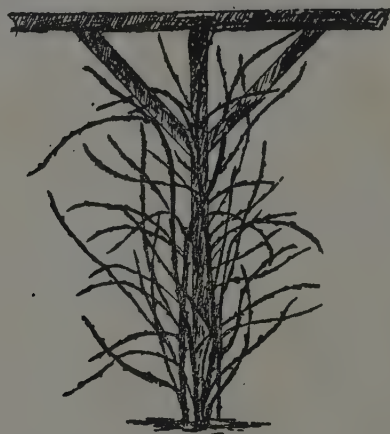
In some gardens these are far more important than the dwarfs. We of the chalky hillsides find that we can get a greater proportionate measure of success with climbing than with bedding Roses. True they are more exposed. They may feel more severely the sting of the April blizzard. But their reserves are immeasurably more numerous and more powerful. It is for this reason that they recover more completely from checks, and make better head against adverse conditions. The vigour imparted to modern climbing Roses by the infusion of the blood of the Wichuraiana Rose has been a priceless boon to Rose-growers. Only a combination of the most unfavourable circumstances—poor soil, drought, exposure—can quell these hardy and vigorous Roses. They have a natural exuberance which is almost beyond suppression. When the sap rises in spring the base of the stem just above the mat of fibrous roots is seen to be bristling with little Raspberry-like suckers, each of which may form a cane ten or fifteen feet long during the next few weeks. That

is why it is that when one buys a plant of, say, Dorothy Perkins, it may be found to have a dozen or more strong rods, every one of which is calculated to bear a bountiful crop of flowers.

These invaluable Roses are not pruned hard back in spring like the dwarfs and the side shoots of the standards ; they are merely thinned. As the canes grow old they lose their power of producing abundance of short, flower-bearing shoots, and, as there are plenty of young ones which have that estimable quality, the veterans may be cut out at the ground level, or shortened to points at which young canes spring from them. A plant which goes unthinned year after year is bound to contain a certain amount of wood that is not worth the space it occupies, and may do actual harm by crowding the young wood and interfering with its ripening. In this matter I advise a plan which, at the outset, seems illogical and inconsistent. It is not merely to prune early, but to prune in late summer.

What, it may be asked, about all that I have just been saying on the importance of pruning late in spring so as to keep a reserve of dormant buds ? Just this : that the cases are not parallel. It is not a question of shortening a shoot to encourage others to spring from the base of it, but of cutting out an old piece of wood for which we have no further use. Removing this old cane in late summer does not start dormant buds then, and cause tender young shoots to be nipped by cruel winter frosts. It has no deleterious effect on the plant.

Late summer or early autumn thinning of crowded climbers is an excellent practice. The canes which are preserved get the full benefit of autumn sunshine, and become hard and ripe. Neither these, nor the short side shoots which have grown from them, and which we may call the flowering laterals, should be pruned in autumn; but except where otherwise advised, the latter may be shortened in spring, at the same time and to the same extent that the bush Roses are pruned.



A PILLAR ROSE BEFORE PRUNING IN SPRING.

If the tips of the long shoots are dead or very thin and soft, or parts of the canes are frost-bitten, they may be shortened to healthy, firm wood. This treatment applies to most of the Ramblers as well as to Dorothy Perkins and her relatives, in fact, to nearly all the pillar and arch Roses which have the habit of making long, strong canes, on the laterals of which they flower. It does not apply fully to that beautiful and valuable

late-blooming Rose, Alberic Barbier, because this variety has a different habit, and bears long, drooping laterals, which hang like flowing drapery from the pillar, and need only be tipped where decayed or very weak. To spur them in would be to rob the plant of one of its principal charms.



A PILLAR ROSE AFTER PRUNING.

The old canes have been cut out, and the new ones tied up.

At present this tree looks stiff, but by June it will be a mass of loose, graceful growth and bloom.

Many Roses are classed as climbers which have nothing in common with the Ramblers and the Wichuraiana hybrids. These so-called climbers are nothing but rampant Hybrid Perpetuals, vigorous enough to grow to the top of a fairly high pillar, but not to produce an annual supply of long, strong canes from the base, or a good spread of laterals. They

must not be pruned much, or there will be nothing left of them. Roses which may be fairly classed as climbers, but rather because of the great network of laterals which they produce than from the production of abundance of canes from the base, and which are generally grown on walls—such Roses, for example, as Madame Alfred Carrière, Gloire de Dijon, Reine Marie Henriette, Cheshunt Hybrid and Alistair Stella Gray—should not be pruned back as long as they remain strong and healthy, but the laterals may be thinned if crowded, and those retained nailed at regular distances apart; dead or soft tips may be removed. Only in cases of general bad health should the plants be cut back.

As the climbing Roses are such an important class in these days, let us group the principal varieties :

GROUP IV.—ROSES THAT PRODUCE LONG, STRONG  
CANES FROM THE BASE.

Aglaia.	François Juranville.
Alberic Barbier.	Goldfinch.
American Pillar.	Joseph Billard.
Ariel.	Lady Gay.
Blush Rambler.	Lady Godiva.
Buttercup.	Leuchstern.
Carmine Pillar.	Longworth Rambler.
Crimson Rambler.	Mrs. F. W. Flight.
Dorothy Dennison.	Penzance Briers in variety.
Dorothy Perkins.	Philadelphia Rambler.
Dundee Rambler.	Queen Alexandra.
Excelsa.	Thalia.
Evangeline.	Ruby Queen.
Euphrosyne.	The Lion. Trier.

Prune the above mainly by thinning in late summer, cutting out to the base, or reducing to strong young wood the old growths, and leaving the fresh canes intact, except the weakest, which may be shortened to eighteen inches or so. The laterals on the main rods may be shortened to five or six inches long about the end of March. Note the modification suggested above for Alberic Barbier. In the case of the Penzance Briers, I have often, with abundance of strong, well-ripened young canes, cut a few back to four feet and others to two feet, with the result that I had bloom from top to bottom of the pillars. Although Alberic Barbier, Euphrosyne, Mrs. F. W. Flight, Queen Alexandra and Thalia are vigorous growers and form strong canes, they do not throw up such a constant supply of rods from the base as Crimson Rambler, Dorothy Perkins, Lady Gay, and the Penzance Briers, and will be found to call for less thinning; in fact they will not need much pruning, nor will Aglaia. Philadelphia Rambler blooms well on two-year-old wood.

Training almost forms a part of pruning with these Roses, and the remarks made here should be read in connection with Chapter II.

GROUP V.—ROSES THAT MAKE A FEW STRONG SHOOTS,  
BUT DO NOT THROW UP MANY ANNUAL CANES, AND  
MAKE MOST OF THEIR GROWTH AT THE TOP.

Climbing Captain Christy.  
Climbing Caroline Testout.  
Climbing Devoniensis.

Climbing Frau Karl Druschki.  
Climbing La France.  
Climbing Lady Ashtown.



Climbing Liberty.	François Crousse.
Climbing Niphetos.	L'Idéal.
Climbing Mrs. W. J. Grant.	Lamarque.
Climbing Papa Gontier.	Pink Rover.
Climbing Perle des Jardins.	Reine Olga de Wurtemberg.
Climbing Souvenir de la Mal- maison.	Rêve d'Or.
Crépuscule.	Sheila Wilson.

These require very little pruning. When the wood gets crowded it should be thinned, removing the older parts. A defect of these varieties is that they tend to grow strongly at the top, but do not throw up much new wood to furnish the base, so that the lower part of the support gets bare. For tall supports preference should be given to the varieties in Group IV. Or vigorous sorts like Grüss an Teplitz, Augustine Guinoisseau, Alister Stella Gray (see also Group VI.), Frau Karl Druschki and Madame Hector Leuilliot may be planted near the pillar in order to cover the lower part.

GROUP VI.—ROSES THAT MAKE FEW ANNUAL CANES  
FROM THE BASE, BUT PUSH A GOOD DEAL OF  
STRONG BREASTWOOD.

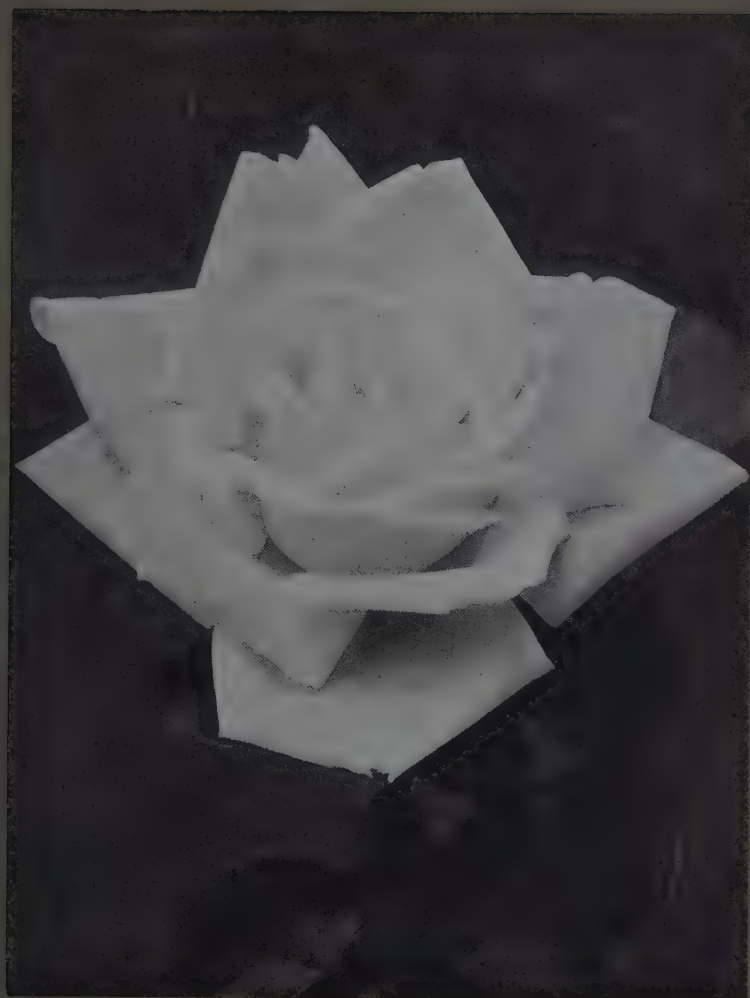
Alister Stella Gray.	Madame Alfred Carrière.
Bardou Job.	Madame Pierre Cochet.
Cheshunt Hybrid.	Paul's Single White.
Gloire de Dijon.	Reine Marie Henriette.
Madame D'Arblay.	Wm. Allen Richardson.

These Roses are totally different from the Ramblers and Wichuraiana hybrids, for they have not the habit



FRAU KARL DRUSCHKI.

The incomparable white H.P., good both as a bush and a standard.





of throwing up rods from the base annually. They also differ from the so-called "climbing" forms of bush sorts, inasmuch as they produce much more strong breastwood on the lower parts of the tree than the latter do, and are consequently better for walls. *Alister Stella Gray* is wholly admirable in that respect, and although not a far-spreading Rose, is very useful; it may be planted to cover low walls and stumps. *Gloire de Dijon* is one of the best of all, and if it becomes unhealthy from any cause will make new, clean, healthy growth after severe cutting back. *Reine Marie Henriette* has beautiful deep and highly perfumed rosy flowers, but does not spread quite so freely as *Gloire de Dijon*. *Madame Alfred Carrière*, white, and *Wm. Allen Richardson*, orange, both spread freely. The pruning for this set is to thin out old, badly placed or frost-bitten wood, and train in the best.

GROUP VII.—ROSES THAT THROW UP STRONG CANES  
WHEN CUT BACK ANNUALLY AFTER FLOWERING  
UNDER GLASS.

*Maréchal Niel*,

*William Allen Richardson*.

*Maréchal Niel* is generally grown under glass, as it is not hardy, and thrives when cut back close to the stock every year after flowering. *Wm. Allen Richardson* succeeds with the same treatment in rich soil, both indoors and out, but it is not always desirable to cut it hard back annually out of doors, notably when it is growing on a house wall. Annual cutting back of *Maréchal Niel* calls for a little resolution, and much



faith in the powers of the Rose. Fifty yards of stem are not sacrificed without hesitation by growers who have not had opportunities of seeing what Maréchal Niel can do. When it is healthy, and growing in good soil, to make fifty yards of growth in a season is child's



PRUNING MARECHAL NIEL ON THE CUTTING BACK SYSTEM.

- |                                   |                                      |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1—Summer growth.                  | 4—Young shoots breaking from spur    |
| 2—A summer growth such as 1 in    | (5) after pruning.                   |
| its spring flowering stage.       | 6—Young shoots at a later stage.     |
| 3—Where to prune after flowering. | 7—Points of pruning after flowering. |

play to it. A quantity of wood equal to that removed in May or June (remember, the pruning is done at the end of the flowering season, which is late spring) may easily be made in less than three months. Climbing Niphetos and Fortune's Yellow may be treated in the same way.

The pruning and training of a Rose on an outside wall is a pleasant task for a morning in early spring. The wall Roses must have the best care and skill that

we can give them, they must be regarded as belonging to the home. Happily the task is fairly simple. Wholesale cutting back would not do, for that would leave the wall bare, but interlacing shoots, and branches that cross and crowd each other, must be reduced with a determined hand. Every shoot should have its own place, just as every shoot should have its own place on a gardener's Peach tree, free from interference by others. Cut the interlopers boldly out, and if there is a doubt as to which of the two should go, let the point be decided by age. There is no room for filial love, respect for honoured age. It is the old wood which must "go under." There will never be a great deal of hard, gnarled, hidebound wood in a well-managed house Rose. The main stem, and the lower branches which spring from it and bear the network of flowering-wood above, will be thick and dark, but none of the upper tiers will resemble them, because they will be replaced frequently before they have time to assume the size and hue of age.

#### GROUP VIII.—BIG-BUSH ROSES.

There are certain Roses which do not come within the scope of Group I. (strong dwarfs and standards), or of Groups VI. and VII. These are Roses best grown as tall bushes, and need little pruning beyond thinning where crowded; the old, naked wood being removed in preference to the young and strong. Such healthy, mature wood, bearing laterals, as does not crowd the bush, should be preserved for the sake of the flowering

laterals, which may be shortened. Here are a few such Roses :—

Alba.	Gloire des Rosomanes.
Alpina.	Hebe's Lip.
Austrian Brier.	Lady Curzon.
Blairii No. 2.	Macrantha.
Charles Lawson.	Madame Plantier.
Commandant Beaurepaire.	Mrs. O. G. Orpen.
Conrad F. Meyer.	Purity.
Coupe d'Hebè.	Red Damask.
Dawn.	Rosa Mundi.
Double White (alba).	Rugosa (1).
Fellenberg.	Sweetbrier.
Fulgens.	York and Lancaster.

(1) may be cut to the ground annually, as it produces abundance of wood from the base. Except in the case of *Rugosa* (and that only at option) the varieties must not be pruned hard back, as ripe wood is wanted.

The Sweetbriers may be pruned somewhat lower to form a hedge. The Penzance Briers are better as pillar than as hedge plants; if used for the latter purpose some of the strong canes may be laid in horizontally. The rosy species *alpina*, and its pink variety *pyrenaica*; likewise *altaica* (which, though commonly classed as a species, is regarded by modern botanists as a taller form of the white Burnet Rose, (*Rosa spinosissima*) are useful from their early bloom. They may be in flower in May.

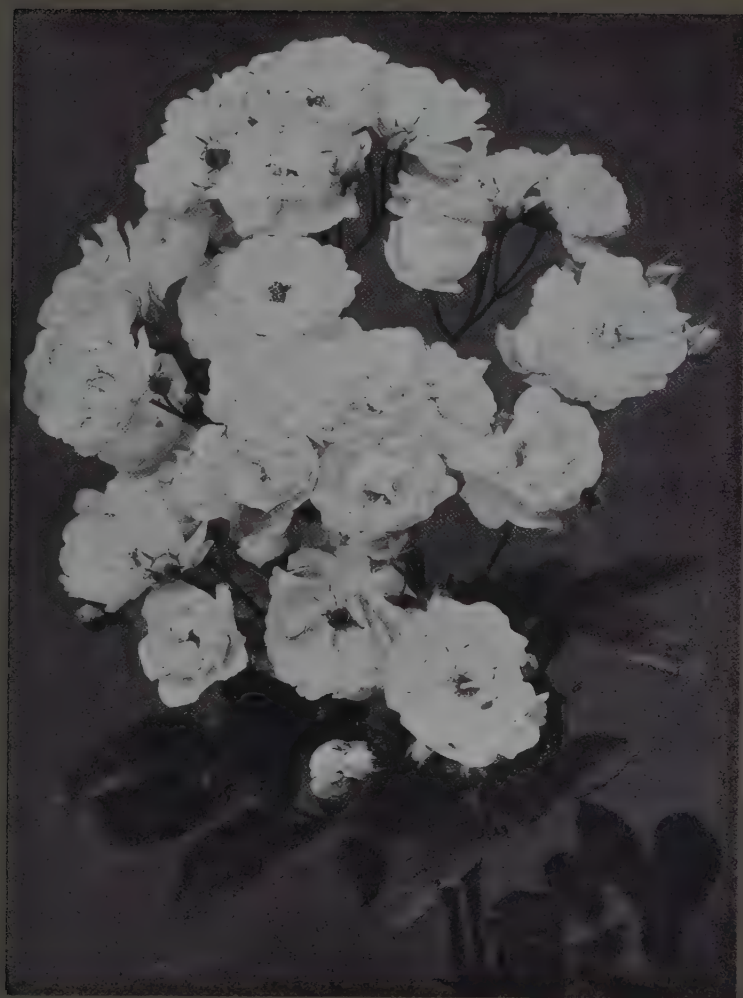
#### GROUP IX.—CHINA AND OTHER SMALL-BUSH ROSES.

This group may include the Chinas and Polyantha Pompons, and also Hermosa. They need little cutting



GRÜSS AN ZABERN.

A good Pillar or Arch Rose, with clusters of white flowers.







back, but may be thinned when they get crowded. They make low bushes, somewhat spreading in the case of *Hermosa*, compact in those of the *Chinas* and *Polyanthas*.

#### GROUP X.—WEEPING STANDARDS.

Dorothy Perkins, *Hiawatha*, *Wichuraiana rubra* and Alberic Barbier make beautiful weeping standards if budded on tall stems. The long shoots should not be cut back, but may be thinned if crowded and the soft tips or any frost-bitten parts removed. They ought to be planted in sheltered positions and be given strong wooden stakes.

#### GROUP XI.—THE BANKSIANS.

These bloom on the ripe wood, and to get bloom the trees must carry a supply of two and three year old shoots. Only prune to prevent their becoming tangled.

#### GROUP XII.—PEGGED-DOWN PLANTS.

Roses with strong shoots, like *Frau Karl Druschki*, *Grüss an Teplitz*, and *Zephirine Drouhin*, make beautiful beds if planted in good soil, and a few of the best of the shoots which they produce pegged down nearly horizontally, but with a slight arch. The shoots should be laid over carefully about a foot apart, and superfluous ones cut out at the base. A succession of fresh shoots should be pegged down every year.

## GROUP XIII.—RAMBLING SPECIES AND HYBRIDS.

*Rosa bracteata*, the Macartney Rose, does best on a warm wall with no pruning beyond a little thinning when it tends to get crowded; it has single white flowers, and is a summer bloomer.

*Moschata*, otherwise *Brunonis*, is a strong grower with yellowish or white flowers, and is best on an arch or arbour. Old worn wood may be thinned out, and the laterals on mature wood trimmed in. *Himalayica* requires the same treatment.

*Setigera*, the Prairie Rose of America, only needs thinning. It is good for a stump. In the middle of the nineteenth century this hardy Rose was used for hybridising, and gave us, among others, Reine Olga de Wurtemberg.

*Sinica Anemone*, beautiful on a rustic fence, and an early bloomer, only needs thinning when crowded.

*Una*, a hybrid Brier, with canina blood, may be thinned and have the laterals shortened lightly, but must not be pruned hard.





JUNE ROSES AT HOME ON THE WALLS OF FORDE ABBEY.

Giving life and warmth to old grey stones.

## CHAPTER XI.

### Of the Training of Climbing Roses.

IN those beautiful nurseries which, if we are wise Rose-lovers, we lose no opportunity of entering, we see year by year more rows, longer rows, of stake-and-wire erections which support climbing Roses. We may have wondered how the nurseryman accommodated the long, strong climbers in his grounds. We did not suppose that he put up thousands of pillars for them, because that would be too costly. We now see what the plan is. He makes liberal use of wire. Each succeeding year that we visit him his miles of supporting wire have grown longer, and by that we judge that the demand for climbing Roses is increasing. Yes, it is growing—it is growing by leaps and bounds. People with little gardens who have no room for beds of Roses can put up an arch, or plant a Rose against a wall. On occasion they may buy a summer-house, or make a pergola, or “knock together” a rustic fence, or form a screen with wooden trellis. On each and all of such erections Roses will flourish, if the air be pure and the cultivation good.

Let us give a few moments' consideration to the training of these Roses, as complementary to the chat about pruning.

We want, in the first place, a Rose to cover a portion of the house wall. We want to see long, vigorous shoots, bearing myriads of flowers and buds, rambling around the windows. We see, however, in the gardens of some of our neighbours, that the walls are not quite covered as we should like ours to be. The lower portion, perhaps, is bare. One side is better furnished than the other. This is bad "training." It may arise in part from an injudicious choice of variety, in part from incorrect pruning.

What we have spoken of as rod or cane Roses—Roses whose habit it is to make strong growths from the base and to produce few really strong laterals—are not ideal wall roses. Crimson Rambler is a case in point. With all our partiality for Crimson Rambler we cannot call it a good wall Rose. Carmine Pillar is unsuitable, so is Dorothy Perkins. On the other hand, the dear old Gloire de Dijon is an almost ideal wall Rose. Madame Alfred Carrière is excellent, so is Wm. Allen Richardson. A few others that may be used are Longworth Rambler, Zephirine Drouhin (peculiarly but most deliciously scented), Lamarque, Rêve d'Or, Ards Rover, Reine Marie Henriette, Alister Stella Gray, Bardou Job, Cheshunt Hybrid, Madame Pierre Cochet, and the Banksian. One lingers affectionately over the names of some of these Roses. They are Roses of youth, of love, of romance. And, happily, they are not altogether overshadowed by younger sorts. If I were choosing Roses for cold, shaded walls, I should still turn first to Gloire de Dijon and Wm. Allen Richardson.





THE COMMENCEMENT OF A PERGOLA.

Compare with the finished Pergola covered with Roses at Kew, which is shown in another of the engravings.





We can prevent bareness at the lower part of the wall by the simple process of cutting the plants back to within a foot of the soil the spring after planting, for that will cause side growths to break near the ground and these can be trained at an obtuse angle right and left of the central stem. The following spring they may be shortened to two feet. Gloire de Dijon responds with all the loyalty of her beautiful nature to this rather cavalier treatment. So does the pretty, floriferous Alister Stella Gray. The wall is covered rather more slowly than if the plants are allowed to run up at will, but it is done far more thoroughly. Let it be understood, however, that cutting back should not be done merely for the sake of whetting an appetite for slaughter. If a Rose tree has the shape of an open fan it will furnish the lower part of the wall without being guillotined. Only when a Rose is "leggy," as the gardeners say, that is, when it has no laterals, need there be any cutting back.

The florist will sell us suitable nails and medicated shreds (which do not harbour insects) for attaching the branches to the wall. We must remember that our Roses are not really climbers. They cannot attach themselves. Whatever methods of support are used must be inconspicuous. We will not cut up a bright red petticoat for strips.

We may come into possession of a house already covered, as to the upper part, with Roses, but bare below. Are we to cut this to the ground? It will be better, I think, to treat it as a "rider" tree. This

class is familiar to Peach-growers. It is made on purpose. It is grown with a long, bare stem, like that of a standard Apple, expressly in order to carry the head of the tree to the upper part of a wall, the lower portion of which is planted with something else. We will let our long-legged Rose be a "rider," and we will plant something else, of a dwarf fan-shape, to clothe the lower part, such as a Japanese Pear (*Pyrus Japonica*) or another Rose, like *Alister Stella Gray*.

If one of our Roses is growing more strongly on one side than another, and there is no obvious explanation, such as better shelter or greater warmth, we may improve matters by raising the weaker branches and depressing the stronger; the nearer they are to the vertical the stronger they grow, the nearer they are to the horizontal the more slowly they extend.

For the rest, we must prune with judgment, as our previous chapter told us. Wall Roses that are wild, tangled and irregular may look picturesque and pleasing for a short period, but for the greater part of the year they will be an eyesore. We can tolerate any sort of Rose while it is in bloom, but we are apt to look askance at a disorderly one when it is not.

Is it not much the same with our pillar Roses? Suppose that we allow ourselves to be swayed by well-meaning but vague hints to "avoid stiffness," and do no pruning or training whatever, shall we be satisfied? For a few weeks of the first two or three years we may be, but for several months of succeeding seasons we shall not. We shall feel that the Roses are no credit to us. Having got completely out of hand they will



ROSE PERGOLA IN THE ROYAL GARDENS, KEW.  
There is a charming play of light and shade along the walk beneath the Roses.



encroach on the preserves of other plants, sprawl everywhere that they ought not to be, and gradually drift into a way of flowering only on the upper part, where the younger wood is. The last is perhaps the greatest evil. We like our Rose pillars clothed in bloom from top to bottom, and as long as we encourage the plants to throw up wood from the base by the excision of old canes, and by applications of manure every year, they will be.

Regular pruning and systematic training of pillar Roses should not mean stiffness. In my experience the Roses that are best tended are the least stiff, because they have the greatest proportion of young wood, which is flexible and graceful. A Rose that is well trained and healthy throws out abundance of laterals, and it is these which give brightness, picturesqueness and a sense of freedom. When a neglected Rose becomes full of hard, thick, hidebound wood it is stiff and ungainly. It is only pleasing for a week or two in summer.

I like to throw my pillar Roses loose once a year, preferably on a sweet, sunny September day, when the Chrysanthemums, Dahlias and Michaelmas Daisies are making the garden cheerful, and yet a few Roses linger. I know by that time what wood I shall have for the following year. I know what I can best spare. A few strokes of the pruning knife and the ties are loosened. A tug, a push, a little unlacing of tangled growths, and the whole mass is free. I have ready access to the base of the strong canes. I select half a dozen or so lusty youngsters, and set the sharp jaws of the *sécateurs* to the base of the old, stiff, nearly black rods. On occa-



sion these keen cutters may find a stem too thick even for their ready jaws, and then the pruning knife or even a small saw comes into play. The old canes are severed and drawn away. Then the training begins. At not an inch more than a foot from the ground the first tie is made. I emphasize the importance of a low start, because there is then no fear of "bagging" higher up. Hop-grower's coir yarn is the best material to use, because it is at once strong, soft, supple and non-slipping. One cannot buy this invaluable tying material at every florist's, nor of every oilman—no, nor of every string dealer. One may have to go to venerable, sacerdotal Canterbury, which is so happily somnolent for the greater part of the year, but wakes up so merrily in August. To Canterbury, city of churches, but also of Roses. And what better name for a dealer in twine than Twyman? Think of Canterbury choir and you get to coir. Murmur twine and you arrive at Twyman. Who should the twine man be but Twyman?

At two feet above the ground we will have our second band, at three feet our third, at four feet our fourth, and so on to the top. At no stage do we tie too tightly. We bring the shoots near the pillar, but do not bind them hard against it. We take care, when we are making our second and third ties, to work the canes away from each other, some at the front of the pillar, some at the sides, some at the back. And so we get it clothed all round.

We do not tie in every lateral, every graceful, drooping twig, for to do so would be to leave the pillar





RAMBLERS AND BUSH ROSES IN AN OLD-WORLD GARDEN.

Painted by BEATRICE PARSONS.





too formal. These little shoots relieve the stiffness. Directly growth begins in spring the pillar is clothed in a mantle of soft green shoots, and has a delightfully cool and refreshing effect. Let no one jump to the conclusion that because the main canes are tied in at regular intervals the pillars look artificial. Thinning and tying, conducted intelligently, give the best results. The pruned and trained climbing Rose is more pleasing and more picturesque than the sprawling, unkempt garden arab.

Some rosarians dislike iron supports, fearing frost-bite where the shoots touch the metal. Pieces of bamboo may be used to prevent actual contact with the iron.

We cover the uprights of the pergola in the same way, and we carry some of the strongest of the long shoots along the top and side pieces. We furnish the arch on a similar principle. The plan adopted for covering the wall will help us with the rustic fence and the trellis. There is little tying needed with the latter. The shoots may be laced in and out of the interstices, where they will hold securely.

The shape of the open fan may be our constant guide for the developed tree. Does someone murmur that he has forgotten what that is? Ah, sir! And have you forgotten also the bright eyes that sparkled like stars behind it? The fresh young cheeks? No, no, you are deceiving me. Think again. Recall the night of the proposal. Had she not a Rose in her hair? And now she complains that turnstiles are made so narrow, and you puff portentously when you stoop to bud the Briers!

## CHAPTER XII.

### Of the Rose as an Exhibition Flower.

THE show is the greatest lure to Rose-growing. Make what allowances we may for visits to public gardens, calls at nurseries, glimpses of the gardens of Rose-loving friends, it remains the fact that what is seen at the summer exhibitions gives the strongest stimulus to amateurs.

Perhaps it is not only what we see, but partly what we hear, at the Rose shows, which fills us with the Rose fever. The grower unbosoms there. He is an approachable, an affable, a communicative being. He is warmed and excited by the prizes which he has won. The total value of these awards may not amount to as much as he spends on cigarettes in a month, but that is not the point. A prize is a prize. What if it is only five shillings? Is there not a mystical influence in flower-show prizes that makes the amount negligible? Before now I—*moi qui vous parle*—have won a prize of the modest value of one shilling and sixpence, and have been more elated at the achievement than a Harrow cricketer who has hit three successive boundaries at Lords.

The fervour, the enthusiasm, which accompany Rose talk at the exhibitions has an unmistakable

influence on the visitor. He feels that there is nothing in life so delightfully jolly as growing Roses for a show. Before he knows quite where he is he has given a substantial order to one of the nurserymen who is exhibiting, and the die is cast.

Naturally, the order is tinged by what he sees on the green stands before him. He has hastily scribbled down names, and as hastily passed them on, not stopping to ask whether they are "good doers" (what odd phrases these florists have to be sure!) or whether they are "miffy"! He finds this out for himself in the years that follow.

I confess to a personal susceptibility to the charms of Rose shows which the passing years cannot quench. I have a sort of hereditary interest in them. I will not "give myself away" by saying just how small a boy I was when my father took me to my first real Rose show (not my first flower show, I remember taking notes there at the age of two, but my first actual Rose show). Writing in this year of grace one thousand nine hundred and eleven, I will only say that it is thirty-five years ago. It sticks in my mind that it was a show of the National Rose Society, but of that I am not sure. If it was, it was the principal Rose show of the year. I know that it stands out in my youthful recollection as the most marvellous Rose display which ever was or ever will be. I am glad that I cannot see it now, for fear that it might shrink, as the towns do that I see again after a long lapse of years. I want to think of it always as I saw it in the days of my early boyhood, when the world was full of wonders.



I remember the names of many of the Roses, partly, no doubt, because my father, taking voracious notes of the contents of the stands, allotted some to me. I remember Reynolds Hole, Madame Lacharme, Sénateur Vaisse, John Hopper, Charles Lefebvre, Général Jacqueminot, and I recollect how delighted I was when, in my first post for serious horticultural training, I found several of these varieties as standards beside a walk leading to the kitchen garden. They were old friends. They made me feel at home.

My heart is still tender for the Roses of my boyhood. I cannot write their names down at this moment without a thrill of emotion. I have a strong yearning to see them all again, and yet I dare not hunt them out in the nurseries (if indeed they are still there) for fear I should have to admit that modern varieties surpass them.

Whether this first show, of which I write, was a National one or not, I have no doubt whatever about a long string of others which were held at the Crystal Palace. The National Rose Society held its great annual show there for many successive years, when its secretaries were the late Rev. H. H. D'Ombrain, of Westwell, in Kent (who wrote under the pseudonym of *D. Deal*) ; and Mr. Edward Mawley, of Berkhamsted. Year by year the shows grew larger, and the Society increased in numbers and influence. There were giants among the exhibitors: Dean Hole, E. B. Lindsell, Rev. J. H. Pemberton, W. J. Grant, the Harkness Brothers, Benjamin Cant, Frank Cant, George Paul, William Paul, W. D. Prior, and happily several of these



BETTY.

A splendid coppery rose, suffused with yellow, very compact and free, one of the best bedding H.T. Roses. Raised by Alex. Dickson & Sons.

are still living, still growing Roses, still winning prizes.

When one visits great shows season by season, till the years run into a long tale, when one grows a large number of the principal varieties, one finds, not disillusionment, but helpful experience. One learns that it is not safe to expect in one's own garden within a twelve-month identical Roses with those seen in the principal stands merely by handing over a list of names to a nurseryman, and later on drawing a cheque in his favour. But is not that just what some of us do expect? Do we not look on it as a matter of course?

Yes, the show is a lure. The beautiful flowers stretch before us in long ranks, large, perfectly proportioned, dewy-fresh, vivid and full of perfume. The growers talk with smiling animation. The sun shines. Hope springs in our hearts. We are young with the youth of the Roses. We are as old as the Roses, no more, no less. And Roses, which are ever-changing, never grow old. So we buy—we buy Roses, and we buy youth. We make a precious, a priceless bargain.

Let us, however, above all things remember that these prize Roses are the result of concentrated effort. The varieties have certain potentialities within them, or we should not see them as they are; but the mere sticking in of a tree with a label on it bearing the name of a certain sort will not give us flowers equal to those which we have seen at the shows. It is when we tell ourselves that we will make the plants give us of their best, that the Rose show is exercising its greatest

influence upon us. Then it is a real force. It is stimulating us to fresh endeavour.

I may not say that it is within the powers of every person to grow Roses equal to the best flowers at the National show. I much fear that it is not. Do we not see that the changes in the winners of the most important prizes are rung year by year on a very short list of names? There is, I think, a natural quality of soil, a particular suitability of climate, a specially favouring situation, which makes just that difference between excellence and pre-eminence. But if the distinction of leading exhibitor at the National is denied us, we may yet win praiseworthy honours. I need not reiterate what I have already said about soil and manure; I might, however, lay greater stress on the importation of soil. Many a Rose-grower whose results have been mediocre has raised his standard by carting in a few loads of turves from good pasture, stacking them to decay, then chopping them up and making them up into beds with manure. Roses love soil that is full of fibre. They do not care for soft, powdery soils. A little leaf-mould will do good, but it must not form the bulk of the compost. Peat is of no great value, while, on the other hand, it is particularly good for that beautiful sister of the Rose, the Lily. Substantial fibrous loam, well enriched with short yard manure, gives the best Roses.

The grower of prize Roses must work on a limited amount of wood and a restricted number of flowers. This raises the questions of pruning and disbudding. I have already said my say about the former subject,

and I will only add that exhibitors are almost to a man hard pruners. Light pruning means a considerable number of shoots, and a diffusion of the flowering energy. Prize-winners only want three or four shoots on each plant. For this reason they disbud if necessary. Disbudding is not limited, as many suppose, to the flowers. It is applied to the shoots if they come thickly, and it may be begun in May. Maiden Roses—that is, bushes in their first year from the bud—are not likely to need disbudding. It is not on this account only that exhibitors are partial to them; it is because they give very large, if rather late, flowers. Weight of bloom and great richness of colour are associated with maiden plants in good Rose districts, and these are powerful factors in winning prizes. These young plants have never been pruned, and they have little wood in them, but what they have is full of quality.

Older plants that have been pruned, and which are called “cut backs,” have more branches, and it is with these, especially three year old and older plants, that the danger of crowded wood is greatest.

The branches should never be allowed to grow into each other. Each must stand clear of its neighbour.

When they have been established three or four years it is a good plan to lift the plants, put in fresh decayed turf and manure and replant. This treatment checks incipient decline, and raises the quality of the flowers to a higher standard.

Thinning the flower buds is another and later phase of disbudding, which may or may not be necessary.

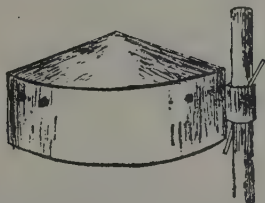
JULIET.

A remarkable Hybrid Brier, exterior of petals yellow, interior rose, very sweet.



up and down at will, and fixed in any desired position by inserting a small wedge. These caps keep off both sun and rain, and if they are kept clear of the flowers will do them no injury. Many large dealers in Roses sell them, and if they do not they can always tell a customer where to apply for them. A lighter cap made of fine canvas is popular, and can be obtained in the same way.

The brilliant scarlet varieties which tell so heavily in the show-room are particularly liable to be impaired by hot sun. The vivid, glittering colour goes, eaten



A SHADE FOR PRIZE ROSES.

Zinc or canvas may be used.

out by the fierce heat, and the flowers are left dull and expressionless.

When the flowers are selected and the centres tied we must take care not to curve the outer petals far back.

The moment of selection has come, and we make our choice.

Let us look for flowers that have begun to unfold their outer petals, but have a close, firm centre. The bloom is no good without a substantial ball, which feels firm to finger and thumb, in the heart. We shall not have to feel every flower when we have once learned

the type ; we shall recognise what we want at a glance. It is well to err on the side of youth, for if, on the morrow, the flower is not far enough open we can "dress" it a little. Dressing is permissible if it is not carried to extremes. Judges know a type of exhibition flower which they call "over-dressed." It is a model bloom, each of the outer petals at exactly the right pose, and the centre a perfect cone. It is beautiful but with a somewhat stiff, artificial look.

When the flower is chosen a piece of raphia or soft wool worsted is tied round the centre to keep it firm and close, but not very tight. If the flowers have to be cut overnight in order to reach a distant show in time they should be put in water and set in a cool, airy, shady place until the time arrives for starting. Otherwise they may be left until early morning.

Tubes and boxes, prepared in advance, will be at hand. We require a staging box, a zinc tube to hold water and a shorter tube with a cup-shaped top to hold the flower. First as to the boxes. We are saved speculation as to the size by being supplied with regulations by the National Rose Society. Suppose that we want to exhibit twelve blooms, our box or board must be two feet long (left to right), eighteen inches wide (back to front), and four inches high at the front, rising to about six inches at the back, so as to show the flowers on a gentle slope. The board should be perforated with the required number of holes about an inch in diameter, to take the water-tubes. The holes must be far enough apart to give the flowers

ample room. We sometimes see slatted stands, with the laths set at a width to accommodate the tubes, which can be slid from left to right or *vice versâ*, to just the right spots for showing the flowers to the best advantage.

If we want to show eighteen flowers, the length of our stand must be increased to thirty-three inches; if twenty-four, to forty-two inches. The width and height remain the same as for the twelve. When it is a case of providing for larger classes it will be more simple to add small stands than to make extra large ones. But perhaps, on the contrary, it is quite small classes of six or nine blooms which we have in view, for we are modest, and we are feeling our way. Very well, boards twelve and eighteen inches long respectively will meet our wants. All sizes are painted green.

The zinc water-carrying tubes that we buy prove to be about three-quarters of an inch wide and four inches long. They have a flange at the top which rests flush with the surface of the board. They are filled with water. The cup-topped tubes, into which the stem of the Rose is placed and the flower drawn down until it rests on the cup, is fitted into the water-tube. These are plain, simple appliances. There are improved patent forms, such as the Springthorpe, which has a brass side spring for adjustment purposes, and enables the exhibitor to set his flowers at exactly the right height; and Foster's, which consists of a cup and tube, with a piece of curved and coiled galvanised wire to clasp the Rose stem and bind in the lower part

of the tube ; this wire can be drawn up and down to secure the right height. The cost of the special appliances is a little higher than that of the plain ones ; but we always expect to pay for refinements, and after all it does not amount to much.

The show boards and the cups and tubes do not quite complete the equipment, as a travelling-box is necessary. This should be a substantial green-painted case, large enough to hold several boards, and fitted inside with ledges on which the boards rest. It should be provided with a handle at each side. On the top the owner's name and address should be painted in white letters, also the words : "Cut flowers ; this side up." The Rose exhibitor's travelling-case has given a legitimate opening to the humorous artist, who has shown railway porters rolling the box over and over as they would a cask of carriage grease, while a portly gentleman with a horror-stricken face makes towards them frantically brandishing an umbrella. The wise exhibitor will guard against the realization of this distressing contingency by exchanging compliments with the guard.

It is prudent to take a few spare flowers to the show. To prepare a strong board of the exact number is quite right, but to rely on it absolutely is the height of imprudence. There are other sources of danger than railway porters. Have a strong board ready, but also have a strong reserve. One or two of the first choice flowers may prove too backward or too forward at the last moment, and it may be possible to improve the stand by making changes.



FOR PRIZE BLOOMS IT IS OFTEN NECESSARY TO SHADE FROM THE SUN AND RAIN.  
A good form of shade is here shown.





The stand which is most likely to win the favour of the judges is that in which the flowers are large of the kind, with a firm, full centre, the outer petals substantial, standing away from the heart and a little recurved, the colour rich, fresh and vivid. A bud is better than a hollow, blown flower, but neither type will win at shows where good Rose judges are officiating. These experts have a standard of their own, and if yours and mine differ from it we go under. Of course we can relieve our feelings by saying nasty things about the judges afterwards if we are so constituted, but I do not suppose we are. If we happen to know that one of the judges sat next to the maiden aunt of the man who won the first prize at a village concert two years ago we will keep it to ourselves. The judge and the maiden aunt *may* have concocted this decision on that occasion. We do not say they did, we do not say they didn't. We may have our suspicions, but that is neither here nor there.

My own view of prizes, after a good deal of knocking about at flower-shows, in the varying capacities of competitor, exhibitor and judge, is that the surest way of winning them is to have the best things. It may not always put one first, but it tells in the long run.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### Of The Rose Under Glass.

THE Rose is so much a plant of the fresh air, so entirely a creature of the garden, that it comes almost as a shock to think of it confined in a house. There seems something cruel about putting it in subjection, like submitting an eagle to the indignity of a cage. This thought comes to us when we see the great climbers flinging their long, flower-laden arms around and along the pillars of the pergola, and soaring with great enveloping pinions over the arches and arbours. We cannot imagine them in confinement. We can only think of them growing where the wind blows in liberty.

But the Rose has a great and gracious nature. Loving the semi-wild life of the open garden, it nevertheless lends itself with generous readiness to the seclusion, the quietude, the restrictions of the greenhouse. The peerless Dorothy Perkins thrives whole-heartedly in pots, and many of the best H.P.s, Teas and Hybrid Teas give beautiful flowers in confinement. Never are the lovely flowers of Catherine Mermet more shapely, more tender in tint, than when they open under glass, provided the house is a light one. The Bride comes as pure as the driven snow. Mrs. John Laing has a soft, shimmering tint, like the soft edge of a morning cloud.

Frau Karl Druschki gives long, egg-shaped buds, which expand into immense, substantial flowers of leather-like texture, and pure white. Ulrich Brunner unfolds great upright blooms of brilliant carmine suffused with a suspicion of blue. Richmond sends up crop after crop of glowing crimson blossoms. Madame Abel Chatenay has a lovely sheen of silver-pink. Lady Hillingdon produces abundance of long pointed buds, rich orange in colour. Caroline Testout is sparkling and full of bloom.

We may grow these and other beautiful Roses for early flowering if we have a fairly roomy house, but it would hardly be worth while to attempt it in the little glass box which makes so cosy a home for smaller things, like Bouvardias and Zonal Geraniums. For even under glass the Roses love to branch freely. With the most pruning that we can give them fairly each plant demands a space of nearly a square yard, so that even a small collection of a dozen or so is going to put a severe tax on the accommodation provided by a tiny lean-to or a small tenant-right span-roof. It is perhaps partly because of this insistent demand for reasonable elbow-room that Roses are not largely grown in pots. But one must face the fact that there are people who actually prefer another flower. The Rose-lover writhes as he makes the humiliating admission that hundreds of people deliberately grow Winter Carnations in preference to Winter Roses. It is a subject too painful for him to dwell upon. His native honesty compels him to acknowledge facts, but having done so he hastens to dismiss the subject from his mind,

lest his customary gentle and charitable outlook upon humanity should be warped.

We want, it is agreed, a fairly large house to grow Roses in ; given that, the course is fairly clear, for the other requirements are simple in comparison. Pots present no difficulty, for no abnormal shape or size is called for. We can grow very good plants in 7-inch and 8-inch. Larger sizes will only be needed if we want to grow Dorothy Perkins or other of the rampant climbers, in which case we may well go to 10-inch. We must remember that plants such as we shall get by growing the vigorous Dorothy and her sisters in large pots are only suitable for particular purposes. They are not wanted for standing on the stage of a greenhouse. They are useless for yielding button-hole flowers. But they are beautiful for forming lines in large conservatories, and for standing in or near garden rooms. In both cases their long, flower-laden shoots, drooping gracefully from hidden stakes and falling in an exquisite rosy cascade to the very base of the pot, make them objects of singular and glittering beauty.

The great market men grow Dorothy Perkins and cognate varieties into many singular and beautiful forms in pots and baskets. They make stars, hearts, arches, pergolas, guns on carriages, windmills, yachts under sail, and bridges, in addition to orthodox pillars, balloons and umbrellas. The shoots of these Roses are so flexible that they can be trained into any shape, and their habit of blossoming from short laterals all along the shoots means that they are covered with



LADY ROBERTS.

One of the most distinct and beautiful of Teas, apricot with yellow base.







bloom. The plants are in full flower in gently heated houses in early spring, but a certain amount of bloom of different varieties is had all the winter. Mrs. F. W. Flight, Crimson Rambler, Tausendschön and Wedding Bells are popular varieties.

There can be few people who wish to grow Roses under glass in fancy figures, but there may be many who want to grow a few in pots of the ordinary bush form, or planted out to give cut blooms at a period when outdoor flowers are unprocurable. Let us devote a few moments to the principal factors in success.

The soil may not harass us, for though it is important that it be good, it may be of the plainest character. Fibrous loam is the great component of all Rose composts. With it we are practically safe, without it things may go all awry. Clay is talked of as a good Rose soil, and in the garden it is far from being a bad medium for Roses; but to put pot Roses into garden clay would be to court failure. Soil that can be pulled into tufts between the fingers, and which shows a bristling network of fibres in every little lump, is the soil for pot Roses. Turves from a rich pasture that have been stacked in a heap, grass side downwards, for the better part of a twelvemonth, will show this fibrous character. The grass will die, the roots will shrivel. But in their death will spring life for the Roses. Great stores of nitrates are hoarded in these fibrous masses, and the roots of the Roses will take them up. Turf that decays into a yellowish or light brown mass of fibres will suit the Roses. We may not be able to get it without a little trouble. We may find

that the local florists' ready claim to be able to meet our requirements with the utmost exactitude resolves itself into sending us something from a stock compost heap which has to grow everything under the sun. When we turn it over we may find that it is blackish and flaky instead of yellowish and fibry. It is soft to the touch. When we handle it broad, flat, dark particles cling to our fingers. All this means that it contains a large proportion of leaf-mould and a small one of loam. We should find it very good soil for bulbs. We could probably raise a very healthy lot of seedling Sweet Peas in it. We could make of it a very fair general compost for the bulk of our soft-wooded greenhouse plants. But Rose soil it is not. We must make our agent, whoever and whatever he be, whether local florist or great horticultural sundriesman, understand that when we speak of Rose soil we have a real, specific meaning. We want substance, we want fibre. We do not want powders and patches. We do not want a burnt-paper compost.

With the right sort of loam provided the rest is easy. There is no objection to adding a sixth of leaf mould, but an equal quantity of fairly dry decayed manure would be better, or a rooth part of crushed bones. No peat is needed, though a little would do no harm if there is abundance of it available, for it has a lightening influence. Sand is advantageous, especially if, while clean, it is fairly coarse. Washed river sand is good, and enough may be added to make the mass of compost, when turned inside out and outside in a few times, sparkle and glitter.

It really takes no longer to prepare a compost of the right than of the wrong ingredients. Given the correct components the one is as short and easy a process as the other. But the difference in the results is remarkable. One can see it as the Roses grow from the first break, and one can see it still more strongly when they are in full bloom. Leaves and flowers alike have a look of substance and a fine tone of colour. The branches are strong and massive. The flowering is continuous because a succession of new wood is thrown up by the happy roots, which have an inexhaustible supply of wholesome food to draw upon. In a word, the Roses have quality, and the heart of the grower rejoices in them.

A start may be made, if desired, by selecting healthy young bushes of certain fairly vigorous and free-blooming varieties from the open ground when they lose their leaves in October or November, or by buying them at a nursery, and potting them firmly after trimming straggling roots and cutting out any decayed pieces. Use pots that have been carefully drained with overlapping crocksherds and coarse pieces of compost. Prune the plants at once, shortening them to about four buds on each stem. Put them in a cool house. Older plants in pots may have more heat if they are required to bloom in winter. Strong heat is not needed ;  $50^{\circ}$  to  $55^{\circ}$  will suffice to bring them steadily on. Any plants that are not needed till spring may be stood in a sheltered place out of doors, the pots embedded in ashes, throughout the winter, then taken in and pruned. With a good supply of plants

they may be housed, pruned and flowered in batches. The latest batch will bloom in an unheated house if taken in and pruned directly the buds begin to swell.

Another plan is to put the plants out in beds, but for this a large house is wanted. Frau Karl Druschki, Mrs. John Laing and Ulrich Brunner will make plants five feet high under this system, and give large flowers with stems two feet long. These varieties may also be grown in pots. Richmond is a splendid winter-flowering pot Rose, and has superseded Captain Hayward as a red. Grown in 8-inch pots the first crop of flowers may be cut with long stems. The plants will then break again and give a second crop, and after that a third. Madame Abel Chatenay, Killarney, Liberty, Caroline Testout, Lady Hillingdon, The Lyon, Mrs. W. J. Grant, Mrs. David McKee, The Bride, Madame Mélanie Soupert, and Catherine Mermet are good pot Roses.

The great bane of Roses under glass is mildew, and this must be kept from spreading by dusting with flowers of sulphur directly the first trace of it appears. Or the pipes may be coated with lime-wash containing a little sulphur.

Water should only be given when the pot rings quite hollow. Regular daily supplies will not be needed in winter.

The pot plants should be stood out of doors on ashes for the summer, and top dressed with fresh soil in autumn. Those planted in the beds must have full ventilation. The market grower who makes permanent beds should construct his houses with moveable lights



FLORENCE PEMBERTON.

A creamy-white H.T., edged with blush, good both for garden and show.

and take them right away in summer. Whether for pots or planted-out bushes ventilation should be done from the top of the house ; if air is admitted from below and cuts in a draught on the plants they will be mildewed.

Climbing Roses such as Maréchal Niel, Wm. Allen Richardson and Climbing Niphetos are often planted in borders under glass, sometimes at the front to be trained up a trellis, sometimes on a back wall. Maréchal Niel blooms splendidly in spring in a cool house if planted in a bed of good loam. After flowering it may be pruned hard back, see page 146. Wm. Allen Richardson may be treated in the same way. Climbing Niphetos is good for a back wall. It produces white flowers. Both these and the dwarf plants may have two doses of liquid manure a week when they show bud. It is well to vary the kind and use it according to the directions.

Green fly will spread on the flower-stalks if allowed. A nicotine vaporiser should be burned in the closed house once a fortnight to keep it down.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### Of the Rose as a Cut Flower.

"SHE wore a wreath of Roses," but that was in a generation long past. If she lived now she would do no more than put one flower in her hair, unless, indeed, she adjusted a lightsome spray of some charming single sort, such as Austrian Yellow, Irish Elegance or Hugonis on the dark coil that takes the place of the curls which she would have worn in crinoline days.

"A wreath of Roses!" Can you not see her at Bath, with her flounces, her furbelows and her chignon, simpering under the ardent ogling of some disciple of Beau Nash? She tosses her curls, and the Roses wiggle-waggle. They are good, fat, hearty Cabbage Roses, with a solidity—not to say a lumpiness—about them more in keeping with the bosom of the substantial figure of Mamma at the cribbage table, than with the slim head of Clara in the conservatory of the Pump Room.

She has gone, and the Cabbage Rose has gone, or nearly so. Her great grandchildren live, and they train Rambler Roses to pillars, where sprays of yellow, orange and copper twine around the grey oak. Long, slender, graceful sprays, as full of natural ease as a hedge brier, but with greater intrinsic beauty.

When we heave a sigh for the good old times, let us

remember that they were as naught compared with the present for Roses. What was there, for example, to put in rooms in the days of the Regent? A few Damask or French Roses, the Cabbage, and a small bevy of its daughters. The Tea Rose was not. The Hybrid Tea was unborn. There were no Penzance Briers. The Hybrid Perpetual was only in its infancy. *Rosa Wichuraiana* straggled over the banks of what was then an uncivilised country—Japan, and its lovely children had not yet learned to be. Multiflora, parent of our Ramblers, had not been discovered. The Banksian Rose was a botanical curiosity. The early-blooming rugosas were not available. Forcing for winter bloom was probably unthought of.

Think of the Roses which are at our service for cutting now—the multitude of lovely double hybrids, the cluster Roses, the singles, the ennobled Briers, the exquisite species, the graceful Austrians! What use can we think of for Roses that no Rose exists to fulfil? There are a hundred beautiful varieties at our service, for every purpose to which we can put flowers. Do we want to fill great bowls or tall vases? Do we want to build up wreaths, nosegays, or bouquets? Do we want red Roses for the wedding feast, or white Roses to lay against the still faces of our dead? Do we want Roses for the ballroom or the bier? Here are Roses, Roses, Roses. Here are Roses thick and plenty. Here are Roses of all hues. Here are Roses great and small. Here are Roses fair and swarthy. Here are Roses fresh and sweet. Here are Roses, Roses, Roses, Roses, Roses.

The whole Rose world smiles upon the hand that would go a-cutting. The spirit of the Rose garden is as suavely willing as that tall and stately person who meets us at the door when we enter the vast palace of light the predecessor of which would have been called a shop. "Department, Madam ? Something for cutting ? Thank you. The whole of this floor, please. Then if you will kindly step to the lift for the next. And the next. And the next. The tea-room is on the roof, with our collection of single pillar-Roses, which are excellent for table sprays. All goods are delivered free by our own motor-vans. Forward, Mr. Binks, please."

The tall and stately person bows himself away to greet another entrant, and Mr. Binks takes us in hand. At once we are at home with Mr. Binks. He, too, is suavely willing. But he is more. He enters into our inmost feelings. He is an artist. With what delicacy he leads our thoughts into the true channels of art. How great he is on the subject of "tone." How gentle and indulgent his smile as he tells us of that class of customer who favour huge blocks of colour ! How roguish his nod when we murmur "West Hampstead !"

Mr. Binks is waiting on us, but it is we who are learning. Our curtains, our carpets, our chairs, our sideboards are seen in a new light amid his flow of wisdom. We tremble at the recollection that we once put a handful of Sweet Pea foliage in a bowl of Mrs. John Laing. We just catch ourselves up in time as we are about to say that we like to see Roses sprinkled about among trails of Smilax on a dinner table. But



DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A popular crimson H.P. for exhibition, sweet.

the great thing is that Mr. Binks approves of Roses. He wants us to use Roses everywhere. Mr. Binks is the genius of the Rose department. We must fill our houses with Roses, but we must use them with taste, restraint and judgment. We feel, we know, that he is right. If Roses are worth growing they are worth cutting, and if they are worth cutting they are worth using with thought and discrimination.

The true lover of Roses will not be content to let the flowers wither on the tree. He or she will want to have them as the sweet and dear companion of the fireside, the work-table and the reading nook. If someone tells me that the Rose loves the free air of the garden, the voice of the birds, the dew of the morning, the march of the sun, I answer: by their love of these things let them learn an unselfish thought for the generations that are yet unborn, and that await with eagerness their turn to come into being. The tree worn by withering, and perhaps seeding, flowers, grows weary of giving birth to selfish blossoms, which, with eyes fixed eagerly on the pageant of a wonderful world, floating by on the gilded stream of an endless summer, linger desperately to the last drip of their dishonoured petals. It is for us to practise a gentle coercion on those unwilling flowers, and teach them that their last breath should be drawn while no check can be put on the birth of the flowers that are to carry on their kind.

A hundred and more years ago men looked upon their meagre tale of Roses, and saw that there were sorts which bloomed twice a year. There came to them the China Rose, which bore many crops of flowers. And

these Rose-lovers told themselves that if they could bring more varieties into being which had the habit of flowering twice or more in a year, the world would be the richer. So they crossed Roses—crossed and re-crossed, with a beautiful, inspiring patience. Where these Rose-lovers sowed we, Rose-lovers of a later generation, reap. And my thought is this: the perpetual habit is so precious a thing that we must encourage it, foster it. We must get from every Rose we grow, whether few or many, the full harvest of that old sowing. To gather Roses before they become mature and worn is as much to nurture a tree as to prune and manure it. A modern Rose is a wonderful beauty and perfume-producing machine, the operations of which are facilitated by the lubrication of gathering. Cutting removes the clogging carbon.

Who can doubt that cutting fosters perpetuality? Look at this greenhouse plant of Richmond. It glistens, it glows with health. The older leaves are thick, broad and green. The young shoots have a ruddy tint. Happy, thrice happy, is this plant of Richmond. And I will call you to witness that, still young and apparently hardly at the zenith of its vigour, it is throwing up its third crop of flowers. Two previous generations have smiled into the golden eye of day, have shared the happiness of the young bride, have cheered the couch of the invalid. They have come into being, lived a crowded hour of happiness, and passed away, leaving tender memories behind. The bride will love the Rose that was identified with the most beautiful hours of her life during the many



years before her. These bright young flowers have endeared the name of Richmond to her for ever. Well lived, O beautiful Roses! Is that not better than to have dribbled into nothingness like some senile barbarian?

The third crop, I repeat, and mayhap not the last. The stems are long, the buds have the depth of a hen's egg. Already the colour shines warmly. Dozens of beautiful flowers from one not very large plant, which shows no weariness of the ordeal of flower-bearing, but rather seems to grow the stronger for it. Shall we not gain courage for our cutting? Shall we not gather Roses with a fuller confidence? In gathering from such plants as this of Richmond we are also pruning. The removal of the two-feet flower-stems turns a tall plant into a dwarf one. The plant breaks again after the cutting. It makes new wood—long, strong, bud-crowned, just as it did before. Then comes the second cutting and another break. Truly a great-hearted Rose.

All our Roses are not Richmonds, but nearly all are the better for cutting. Perhaps we shall gather sparingly from those early summer bloomers which come with a full-blooded leap in the early days of June, and after a few days are done for the season. We cannot, by gathering, make these kinds bloom again before another year. They have not the perpetual habit. Carmine Pillar is one beautiful example of these Roses. But where a plant is very full of flowering wood it may be permissible to cut long sprays laden with flowers, and set them in tall vases, as the Japanese

use branches of beautiful flowering shrubs. We may cut, too, bloom-laden shoots of lovely single, double and semi-double Roses like Gottfried Keller, Austrian Yellow and Copper, Irish Elegance, Coquina, Excelsa, Hiawatha, Gardenia, Lady Gay, the Penzance Briers, White Dorothy, Minnehaha, Blush Rambler and American Pillar, where there is abundance of growth in them.

We shall, of course, cut a different type for button-holes, and cut wood more sparingly. Here we must have small neat flowers, yet varieties, withal, that have distinction. Does the Rose-lover know that charming little Hybrid Tea, Rosette de la Légion d'Honneur? It has small, neat, perfumed flowers of exquisite form, and the red flowers have a yellow veining. Here is an example of a variety that is small and unimposing, and yet has a distinctive character—a personality so to say—which marks it out. And Gustave Regis, with its flowers of bright nankeen yellow, has individuality. Homère, a Tea with flowers of soft rose, vigorous enough for a wall, was once popular as a buttonhole Rose, and still may be grown, with the bronzy Tea Ma Capucine, the lovely apricot-coloured Lady Roberts, the old white Niphetos (best under glass), and the yellow Madame Chédane Guinoisseau. Not one of those but would win the smiles of Mr. Binks. Be sure, however, that his soul would revolt at the use of great, lumpy, hectic flowers. Even with Roses environment has its influence. The bloom which would win a medal as the best flower in the show in an exhibition tent might call down banter on

the man who wore it in his buttonhole on the Stock Exchange.

It will prevent us from making mistakes with Roses if we fix in our minds a few points of importance in their use as cut flowers.

We may have both tall vases and low bowls. For the former let us reserve the vigorous, long-stemmed, sprayey varieties ; and for the latter the larger, heavier but shorter-stemmed sorts. From Mrs. John Laing, Frau Karl Druschki and Ulrich Brunner planted out under glass (see chapter XIII.), we may get flowers with two feet of stem, and these we can use as we might use long shoots of pillar varieties ; but we can hardly expect the same type of shoot from plants of these varieties in the open air. When we get the long stems we have noble material for tall vases. One flower of Frau Karl Druschki will be ample for a narrow vase, and it may expand into a mass of great snowy petals six inches across. Stood by a fireplace it will impress like a huge Tree Pæony. One may not call it beautiful but one cannot deny its power.

Large flowers in long, slim vases need little foliage, but flowers in low wide bowls need both leaves and buds. As a rule, different colours should not be mixed. One cannot shake a handful of mixed Roses carelessly together as one might a bunch of Sweet Peas, with the confidence that they will make a pleasing *tout ensemble*. Even the Sweet Peas are better for blending, and Roses call for it insistently. The different forms of the sorts of Roses militate against harmony. There are much greater variations of shape than in Sweet Peas. One

would not mix Teas with H.P.s, much less large double Roses with any class of Ramblers. Buds and young flowers are natural companions for developed blooms of the same variety, so long as they are not packed closely.

The question of foliage does not, as a rule, cause anxiety in summer, for there is abundance of Rose leaves, and it scarcely needs to be said that the foliage of a particular plant is the best foil for its own flowers; but in winter, when there is less leafage, the case is different. It is then that the decorator of crude tastes flies to the time-honoured Maidenhair—a beautiful and graceful plant, but one that forms an entirely unnatural and inharmonious companion for the Rose. How well we remember that buttonhole of our early youth—Niphetos Rose, lightened with a sprig of pink Bouvardia and warmed with a touch of Forget-me-not, the whole chastely softened with fronds of *Adiantum cuneatum*! Not more patiently, not more carefully, did we adjust our white bow at exactly the right position on the collar (bothered by a too protuberant stud, which cocked it first this way and then that, until we were almost in despair)—not more painfully and deliberately did we bring that rebellious tie into subjection than we overcame the perverse refusal of the “buttonhole” to take its proper seat on the lapel, from which, the next morning, we picked, with beating heart, a long, soft strand of hair.

Bronzy tufts of Berberis make a satisfactory substitute for Rose leaves, and if the sharp edge is less soft to Angelina’s shell-like ear than the frond of the

Maidenhair, she will, we feel sure, make allowances, but, indeed, she may not notice it.

We all know and love the old country nosegay when we see it in its proper place—the hands of a country wench setting off for her situation, or in a jug in the children's class at a flower show. It contains a singular mixture. Roses and Lad's Love, Pinks and Sweet William, Sweet Peas and Phlox, the whole tumbled together in one glorious, odoriferous muddle, packed, too, like bean-feasters in a wagonette. We love that nosegay. We take surreptitious sniffs at it while the train lingers at the platform, and the red-handed maid who clutches it responds to the last earnest requests to be remembered to Aunt Sukey and Bill. But could we construct such a thing ourselves? Should we dare to carry it? We know that it is frankly impossible. It has our sympathy, like the bizarre little group at the carriage door, but both alike are almost as much outside our own lives as though they belonged to an alien race.

We have learned that the best effects come from keeping the colours to themselves. The most beautiful table Roses—varieties like Irish Elegance, Gottfried Keller, Austrian Copper, Marquise de Sinety and the Lyon—are most impatient of association. We may mix a plain red and white much more easily than we may blend these enchanting and baffling hues. Yet we may associate them with a salmon pink, or a Nasturtium red (in this connection Comtesse du Cayla comes to mind), or with coppery salmon (think of Mrs. Alfred Tate, and even of L'Ideal).

Using Ramblers and Wichuraianas we may, of course, associate Excelsa and White Dorothy, Minnehaha and Lady Godiva. We may put a few sprays of American Pillar, Leuchtstern or Hiawatha in a vase or bowl of the handsome but ponderous Ulrich Brunner. We may deftly lighten a gathering of Mrs. John Laing with streamers of Dorothy Perkins. Salmon pink with copper, yellow with apricot or salmon, cream with orange, pink with white, orange yellow with salmon pink, blush pink with bright pink, nasturtium red with terra-cotta, white with salmon pink—all these are permissible to us.

Those who make much use of cut Roses should plant freely that wonderful Wichuraiana Alberic Barbier for the sake of its charming leaf-sprays, the stems of which are warm bronze, and the leaflets green and shining. It enters into harmonious companionship with Roses of beautiful tints, such as Hugonis, Austrian Copper, Gottfried Keller, Marquise de Sinety and Irish Elegance. One may plant it on a rough bank, and leave it to ramble at will. Even if the soil be poor it may be expected to thrive, for it has great vigour and hardiness. A cheap Rose, an accommodating Rose, not to be despised in its bloom, this Alberic Barbier stands out as a notable variety, full of uses for those who know how to make the best of it. The species *rubrifolia* may also be planted for its foliage. Its flowers of soft rose are pretty, but only one crop is borne, and but for the beautiful tints of the leaves and stems it would long since have lapsed. "*Rubrifolia*."







MRS. JOHN LAING.

Still one of the best pink H.P. Roses, vigorous and sweet, good alike for garden,  
show and greenhouse.

means, roughly, red-leaved, and the bright colour makes it a good companion for the yellow, orange, apricot and terra-cotta coloured flowers.

It is a simple rule to choose dark green foliage for the great rich H.P.s and H.T.s like Ulrich Brunner, Liberty, Richmond and Hugh Dickson, none of which would look their best with reddish leaves. But the white and pink Roses, such as Frau Karl Druschki, Mrs. John Laing, La France, Mrs. R. G. Sharman-Crawford, and Madame Gabriel Luizet, may have pale green leaves. A white Rose, however, will take tinted foliage, too.

We have seen that to get Roses in perfect condition for show (see Chapter XII.) they should be selected and cut over night, put in water and stood in a cool place; and that if this cannot be done they must be gathered before the sun has been long on them in the morning. It is the same with Roses that are to be used as cut bloom. Young, unblown flowers will last four or five days if so treated, while older blooms, cut in the sunshine of later morning, will be unsightly before nightfall. Do not be satisfied with merely setting the stems in water; lay the whole of them down, so that when they are shaken gently out for use, they stand fresh, cool and dripping.

When we arrange a table of Roses we should try to find receptacles of varying heights and use one Rose for each. Observe the difference of principle from using vases of the same height and mixing several kinds of Roses in them. We get a diversity of effect, but we get it by natural means. It is better, is it not?

For a table on a hot summer day try Frau Karl Druschki with rubrifolia. The pure white flowers will be deliciously cool and refreshing, but the tinted leafage will gently, almost imperceptibly, light and warm it. There will be just that element of light, of life, which a rosy cloud imparts to the pallor of a sea sky after a summer sunset.

While almost every Rose may be pressed into service for tables, there are some which stand out prominently. Note the beautiful single Austrian Copper, one of the oldest of Roses, grown by that rare and precise old gardener, John Gerard, in 1596. It is a glorious Brier, blooming early, and alas! but once. Let us make the most of this lovely Rose, and, indeed of the yellow Austrian and the double yellow also, for each is beautiful in its way. American Pillar will give us huge sprays of single flowers nearly as large as those of Carmine Pillar, of a delicious tone of rose surrounding a bold white eye. A superb variety, this American Pillar, standing in a class of its own for merit. We can cut it with long, broad sprays, each with its score of flowers, and put it in large vases, or lay it on the cloth. As I write I see a spray of American Pillar in a substantial bowl on a black oak sideboard, and my eyes linger on the delightful spectacle.

We will grow also Comtesse du Cayla, a dwarf China Rose, and of a colour new to that charming class, which we call "Nasturtium red," although, indeed, there are countless colours in Nasturtiums. The reader will perhaps try to visualise a brick-red, or something between that and vermilion. This lovely Rose will

harmonize with the exquisite single Irish Elegance. We go to the Rambler class for Coquina, a small flower that comes near to salmon, charming on a pillar, and as charming in our vases. Excelsa will give us nearly as warm a colour as Crimson Rambler, with the greater softness of the Wichuraianas, and pretty companions to it may be found in Lady Godiva, of palest pink, and Minnehaha, of as deep a pink as Lady Gay.

The colour of Gottfried Keller is something that we shall find hard to match, perhaps to describe. An almost unique Rose, this singular, striking German, with the blood of the Austrian Briers in its veins. One might say that there is a piece of the coat of the Austrian Copper superimposed on the primrose racing jacket of the Roseberys. The flowers are all but single, yet not perfectly so. It is a Rose for the bed or border, not for the pillar or arch. It has the great merit—unusual among single Roses—of being perpetual, and one may see flowers at the end of September.

Hugh Dickson will nobly represent the solid, weighty brilliant H.P.s, and it too will give autumn flowers. Use this rich and lustrous Rose with dark green leaves. It will warm up the tables of early autumn. We have already seen what Frau Karl Druschki can do with tinted leaves.

Irish Elegance forms one of a set of beautiful singles, all Hybrid Teas or Teas introduced since 1900, and it is unmistakably the best, for it has a distinct and lovely shade, while it is truly perpetual. The buds are bright orange, the expanded flower tawny orange or apricot. A beautiful table can be made with this

Rose alone, toned with tinted leaves ; but it will blend with almost any salmon pink or coppery kind. Irish Beauty is a single white ; Irish Glory a soft, silvery pink ; Irish Harmony, saffron.

La France is a dear old favourite, and many may love to use it with light green leaves. There is a modern Rose which is a deeper, firmer, larger La France, but can Anglo-Saxon lips accustom themselves to the name of Jonkheer van Mock ? Assuredly it lacks grace, however beautiful the variety which it distinguishes.

Laurette Messimy is one of those dwarf, free-blooming, brightly-coloured China Roses, which play so brave a part in our beds throughout the summer and early autumn. Deep pink, with a golden base, it makes a pretty touch of colour on the table.

Liberty, Richmond and General MacArthur are a trio of carmine H.T.s, near each other in colour, but differing in form. We must certainly grow Richmond, and we may well plant also the flatter-flowered Liberty and the floriferous General MacArthur if we are not tied for space.

The colour of Lyon is not to be described in a word. It might be near salmon if it were not shot with such abundant gleams of pink and yellow. Assuredly it is a beautiful Rose, and perpetual. As much may be said of Madame Abel Chatenay, that popular salmon-pink H.T., which has attained so strong a hold on the affections of the public.

I am not disposed to prophesy as to the future of Marquise de Sinety, because it makes wood so sparingly

that nurserymen cannot propagate it fast, and it may long remain one of the Roses that sit enthroned on a peak difficult of access. Withal a beautiful Rose, of a colour as rich and ripe as some of the Globe Flowers that open with the latter days of spring. A rich golden orange, it is exquisite in the bud, and it flowers freely. Only vigour of plant is lacking to make it one of the most valuable and coveted of Roses. Madame Ravary is still unexcelled in its colour—rich deep yellow—as a garden Rose, and it will come in for the table, as will the fawn-coloured H.T., Mrs. Alfred Tate, also a good bedder ; and the blush pink Damask, Mrs. O. G. Orpen, a Rose that is vigorous enough for a tall pillar.

Add to the foregoing, Hiawatha, Lady Roberts, Madame Mélanie Soupert, Miss Alice de Rothschild, Mrs. Edward Mawley, and Mrs. John Laing, and what a galaxy of beauty we have. Our tables, our rooms will be the brighter, the more cheerful for their gracious presence. We shall love our homes the more deeply for the beauty and perfume which these exquisite flowers bring into them.

## CHAPTER XV.

### Of the Enemies of Roses.

WIELDING a hoe in a bed of Roses that a few days before were as clean as the proverbial new pin, the grower sees the tips of the shoots and the stems of the newborn buds coated with an adhesive swarm of small green insects.

Up to that moment he had been very happy. He had risen early, and there was the glow of virtue on him. Moreover, the air was fresh and warm in the May sunshine. Hoeing, and therefore happy; for hoeing is happy work. May we not dwell for a moment on the joys of hoeing? Never fear but the green fly will wait, however long our digression may be.

We are happy when we hoe. It is an active, but not laborious, garden exercise. It stimulates without exhausting. And we have read a hundred times, if once, that hoeing is good for crops, because it leaves a loose "crumb" of soil around them, which checks the escape of moisture. Of course, there is hoeing *and* hoeing, just as there are hoes and hoes. Not for us the shallow Dutchman, which just skims through the top crust. The weeds hold it in such contempt that they hardly pay it the courtesy of falling. Our hoe shall be the draw, or perhaps the Sproughton. The



draw hoe chops the soil deeply. No cake can form where it works. No weed can defy it. The soil is cut a full three inches deep and shredded into particles. Coltsfoot, fumitory, chickweed, groundsel, shepherd's purse, all come out to the last tip of the root. With deft pulls and pushes we leave the loosened and ridged soil smooth and level as we work. When our task is done there is an even expanse of powdery mould around the roots.

Or perhaps we prefer the Sproughton hoe. A man's tool this. Full of steel and mounted on a long handle, it is solid and weighty. We can cut with a push or pull. We can turn it edgewise and chop. A muscular fellow with a Sproughton hoe gets through a large bed while another person is lacing his boots.

Hoeing is a good opportunity for noting the progress of our varieties. How vigorous is *La Tosca*! *Prince de Bulgarie* is dwarfer, but strong. *Madame Edmée Metz* shines with health. *Caroline Testout* is already threatening to shoulder *General MacArthur*. The label of *Edu Meyer* is only just caught in time. It has rotted at the base, and the writing is barely legible.

We glance from plant to plant as we work along, and we see these things. We hoe and ruminate. We are very satisfied with ourselves, and we are very satisfied with the Roses. Looking forward, we see great lustrous flowers. We see bowls full of beautiful Roses. We see first prize cards with our name inscribed upon them. We ——

And then we are brought up with a round turn, for we have noticed, belatedly, the green fly. Of course

we ought to have seen it before, but it is so near the colour of the shoots, and clustered so thickly, that it seems a part of the plant. Moreover, our thoughts were of brighter things.

It is a shock, especially in the years of our novitiate. We had thought that if we only trenched properly, manured properly, pruned properly, ordered the proper varieties, and planted them properly, we had done all that could be reasonably expected of us. We have a sense of injury. We feel that we are the victims of untoward circumstances. Most gladly are all these points conceded, but they make no difference. We are in just the same position after every concession is made as we were before. The green fly is there, persistent and menacing. It does not budge. It threatens to rob us of the reward of our labour by sucking out the juices of the plants and leaving them too weak to produce good flowers. Therefore, after all our good work in trenching, manuring, choosing, planting and pruning, we have to gird ourselves for a fresh task.

That green fly must not be left unassailed. It must be fought and vanquished. Battle must be given promptly and resolutely. It must be overcome before it has time to cripple the plants.

Another enemy will appear, and then another. They will come in different forms, differing widely from the first. And at last we shall realise that our floral queen, beautiful, fragrant, gracious though she may be, is as much the prey of a set of insect and fungoid foes as a common turnip or cabbage.

It is natural that recognition of this disagreeable



MARIE VAN HOUTTE.

Lemon, edged with rose, one of the best Teas.





fact should be disquieting. It assails a gentle spirit like an assassin's blow. It hurts as falsehood, as deception, as treachery hurt. Soon, however, the protective instinct asserts itself, and then we are in a fair way for recovery. By the love that we bear for our Roses we are willing to assume a new task—that of studying the principal enemies of the plant, and the means of circumventing them. It is tiresome, it is irritating, yet we cannot shirk it.

Aphides injure Roses by sucking out their juices, grubs, bees and weevils by eating away the leaves, fungi by taking possession of the tissues and subverting them from their proper duties. Let us examine each in turn.

*Green fly* is the commonest enemy of plants, and almost always appears on Roses towards the middle of spring, earlier or later according to the weather. Heavy rains prevent its spread ; but there are generally dry spells in May, which give it an opportunity of establishing itself.

I say “it” ; there are, however, three species of green fly which attack Roses : the Rose aphid proper, *Siphonophora rosarum*, *S. rosae* and *S. diphora*. It is hardly necessary for us, as Rose-growers, to consider the details in which they differ, inasmuch as they operate in the same way, and have to be combated by the same means ; we may, in these circumstances, very well leave minutiae to the entomologists. But there is one noteworthy difference between the species, in that *S. rosarum* confines its attention to the Rose, whereas the other two visit different kinds of plants.



If, without the influence of heavy rain, in the absence of any active repressive measures on our part, and with no apparent counter-action on the part of ladybirds or lace-wing flies, which prey on aphides, the plants become free from green fly, we may assume that one of the migratory species had visited our plants.

Considering the persistence with which green fly clings to Roses most readers will doubtless consider that *S. rosarum* is much the most common species. Certainly they will be wise to conclude that this, and this alone, is the enemy with which they have to contend when their plants become affected, for then they will have no temptation to sit and wait, in the hope that it will depart voluntarily. They will open up hostilities at once.

The experienced Rose grower does not worry over an attack of green fly. He expects it, and he disposes of it by summary methods. While working among the plants he draws his fingers along the affected shoots and with a few firm stroking motions wipes out thousands of enemies. Admittedly the act is not a delicate one, but it is quite permissible. Gardeners cannot stand on niceties. They cannot keep their hands unsoiled. If a lady Rose-lover shrinks from using her bare fingers to crush living insects she must wear a covering, but stiff, harsh leather garden gloves are not suitable for the purpose. Cheap cotton gloves, costing about sixpence a pair, are softer and last very well.

If a hose can be brought to bear on the Roses, it will prove to be an admirable complement to finger

work. It will send the last vestiges of the insect host flying. A vigorous spraying is a fair substitute. Abundance of water, applied in a forcible stream, is, indeed, one of the best aids to Rose-growing. It makes things disagreeable for insects. It gives them no chance of settling down. It worries them, harries them, floods them out.

Here are a few other suggestions for destroying green fly :

- (1) Dissolve an ounce of common washing soda in a gallon of hot water and syringe on.
- (2) Dissolve an ounce of soft soap in a gallon of water by boiling, add two ounces of quassia chips, which may be bought from the chemist or seedsman, and syringe on.
- (3) In an emergency, syringe with water at a temperature of  $150^{\circ}$ , using a piece of cloth or leather round the barrel of the syringe ; the hot water will be partially cooled before it reaches the plants, and will not hurt them.
- (4) Dozens of proprietary insecticides are now offered by seedsmen and florists, almost any one of which will destroy green fly, if used in accordance with the directions on the tins. Those people who do not grow plants on a large scale, and whose time is precious, may prefer to acquire a ready-made insecticide at an expenditure of a shilling or so than to prepare their own.

- (5) In all cases after using a prepared wash, it is a good plan to follow it up the next day with a vigorous syringing or hosing.
- (6) The prudent grower will always endeavour to anticipate serious trouble by keeping his plants under regular observation and taking action directly he sees the first insect. Green fly spreads with enormous rapidity, and in the spring, living wingless female young are produced without the intervention of a male. They develop fast, and soon produce female young in their turn. This habit it is which accounts for the fact that the clean Rose of one day is the badly infested one of the next. In early autumn males and egg-laying females are produced, and a sexual process results in the laying of eggs by the females, from which young aphides appear in spring.
- (7) Ladybirds should be left unharmed, as, indeed, they generally are, for children love the graceful little creatures, and do not wantonly destroy them. The larva, as well as the ladybird itself, feeds on the fly; but the grub is not conspicuous, and pursues its operations unnoticed except by entomologists. The least observant person, however, notices the pretty ladybird, and loves to watch its deliberate movements and sober flight. The larva of the lacewing fly, a pretty creature with gaudy wings, feeds on the aphides, and so do the grubs of the Hover flies, which poise above

the plants and drop their eggs. If these insects cannot be very well encouraged, at least they need not be actively discouraged and repressed by ignorant hands.

CUCKOO-SPIT.—Next to green fly, the most noticeable insect enemy of Roses is the froghopper or cuckoo-spit, *Philaenus spumarius*. There can be few garden-lovers who are not familiar with the little masses of spittle-like froth, for there are special species of *Philaenus*, and they attack different plants. When they are first seen by a novice they are more likely to be associated with the unclean habit of a labourer than with an insect. If, however, the first natural feeling of repulsion is overcome, and the froth is brushed away, a small, yellow, frog-like insect will be found, which has thrown up this disagreeable looking covering as a shield; it is the larva of the frog-hopper, which has laid up during winter and deposited its eggs on the plants in the spring.

The old Rose-growing hand is as unceremonious with the frog-hopper as with the green fly. A grip of his fingers, a sweeping motion upward, and it is no more. Habit soon accustoms one to this, however one may shrink from it at first. If it is persisted in from the time that the first piece is seen, there is rarely anything more to do, for the frog-hopper does not increase viviparously, in its millions, like the aphids. But if it should become so abundant as to threaten serious injury, it may be well to spray or syringe with an insecticide after first vigorously syringing with water in order to scatter the froth and expose the lurker

within it. Nicotine solution or tobacco-water as sold by seedsmen is a very useful insecticide. A bottle of it costs very little, and if mixed according to the maker's directions with water in which an ounce of soft soap per gallon has been dissolved, it will kill both aphides and cuckoo-spit.

LEAF-ROLLING SAWFLY GRUB.—We have here an enemy differing entirely from the two preceding ones. It is the product of an egg laid by the sawfly *Blennocampa pusilla*. Fortunate the Rose-lover who does not find many of the leaves on his plants curled in cylindrical rolls, and proving to enfold, on examination, a greyish or green grub. He may expect to see this affection about mid-spring, when the leaves are still in their virginal freshness. In odd cases it is overlooked, except by the experienced grower, whose eyes are trained to observation; and who, besides, knows what to expect. Even the novice, however, sees that there is something wrong when the attack is severe, for the plants assume an alien, forlorn and unhappy look, and may, indeed, die outright from sheer want of lung power. Having learned to rely largely on fingers and thumb the old grower applies them in this case, unrolling the leaves and crushing the grubs as fast as he sees the bushes attacked. It is a rough-and-ready but effectual remedy, generally adequate if brought to bear at the first stage of an attack. It is not a bad plan to bring the nicotine and soft soap wash into play after the first hand-picking, as it may dispose of newcomers from later broods, or at least render the foliage distasteful to them. The sawfly attacks

hedgerow Briers, and nurserymen believe that as the larvæ fall to the ground late in summer and form cocoons, in which they winter, there is danger to cultivated plants from the soil which clings to the roots of transplanted Briers when the latter are brought in for budding ; they are careful, therefore, to cleanse the roots, and reduce them to a few plain stumps, before planting them, in order that there may be no infection from that source. The Sawflies *Emphytus cinctus* and *Hylotoma rosae* may be checked by the same means.

SLUGWORM.—The work of this pest is as plain as that of the leaf-roller, although it operates in a totally different way. The larva, which is greenish yellow, feeds on the upper surface of the leaf, eating it away, so that nothing but the lower skin is left. It comes from the black sawfly, called *Eriocampa rosae*, which appears in spring from a pupa that has wintered in a cocoon in the soil round the plants. In a bad attack most of the leaves lose their freshness and substance so completely that they can do nothing to nourish the plant, which consequently falls into bad health. The nicotine and soft soap spray previously recommended will probably keep this pest under if used once or twice in spring.

THE LEAF-CUTTER BEE.—The operations of this ingenious little insect, which entomologists know as *Megachile centuncularis*, may do no more than interest us, for they may not be pursued to a degree that is injurious to the plant. The bee does not come to the Rose with the object of using it as food, but to get material for its nest ; it therefore only pays flying



visits, which may not be numerous enough in the case of any particular plant to cause us serious alarm. On the other hand, the bee may be present in such numbers as to cause considerable injury to a small collection of choice Roses. The bee carves out the portions of leaf which it has marked with the precision of a tailor's cutter, and its operations can never be mistaken. Entomologists tell us that the bee uses our Rose leaves to line a tubular nest, in which she deposits and seals an egg, leaving with it a supply of food for the grub, when it shall have hatched. This is vastly clever and ingenious, and has our fullest sympathy, always provided that she does not carry matters to extremes. When serious injury threatens we must try to keep the bee away from the plants with the nicotine and soft soap spray, which cannot fail to be disagreeable to her.

THE ROSE BEETLE OR GREEN CHAFER.—This, the *Cetonia aurata* of scientists, is one of the minor enemies of Roses. It is a pretty creature, having a shiny green body marked with cream, and when alert and brisk in the sunshine is an object of lively admiration. But our regard for it is diminished when we find that it attacks the flowers, and sometimes the leaves, of Roses. Moreover, it has a grub stage, when it is by no means so beautiful, indeed, most people would describe it as ugly. The beetles appear late in spring; the grubs may be found in the soil at any time, having hatched from eggs laid by the beetle below the surface; they feed on the roots. They should be destroyed when found.



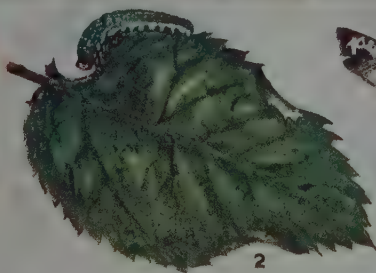


#### SOME INSECT ENEMIES OF ROSES.

1. The Mottled Umber Moth and larva.
2. The Sawfly *Emphytus cinctus* at work.
3. The Brown Rose Grub and Moth.
4. The Work of the Leaf-cutter Bee.
5. The Leaf-cutter Bee.
6. The Rose Chafer.
7. The Rose Leaf Miner and its work.



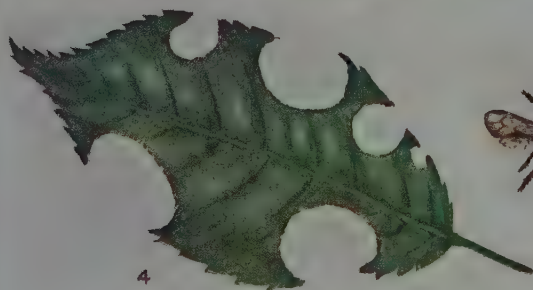
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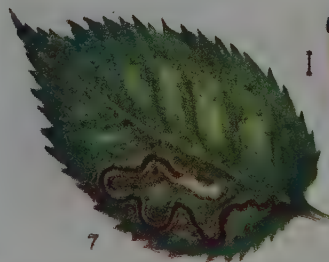
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THE COCKCHAFFER.—The life history of this, *Melolontha vulgaris*, is the same as that of the green chafer. The beetles are well known under the common name of May-bugs, and have a very important and assertive way with them, as though they had cornered pork, or grown into rapid wealth by some other noble means. They are no more desirable than certain human *parvenus* whom we all know of, for they are not unlikely to attack Roses, while their larvæ, which are villainously ugly, feed on the roots of various plants. One turns them up sometimes in digging, or chops them out when using the draw hoe, indeed, it is only in cultural operations that they are likely to be brought to the light of day. They are monstrosly thick, and lie curled in a torpid state, as though life had no interest for them.

In dealing with the beetles and their grubs there is nothing for it but to kill any that come into our power. We can hardly spray for them. Whenever Rose soil is being moved in cultural operations a sharp eye should be kept for the grubs, which are none too conspicuous.

ROSE CATERPILLARS.—Several species of caterpillars attack Roses, and perhaps the worst are the maggots of the Tortrix moths, *Pardia tripunctata* and *Tortrix ribeana*. The maggot of the former has a brownish body and black head, that of the latter a dull green body and a green head. These appear in late spring, and feed on the leaves, which they spin together; they may also attack the buds. When full fed they spin cocoons among the foliage and pupate, the moths appearing in summer. The caterpillars of the Vapourer Moth, *Orgyia antiqua*; the Winter Moth,

*Cheimatobia brumata* ; the Gold-tail Moth, *Porthesia auriflua* ; the small Ermine Moth, *Hyponomeuta padella*, and several others attack Roses, eating the young foliage in spring. In all cases it is easy to keep them under by spraying with arsenate paste, half an ounce per gallon of water. This adheres to the leaves and poisons the caterpillars when they begin to feed. It is quite inexpensive, and can be bought through the larger seedsmen and florists.

ROSE-LEAF MINER.—The mining grubs are a numerous body, attacking many kinds of plants, from Celery to Marguerites. One, *Nepticula anomalella*, infests Roses. A tiny bronzy-grey moth appears in spring, and lays an egg near the ribs of the leaf, on the under side. The grubs which hatch eat their way into the leaf, and burrow between the skins, hence the term "miner." Whenever Rose leaves are seen to be streaked the presence of this mining grub should be suspected, and if, on opening a leaf, a little yellowish maggot is found, any leaves similarly affected should be removed and burned.

LEAF-HOPPER.—This is a small, narrow, yellowish insect, which hatches from eggs laid in the leaf in spring, and on eating its way out, proceeds to feed on its whilom cradle. It is known to entomologists as *Typhlocyba rosae*, and may be recognised by its habit of bounding into the air when the plant is handled. The pupa which follows the larva late in the year, is also active, and feeds on the leaf. This last is not likely to be troublesome if the tobacco and soft soap wash is used for green fly, as it renders the foliage

distasteful to the insects, and destroys any on which it falls.

RED SPIDER.—This mite may attack Roses under glass if the air is allowed to get hot and dry, but rarely does so when moderate heat, free ventilation (but without cold draughts) and plenty of water are given. Should an occasional error of judgment (one hesitates to admit the possibility of wilful neglect) bring on an attack, and the leaves become bronzed and devoid of texture, it will be well promptly to apply a lime wash, in which a handful of flowers of sulphur per gallon has been stirred, to the pipes, and turn on the heat to dissipate the fumes. Such a contingency need hardly be discussed, however. The prudent grower will take care to keep his plants healthy by good culture.

Let us now turn to fungoid pests.

MILDEW.—What green fly is among insects mildew is among fungi. It is the ever-ready enemy, waiting only for suitable conditions to spread. It operates out of doors, it works under glass. It fastens on to dwarf plants, it runs over ramblers. While worst, on the whole, on plain-leaved sorts it will, on occasion, attack the glossy-leaved *Wichuraianas* severely. At one time I supposed *Dorothy Perkins* to be immune, and it is a somewhat curious fact that on the poor, dry, chalk soil of my own garden, this variety is always clean; but the same cannot be said elsewhere, even where the soil is vastly better for Roses. The sister variety *Alberic Barbier* is, I believe, almost immune. I have never seen this healthy, vigorous and useful Rose affected in the least.



The Ramblers are subject to mildew, and in some years Crimson Rambler becomes thoroughly whitened with it. In 1909 every one of my plants was attacked badly, but the following year the whole garden was clear. There seems to be an ebb and flow of mildew. In some seasons it is virulent, in others mild. Doubtless experts would tell us that it is precisely in those seasons of little severity that we should bring our most earnest efforts to bear, because then the disease is weak. It is asking a good deal of human nature to expect a full display of hostile activity when the necessity for it is apparently limited ; but the advice is obviously dictated by common sense.

What we speak of as mildew in connection with Roses is *Spaerotheca pannosa*, one of many species of low vegetable organisms, which take possession of the tissues of plants and prevent them from exercising their proper functions. A plant may die outright after a severe attack of mildew, because the leaves are so degraded as to be unable to conduct the respiratory process, and hang withered on the tree, or fall. Even if the plant should not succumb it will be so enfeebled as to be incapable of doing good work the following year. Certainly mildew is a serious—a most serious—pest, and it should have the prompt and earnest attention of the grower.

Sulphur is the great remedy. For long it was only available in powder form, either as yellow “flowers” of sulphur, or as black sulphur (*sulphur vivum*). The latter was considered by florists to be the better form, but it was rarer and dearer than yellow sulphur, which

every seedsman and florist sold, and, indeed, still sells. Science, however, has given us sulphur in a chemical form, which is at once cheap, easily applied and effectual. This is sulphide of potassium, commonly called liver of sulphur. It is a greenish yellow crystal, which, when dissolved in water, turns it of a muddy green colour and gives it an offensive smell. One ounce to two gallons of water outdoors, and one ounce to three gallons for pot plants, may be considered a suitable strength.

One hears users of liver of sulphur complain that it is very variable in its effects, sometimes destroying the mildew at once, at others being entirely innocuous. They consider that this must be due to the weather. In nine cases out of ten when the liver of sulphur fails, it arises from the fact that the crystals have been exposed to the air. A grower who proves its virtues often buys it in a good quantity to "have it by him," and, ignorant of the effect which exposure has on it, takes no precautions to preserve it from the air. The next time he uses it, it is less satisfactory than before, and soon it appears to have no effect at all. If, however, the receptacle was sealed after every use the result would be equally satisfactory from first to last.

It is well worth while to learn how to handle liver of sulphur, for it is a most valuable fungicide. It destroys most fungi without injuring the plants in the slightest.

If pot plants become affected by mildew they may either be dusted with sulphur, or carried outside and sprayed with a solution of liver of sulphur; but they

should not be carried out of a warm house and stood in a cold, draughty place. As the solution discolours paint it is objectionable to use it inside a greenhouse.

Mildew is almost certain to appear on some of the softer-leaved Roses in the garden during dry summers, and in every case of an attack it should be assailed immediately. If the plants can be given a soaking of water or liquid manure it will help them to shake off the pest. I have found more mildew in warm, low, enclosed gardens than in colder, higher, more exposed ones ; and I think that those who grow Roses in what a delicate person would call a "relaxing" place—mild spots with stagnant air—may expect to have trouble, however good the soil may be, and however thorough the culture. I expect that the reason is softer growth.

Advanced Rose-growers are learning to spray their Roses as a preventive of mildew, and they are working on the right side, for assuredly prevention is better than cure. Thus, some use the sulphide of potassium spray before any trace of mildew is seen, and it is rare that plants so treated are attacked ; only in places which favour very succulent growth and sappy, flabby foliage are the spores likely to find a rooting place. A few go still further, and spray before the leaf is on the trees, in fact, before growth has started. The reason of this is that mildew has a winter as well as a summer spore or seed, and that the former is deposited on the shoots. The winter spraying prevents the germination of the spores. The fungicide used in this case is sulphate of copper, which is the principal

component of the famous Bordeaux mixture. While the plants are quite dormant they may be sprayed with sulphate of copper at the rate of half an ounce per gallon of water, but it must not be used after January, or the buds may be swelling and it would injure any growing parts. It may be asked what the objection is to using Bordeaux mixture itself in spring and summer, since here the dangerous (to growth) principle of the copper is neutralised by the lime which is added, and since Bordeaux mixture is such a cheap and admirable fungicide. The reply is that there is no objection if the grower can tolerate the unnatural grey glaze which is given to the leaves, but the majority object to this strongly in the flower garden, although they will tolerate it on their Potatoes in the kitchen garden.

The repeated mention of the word "spraying" suggests a word on appliances. In the case of sulphate of potassium an ordinary syringe may be used and the plants well drenched. There will be a disagreeable smell at first, but it will soon pass off. But even here a sprayer is preferable, if only because it is more economical. With a sprayer a plant can be as thoroughly wetted as with a syringe, and much less liquid will be used. In using sulphate of copper wash or Bordeaux mixture, it is eminently desirable to use a sprayer, in order to put the liquid on in a very fine, adhesive state.

Small growers may hesitate to add the cost of a sprayer to that of a syringe, and they may be glad to hear that the two are combined in the "Abol," which I find very handy.

Larger growers will prefer to have a special sprayer, and they will find their wants well provided for. In addition to the knapsack sprayers operated by hand pumps, of which the "Four Oaks" is probably one of the best, there are the cylindrical machines worked by compressed air, such as the "Alpha," one of which I have in use and find very simple and effective.

The grower should avoid spraying when heavy rain threatens, or he may have to do the work all over again. Another remedy for mildew is to boil one and a half pounds of Calvert's carbolic soft soap in a pailful of water, and spray with one part in six parts of soft water.

ORANGE FUNGUS OR RED RUST.—Next to mildew this is certainly the most troublesome of fungoid Rose enemies. It forms bright orange patches on the leaves and shoots, and cannot be mistaken. In bad cases, where the patches spread into each other, it may seriously injure the trees. I am disposed to think that the same conditions which favour mildew encourage orange fungus. In a low, warm garden, on clay, nominally a good place for Rose-growing, and certainly giving satisfactory results in respect to luxuriance of foliage and abundance of bloom, the plants were severely attacked both by mildew and orange fungus. When, however, a great many of the plants were removed to a bleaker spot on poorer chalky soil they remained free (except in the case of Crimson Rambler in 1909) from both diseases. They did not grow so strongly nor flower so well, but they were more healthy. I attribute the difference to the varying



#### SOME ENEMIES OF ROSES.

- |                                  |                                 |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Orange Fungus.                | 3. The Work of the Leaf-hopper. |
| 2. Mildew on young flower stems. | 4. Leaf Scorch.                 |







degrees of hardness in the growth. In the warm garden on clay the leaves and wood were softer than in the cold garden on chalk. I do not go so far as to say that I prefer the latter for Roses ; rather the contrary ; but I should warn those who grow Roses in mild, sheltered, moist, enervating spots, to expect a relative softness of growth which favours the spread of fungi, and to be prepared for spraying.

Where orange fungus is prevalent it should be considered not only in summer but in autumn, for there are winter as well as summer conditions of it. The former shows itself in black dots all over the under surface of the leaf. They may be found on fading and falling leaves, which should be burnt in gardens. This involves a certain amount of trouble, but it is the lesser of the two evils. I found that summer spraying alone would not keep the disease under, although I used both sulphide of potassium spray and Bordeaux mixture. It recurred regularly until leaf destruction was practised in autumn. My difficulty was probably increased by the neighbourhood of large hedges, in which dog Roses and Briers grew and were attacked by orange fungus. Where the labour and expense involved are not too considerable, the wild as well as the cultivated Roses might be sprayed if they are near each other, as spores may be expected to pass from one to the other ; but it is not everybody who will summon up resolution enough to conduct operations outside his own garden.

It is an excellent plan to have a diary of spraying, and to look it up periodically, because one is apt to

forget to begin until the disease is seated firmly on the plant. When that stage is reached it may be found that the valve of the sprayer needs a new washer, or that the supply of chemicals has run out, and so two or three precious days are wasted—days which cannot be overtaken. With memory stimulated by reference to the diary everything can be got ready in good time.

**BLACK SPOT.**—This disease, *Actinonema rosae*, forms roundish dark spots on the leaves in the summer, and can be easily distinguished from orange fungus. However, the same preventive measures may be adopted, namely, destroying any affected leaves in autumn and spraying with sulphide of potassium as a preventive; in fact, what serves for the one will serve for the other.

**LEAF SCORCH.**—This disease, *Septoria rosae*, forms brownish spots on the leaves, and these affected patches generally drop out, leaving the foliage with a series of irregular perforations. The remedy is the same as for orange fungus. Nothing can be done to restore the leaves to the normal stage when they are badly perforated, and the treatment should be preventive.

**BEDEGUAR.**—One would hardly look upon this singular growth, which looks like a tuft of moss, as a disease, yet it is caused by the larvae of a fly, called *Rhodites rosae*. Growers who are not very exacting feel an interest in it, and when told that it is not actively harmful, are disposed to leave it as a curiosity. It is easily reduced by hand-picking if it threatens to spread so much as to make the plants unsightly.

CANKER.—A terribly destructive disease among fruit, canker is known only too well to gardeners. A form of it attacks Roses, particularly, perhaps, Maréchal Niel, which may remain healthy for a long while, and then become diseased. The canker frequently shows itself at the point of “working” *i.e.*, where stock and scion meet, and may be ascribed to insufficient nutrition consequent on an imperfect union. It is unknown among own-root Roses, and must not be confused with the parasitic canker *Coniothyrium Fuckelii*. When canker fastens on the point of union it is difficult to cure, and should it occur on Maréchal Niel under glass, it will be well to get a fresh plant. But in the case of a valued plant, it is worth while to try cutting away the worst of the canker, painting with Stockholm tar, and giving a good dose of liquid manure. Cankered wounds on the stem may be cut through with the point of a sharp knife in spring, beginning on healthy wood just above the disease and finishing immediately below.

The foregoing list of Rose enemies looks somewhat formidable, and it could be made still more so by adding certain minor pests, insect and fungoid, which prove troublesome on occasion. Even as it is it may have an undesirable effect on the grower, and, if he is a beginner, almost affright him. Let him be reassured by observing the demeanour of the “old hand.” This hardened person surveys the most lengthy list of pests with composure, if not with actual contempt. He knows that the insects and fungi are a great host, but he does not fear them. He knows that amongst them

they are capable, theoretically, of destroying every Rose tree in his garden. But he has found that in spite of them he gets, year after year, with good culture, healthy plants and beautiful flowers. As it is with the veteran grower so it may be with the novice. He will have his trials. He will be worried a little at times. But he will get Roses if he grows the right varieties in the proper way.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### Of Roses in Town Gardens.

IT is easy to write cheerfully of Roses in a country garden, where the air is pure and the sunshine bright. It is simple to sit there and tell everybody just how to set to work in order to have beautiful Roses all around them. I write in a cool summerhouse on a June day, and I see Roses on pillars, Roses on a pergola, Roses on the house wall, Roses in the border, Roses peeping in at the entrance of the summer-house itself, and actually one plant which has thrust its way through the eaves and come in at the back, where it looks half assured and half ashamed, like a trespassing terrier.

Roses! Who talks of difficulties in Rose-growing? Who hesitates to plant Roses? Here they are, in and out and all about, on a soil far from good and in a place that is cruelly windswept, and which has a history of many blizzards. Surely if Roses will thrive here they will thrive anywhere. I swell my chest, and beg you to take a lesson from my handiwork.

To which the reply of a sarcastic reader may be: "Sir, the sensation of a dilated torso being eminently agreeable, I am far from grudging you its indulgence, but I beg to point out that I live in the middle of a large town. There is a soap-maker's factory over the way,



a tannery two streets off, and a railway goods yard round the corner. How now?"

Hem! and once again hem! Such embarrassing questions as people do put! A factory, a tannery and a goods yard within a stone's throw, and he wants to grow Roses. Very awkward.

Let me ease the situation at once, in my own interests, by saying that the Rose is not a factory-town plant. It does not like the neighbourhood of factories, whether soapmaker's or otherwise. It does not enjoy the proximity of noisy, dirty, gritty, smoky steam engines. I will not, I really will not, say that the inquirer will be among the winners of first prizes at next year's National Rose Show. If he is bent on seeing his name inscribed on the principal trophy he had better get out into the country, and the sooner the better.

Having thus cleared the way I can afford to point out that there are plenty of towns that have no more factories in them than the village in which I live. The number of factories in our village is none. We have two builders' yards, an institute patronised alternately by boy scouts and mothers' meetings, and a forge, but of factories there is no trace. If things were settled by negatives it ought to be a Rose village, oughtn't it? There are towns, too, without tanneries, although the great cathedral city a few miles away has one of a full, ripe odour. Certainly towns generally have a goods yard, but it may be a mile or two away from any house which has a garden to it.

The air in many large towns is almost as fresh and

pure as good country air, why, therefore, should not Roses be grown in it ?

I am convinced that many townsfolk forgo Roses because they do not realise the difference between towns. They read that the Rose is a bad town plant, and so they reluctantly give up thoughts of forming a collection.

It is not putting the case correctly to say that the Rose is a bad town plant. It would be better to say that it is a bad foul-air plant. It is a pure-air plant. And a right wise, sensible plant, too. Where the air is pure the Rose will grow, whether in town or country, if the soil is made right for it, and the culture is what we have seen in other chapters that it should be.

Roses will not thrive in places where the air is thick with impurities, where dense fogs are common, where the atmosphere is poisoned with acids. But for the matter of that neither will people. The only thing is that the Roses have character enough to prefer sterility to a hideous bondage, and human beings have not. The plants do not immediately die, but they refuse to display the beauty that is in them. They do no more than produce blind abortive buds. Wise, sensible Roses. They refuse to recognise a social order which poisons the free air of God. They will not show their faces to a sky obscured with horrible fumes. Let the people follow the example. Let them insist on good air. One reads of ruinous strikes over some paltry question of hours or jobs, but never over really vital things like pure air.

Nobody who is foolish enough to live in a place where the air is foul deserves to have beautiful Roses. The sweet and gracious flowers are far too good for such base and craven natures. Any man of character would rather walk the country-side all day, a self-respecting tramp, and sleep in a casual ward, than spend his life in a place where the atmosphere is so impure that decent things like Roses cannot endure it.

It is not for Rose-growers to raise varieties which will thrive in impure towns, but for social reformers to improve towns and make them fit for clean-living things to exist in.

Meantime, those who live in places where the air is bad must do without Roses. They may achieve a slight measure of success by giving the best of soil, choosing a few moderately amenable varieties, and using the hose freely, but beyond this they cannot expect to go. In towns with a death rate of fifteen per thousand or less Roses ought to thrive. Kew is very close to London, the soil is light, the river, with its fogs, is near; yet Roses do well in the Botanical gardens. Go down on an early June day, and see the great rugosas, huge bushes like Rhododendrons, in full bloom. Wander down to the pagoda and inspect the lovely single species. Search out the beds where H.T.s are forming their first buds. All these things will tell you that the Rose is not entirely out of court in a town garden, for such Kew is.

There are certainly some varieties which do better than the majority in town gardens, and those who cannot live in the country may do well to put them at



COUNTESS OF GOSFORD.

A pretty salmon-pink H.T., a good garden Rose.







the head of any collection which it is proposed to form. Here are the names of a few :—

*Blanc Double de Coubert*.—To anglicise this name would be to make it Coubert's Double White. It is a rugosa, which means that it is a Rose of vigorous habit, but bushy, not rambling, and has rough, hairy leaves. It is not the sort to grow in a very small suburban garden, for it is only at its best when it has plenty of room to grow into a large Rhododendron-like bush. Its flowers are sweet. Introduced in 1892, Coubert's Double White rugosa has made many friends. I call it a rugosa, but it would be more correct to describe it as a hybrid rugosa, because it was the result of a cross between rugosa and the old Tea Sombreuil.

*Caroline Testout*.—A pink H.T. introduced in 1890. It became a favourite at once, for it proved to be a most accommodating variety, healthy, vigorous and free-blooming, while the colour was brisk and pleasing. It is not a coarse grower, and is suitable for a suburban garden.

*Conrad F. Meyer*.—Another hybrid rugosa, and a most beautiful one, with double rose highly scented flowers. There was some complicated cross-breeding in the production of this beautiful Rose, for it has the blood of Gloire de Dijon, (which is a Tea); Duc de Rohan (H.P.), and Germanica in its veins. A white form called Nova Zembla is now available, and is worth trying.

*Gustav Grünerwald*.—This valuable H.T. was introduced in 1903, and has proved to be suitable both for

beds and pot culture. The colour is clear carmine-rose, and the flowers are sweet.

*Hugh Dickson*.—A grand H.P. introduced in 1904, a good grower, a fine perpetual and late bloomer, rich crimson in colour and very sweet. A splendid Rose, and should certainly be tried in town gardens.

*La Tosca*.—One of the best of the blush H.P.s, perhaps the very best in point of all round merit, although its flowers are not more beautiful than those of, say, Prince de Bulgarie. It came out in 1900, and has steadily grown in favour. I find *La Tosca* one of the best Roses for poor soil, owing to its vigorous and clean growth.

*Madame Abel Chatenay*.—A splendid H.T. sent out in 1895, and a variety which has held its own with ease against modern introductions. It is a capital bedder. The colour is salmon pink and the flowers are sweet.

*Madame Ravary*.—A charming orange-yellow H.T., which first appeared in 1899. A healthy grower and a free bloomer, it has strong claims to inclusion, apart from its lovely and uncommon colour.

*Mrs. John Laing*.—One of the very best of our H.P.s, as good in the garden as under glass, very vigorous, very floriferous, very bright in its shade of pink, and very sweet. Although introduced as far back as 1887, Mrs. John Laing has never been superseded, and looks like holding its own indefinitely.

*Ulrich Brunner*.—A strong grower, and a bold, deep, well-set up flower of a rich red, shaded plum. It dates back to 1881. This variety does well in pots and is very sweet.

The foregoing is only a small selection, but the town gardener will find it better to grow several plants of a few selected sorts than to grow single specimens of many varieties. However, the following may be tried in addition if more are wanted : Céline Forestier, a good yellow Noisette for walls ; Charles Lawson, an old Hybrid China, with rose flowers, highly scented ; it is a vigorous variety and makes good standard ; Clio, flesh-coloured, H.T., good for pegging down ; Frau Karl Druschki, the best white H.P., but with little fragrance ; Gloire de Dijon, an old favourite for walls ; Longworth Rambler, a crimson H.T., suitable for walls, arches or other supports, and pegging down ; Madame Isaac Pereire, a Bourbon with deep rose flowers, very sweet ; it is strong enough for a wall and is suitable for pegging down ; Mrs. Paul, a blush Bourbon, strong and free-blooming.

In small, clean towns, free from factories, and with spacious, airy suburbs, the great majority of the most vigorous Roses (for selection see Chapter X. on Pruning ; also Chapter XI.) will thrive. Their chance will be increased if the culture is of the best—good soil, abundance of manure, plenty of water, prompt suppression of insect and fungoid pests.

The soil of town gardens is often poor and dry. Lacking both fibre and humus, it is quite unsuited to Roses. Many a town garden would grow the Queen of Flowers well if a few loads of good turfy loam and decayed manure were carted in at the end of summer, so that deep, fertile beds could be made for the plants.

It is bad soil rather than bad air which accounts for some of the numerous failures.

The townsman often has an advantage over his country brother in respect of water, for he has a supply laid on, and for a slightly increased rate may have the enormous benefit and convenience of a hose, which enables him to water his plants with little labour. Frequent hosing will be a great help to the plants, for it will not only assist them in getting food from the soil, which is taken up in liquid form, but it will scatter green fly and help to keep mildew in subjection. Further it will encourage a free sap-flow in summer, and thereby facilitate budding if that operation is to be performed.

The townsman with a love for Roses should think of these things and take heart of grace. If he has failed hitherto he may, by considering the whole question in its various aspects—suitable sorts, soil, water, pruning, manuring—find himself inspired by reasonable hopes of better results in the future.

HORACE VERNET.

One of the most popular of exhibition H.P. Roses, scarlet-crimson, fragrant.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### Of Sweet Roses.

PERFUME is one of the most precious gifts of flowers, and with all its wonderful beauty, the Rose could never have won its way so deeply into our hearts if it had not been fragrant.

I do not say that an unscented Rose has no chance of becoming a favourite nowadays. The shining example of Frau Karl Druschki is before me to the contrary. The truth is that we have developed many uses for Roses, and a variety which has great merits as an exhibition and decorative flower may have a large following, even if it be scentless. But my point is that the Rose, considered collectively, would have been on a different plane without its fragrance.

A sweet Rose lingers in gardens as a touching melody does in music-rooms. Those who live only for shows forget it, but those who grow Roses for their domestic charm have it always fresh in their hearts ; and when, ever and anon, they meet with it in some quiet old garden, where the flowers live out their placid lives almost as naturally as the birds, and the slow summer days steal across the dial with a serene and deliberate joy, a warm impulse of affection rises like a spring in their hearts.



We should cling to such precious emotions as these more and more jealously as the years pass on, for there is nothing better in our beings to replace them ; and we ought not to regret them, even if, at times, they bring a spasm of pain, as the scent of a flower is apt to do in the eventide of life. The nature that can be moved by the fragrance of an old Rose is one which, at any age, is capable of responding to a touch of beauty. It is never withered. It is always open to beautiful impressions. Art has compensations for the pangs which the years bring.

It is good to see people who bend their faces expectantly over a new Rose break into a happy smile as they tell us that its scent reminds them of some old favourite—some variety that we, silent but sympathetic listeners, knew in the days of our youth. Perfume, like love, lives on through the generations, and it heartens us to know that it is eternal. You remember, my sister, the old Rose—Charles Lefebvre or Général Jacqueminot, Marie Baumann or Charles Lawson—on the border by the cedar where the old folk so loved to walk ? You see it, do you not, as you saw it in the days of childhood, when they who are now of the shades pruned and tended it with their gentle hands ? To regain the old gracious perfume, the old brilliant colour, is to recall the presence of tender and loving beings who once dominated existence for you and I, and the memory of whom is still sweet to us.

When we grow Roses in our gardens we must put fragrant Roses there—Roses that our children will learn to love, not only for their own sweet sakes, but for their

association with ourselves. To them, too, the time will come when the most precious thing is memory, and for that harvest we who now live and love, but who will then be dust, must sow.

No sweeter flower was ever fashioned by the great Distiller of perfumes than the old Cabbage Rose, the Rose centifolia or hundred-leaved Rose of botanists, the famous, the imperishable Rose of Provence. And the sweetness of this glorious old flower lives in a hundred beautiful varieties to-day. Let us set before ourselves the names of some of these sorts, but add also some of those with Tea blood, descendants of the fragrant form of the China Rose, *Rosa indica odorata*.

*A. K. Williams*, a flattish carmine H.P., very popular with exhibitors.

*Alfred Colomb*.—Another H.T. of a rich red, more upright than A. K. Williams, and a notable show Rose.

*Alistair Stella Grey*.—A beautiful yellow Noisette, flowering with royal abundance, vigorous, indeed a semi-climber, and suitable for low supports.

*Anna Ollivier*.—One of the most vigorous of our Teas, white or faintly tinted, a useful garden variety.

*Avoca*.—A deep crimson H.T. of modern introduction, which may throw flowers quite good enough for exhibition.

*Bessie Brown*.—A modern H.T., greatly favoured by exhibitors, cream coloured.

*Betty*.—A very floriferous H.T., which blooms a long time, and being of neat habit makes one of the best of bedding Roses. Colour coppery rose.

*Blanc double de Coubert.* The great white hybrid rugosa mentioned with favour under town Roses.

*Blanche Moreau.*—A charming representative of the Moss Roses, with white flowers. It is not, unfortunately, a perpetual bloomer.

*Captain Hayward.*—A good red H.P., well adapted for pot culture, although yielding place with the market growers to the newer H.T., Richmond.

*Charles Lawson.*—A very old red Hybrid China.

*Charles Lefebvre.*—A grand old scarlet H.P.

*Chateau de Clos Vougeot.*—Very dark crimson H.T.

*Cheshunt Hybrid.*—One of the older Hybrid Teas, a vigorous and free blooming red summer Rose ; a good variety for a small arbour or low wall.

*Commandant Felix Faure.*—A splendid crimson H.P., of such stout texture that it keeps fresh and bright in almost any weather.

*Comtesse de Ludre.*—A light red H.T., which is liked by exhibitors.

*Conrad F. Meyer.*—The splendid pink hybrid rugosa commended so warmly under town Roses.

*Countess of Caledon.*—A carmine rose H.T., a good grower.

*Dean Hole.*—A lovely pink H.T. with a suffusion of salmon, distinct in colour ; a fairly good garden variety.

*Dr. Andry.*—A crimson H.P., an exhibitor's Rose.

*Dr. O'Donel Browne.*—A carmine H.T., a good grower.

*Duchess of Wellington.*—A saffron-coloured H.T.

*Duke of Edinburgh, Duke of Wellington.*—Large crimson H.P.s much grown by exhibitors.





WHERE THE PERFUME OF THE ROSE IS SWEETEST.

*Dupuy Jamain*.—An old cerise H.P., that was once a prime favourite with exhibitors.

*Etienne Levet*.—An exhibitor's H.P., deep rose in colour, and one of the sweetest of Roses.

*François Juranville*. A Wichuraiana with lovely rose, salmon-shaded flowers, a charming variety for decorative purposes and very sweet ; it is not, however, perpetual.

*Frau Lilla Rautenstrauch*.—A pretty orange H.T., with drooping flowers.

*Général Jacqueminot*.—One of the best of the older H.P.s, alike as a bedding and show Rose, colour brilliant red.

*Gladys Harkness*.—A salmon-pink H.T., a good late bloomer.

*Gloire de Dijon*.—The old yellow climbing Tea.

*Grüss an Teplitz*.—A crimson H.T., with flowers in clusters. A vigorous grower and continuous bloomer ; one of our best garden Roses.

*Gustav Grunerwald*.—A brilliant carmine H.T., good both in beds and pots, and an excellent town Rose.

*Heinrich Schultheis*.—A light rose H.P., somewhat coarse, but very sweet.

*Helen Keller*.—A well-known exhibition H.P., rosy cerise.

*Horace Vernet*.—Another popular show variety, a deep, handsome crimson H.P.

*Hugh Dickson*.—Crimson H.P., one of our very best all-round Roses, being good alike for show and garden, blooms well late in the year, and thrives in town gardens.



*Johanna Sebus*.—A rosy-cerise H.T., very vigorous.

*Killarney*.—A pretty pale pink H.T.

*La France*.—One of the first of the H.T.s, and still one of the most popular, beautiful in colour, vigorous and highly perfumed.

*Laure Davoust*.—Pale pink climber, small flower, a multiflora.

*Liberty*.—A bright crimson H.T., with flattish flowers.

*Louis van Houtte*.—A rich crimson H.P., grown mainly for show purposes, very sweet.

*Madame Abel Chatenay*.—One of the best of the H.T.s, free blooming, a strong grower, and perpetual.

*Madame Alfred Carrière*.—A white wall Rose.

*Madame Gabriel Luizet*.—A pretty pink H.P., mainly grown by exhibitors.

*Madame Hoste*.—A pale yellow Tea, good both for garden and pot culture.

*Madame Isaac Pereire*.—A rose-coloured Bourbon, vigorous and hardy.

*Madame Jules Grolez*.—A pale rose H.T., free blooming, good for the garden.

*Maréchal Niel*.—The beautiful deep yellow Noisette that is so valuable as a spring bloomer under glass.

*Marie Baumann*.—An old red H.P., once very popular for exhibition, and still one of the sweetest of all Roses.

*Marie van Houtte*.—A pretty Tea, with pale yellow flowers, slightly rose-tinted. A good grower.

*M. H. Walsh*.—A good velvety crimson H.P., grown by exhibitors, and having also much garden merit.



*Mrs. Edward Mawley*.—A splendid pink Tea for exhibition purposes.

*Mrs. Harold Brocklebank*.—Cream H.T., vigorous grower.

*Mrs. John Laing*.—One of our best Roses for all purposes—garden, show, greenhouse, exhibition and town; deliciously scented.

*Oscar Cordel*.—A carmine H.P., more particularly an exhibition Rose, very sweet.

*Peace*.—A charming white or cream Tea, a sport from G. Nabonnand, and having the good late-blooming quality of that useful Rose.

*Petit Constant*.—An early blooming Polyantha Pompon, pink, shaded salmon when expanded.

*Prince Arthur*.—A dark crimson H.P., grown principally by exhibitors.

*Prince Camille de Rohan*.—A crimson H.P., once much favoured for show, and a good garden sort.

*Prince de Bulgarie*.—A blush-coloured H.T., free in growth and bloom.

*Princess Marie Mertchersky*.—A silvery rose H.T., good for most purposes.

*Richmond*.—A splendid carmine H.T., indeed one of the best Roses for all purposes. See the remarks under greenhouse.

*Rosa Mundi*.—A "Gallica" Rose, with red and white striped flowers, often grown under the name of York and Lancaster, which belongs to a different variety.

*Rosette da la Légion d'Honneur*.—A pretty little H.T., the red flowers of which are veined with yellow, a charming buttonhole variety.

*Sénateur Vaisse*.—A good old crimson H.T.

*Souvenir de la Malmaison*.—A blush-coloured Bourbon, one of the old garden favourites.

*Souvenir de Maria de Zayas*.—Carmine H.T.

*Tom Wood*.—A red H.P., more particularly an exhibitor's rose.

*Ulrich Brunner*.—One of the best H.P.'s, alike for garden and exhibition; brilliant red, does well under glass.

*Ulster*.—A salmon pink H.P., better for show than garden purposes.

*Victor Hugo*.—Bright crimson H.P., a good late bloomer.

*Viscountess Folkestone*.—Cream-coloured H.T., a vigorous grower and free bloomer.

*W. E. Lippiatt*.—A good velvety crimson H.T.

*Xavier Olibo*.—A useful red H.P.

*Zephirine Drouhin*.—Carmine pink Bourbon, vigorous enough for a wall.

The brief words of description given with each of the foregoing sorts will enable the grower to make a suitable choice, whether he wants garden, greenhouse, or show Roses. The great majority of the most highly perfumed sorts have been included, but no attempt has been made to name every Rose that has a greater or less degree of perfume.

Sweet Roses have not all the same kind or degree of fragrance. A French rosarian, quoted by a writer in the Annual for 1911 of the National Rose Society (that great and powerful body of Rose-lovers, which not only holds beautiful shows but disseminates a

vast amount of information about Roses) gives the following scents as appertaining to different varieties of Roses : Tarragon, Indian Pink, Melon, Pear, Hay, Apricot, Strawberry, Raspberry, Clove, Hyacinth, Musk, Lily of the Valley, Carnation, Peach, Apple Jelly, Prune Jelly, Mignonette, Elder, Violet and Tea. Rose-lovers may like to go farther into this field and see what comparisons they can discover.

Some of the very old Roses are still grown for commercial perfumes. The rare and costly attar of Roses is said to have been discovered in 1612. It is the essential oil of the Rose, which floats on the surface of distilled rose-water while the latter is yet warm, and has a soft, delicate and delicious odour. Pure attar of Roses comes from Kashmir and Chiraz in India, from the valley of Kasanlik in Bulgaria, and also from Grasse and Nice on the Côte d'Or. The principal Roses grown for yielding the essence are the Cabbage, *Rosa centifolia* ; the Damask, *Rosa damascena* ; and the Musk, *Rosa moschata*. The quantity produced is so small (12,000 pounds of Rose petals are required to yield a pound of the essence), that enormous quantities of plants have to be grown, and thus those places where the attar is made become veritable lands of Roses. Forster has written in glowing terms of the Roses of Kashmir. Roses grow everywhere, and the beginning of the flowering season is celebrated with great rejoicing. Kasanlik is a sea of Roses, and here the Damask reigns almost supreme, for although the white Rose, *Rosa alba*, is grown, it is only as a protection for its less hardy but more fragrant sister. Grown in large squares,

with narrow paths between, the plants are carefully cultivated. They bloom the second year, and are in full vigour the third, attain their maximum development in the fifth, and only after the tenth begin to decline.

The Rose-lover's thoughts dwell with interest on these wonderful fields of the sunny south and the golden east, which are consecrated to the goddess of fragrance. And he will treasure with greater earnestness from the thought of them the varieties in his own garden which have the crowning grace of sweet scent. He will love them even if they fall a little short of the perfect form which the exhibitor demands, because they will stand for deeper and purer joys than any successes in the show tent can bring.

It is sometimes asked if the new Roses have, as a whole, the perfume of the old—whether there is not a greater proportion of Roses of weak perfume introduced than was the case in years gone by. There are certainly many Roses brought into commerce which have little fragrance, which are first and last exhibition varieties, and which are never intended to be anything else.

But the perfume-lover need not let himself become obsessed by form. The great flow of new Roses brings with it scores of beautiful garden varieties, free in flowering, vigorous in habit and fragrant. Books, papers, and the proceedings of societies sift the novelties, putting on this side the show Roses, on that the garden Roses, here the climbers, there the sweet.

Fragrance, indeed, is too precious a thing to those who love Roses to be overlooked.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### Of Selections of Roses for various purposes.

THOSE are not true gardeners who mourn the abundance of varieties of every popular flower because of the trouble which it gives them to ascertain the best. Are there not substantial consolations for the embarrassment of riches ?

We read that there are upwards of 12,000 varieties of Roses, and several catalogues on my shelves describe more than a thousand in such a way that I am convinced that I ought to know them. Observe, I say, to know them, not necessarily to grow them.

I am not obsessed by the growing greed. I look upon it as selfish. If I grew every variety of Sweet Pea how could I give to my neighbour the delicate, the delicious pleasure, of showing me a sort which is not in my collection ? My friend Moorhouse is a Tulip-fancier ; need I cram into my own garden every Tulip that grows, when I can give him, for nothing, the ineffable joy of showing me his beautiful kinds ?

It is my pleasure—as it is my business—to know every Sweet Pea of merit, every Tulip of merit, every important variety of every important fruit, flower and vegetable—but am I on that account to make my existence a burden by taking them all on to my own

shoulders? I know them, but I only grow a fraction of them.

I want every Rose-lover to know all the best Roses, but I only want him to grow such of them as meet the specific requirements of his case. I want him to know them, because I believe that the study of them will be good for him morally and physically—that it will give him pure and unalloyed pleasure, and will turn his thoughts in the ways of peace and concord—but I want him to grow only such as his case demands, because if he overloads himself his garden will suffer.

I can well understand the feelings of a bibliophile, who gathers books around him. He does not buy the books primarily because he wants to read them. He wants to know them, to possess them. He may talk of reading them, and even in old age time may stretch in illimitable vistas, giving him a sufficient tale of years to read them all; but in his inmost heart he knows that the greater part of them will lie on his shelves unread. I can understand the book-lover very well, because I know the yearning to acquire this treasure and that for the mere joy of possessing it; but even if the shelves of my garden stretched so many miles that I could do no more than give a hasty glance at their contents once a year or so it would not be enough. Plant-greed is a craving which must be overcome. It ought to be crushed, even if garden-beds could be cut in sections and packed tightly from end to end, with fresh sections to be set over them when the bottom tier was full; and still more and more sections, until they became like the "skyscrapers" of great American





A ROSE GARDEN ON THE BORDER OF A WOOD  
with a groundwork of Violas.





towns. It would be best overcome because with it the flower-lover would have degenerated into a selfish and soul-less sybarite.

The wise, wishing to keep fresh in their hearts the pure springs of sympathy and unselfishness, will give their friends and neighbours reasonable opportunities. Rose books will be read, lists will be scanned, shows will be visited. By these and such other means as present themselves something will be learned about hundreds of varieties of Roses, and the knowledge will give happiness and pleasure. But in the garden at home there will only be grown a limited number of varieties, calculated by their beautiful form, their brilliant colours, their fragrance, their virtues as climbers, to meet the particular want that each grower has.

Does the thought of learning something about two or three hundred varieties of Roses give qualms to a man engrossed with professional or public cares? I do not think he need fear. A brain that can carry multitudes of intricate figures, that can find docketts for particulars of innumerable financial undertakings and public companies, that can control critical surgical operations, that can keep a grip of every important social and political question—such a brain as this will not merely have no difficulty in learning the points of a large number of Roses, but will actually be benefited by the effort. One of the greatest British financiers carries about an almost inseparable companion, a bag stuffed with plant books and catalogues. To and from his office this city magnate pores over the lists with the

same intensity and absorption that he devotes to his gigantic business undertakings. He knows more about plants than a score of men who have given their lives to gardening, but have never trained their brains. At an advanced age he has all the eagerness, keenness, and acquisitiveness of youth. His mind is always fresh.

There is no person breathing who will be the worse for learning about the Roses. The effort of keeping in touch with the novelties will be rewarded with a brighter, fresher, more hopeful outlook on the whole social fabric.

When we know the Roses, we can classify them. We can decide which are the best for this purpose and which for that. As we cannot grow all, we are naturally anxious to have the best.

I will give my personal views as to the best Roses for various purposes. The beginner may take it as his guide ; the grower with experience may compare each variety in turn with those that he knows.

#### THE BEST BEDDING ROSES.

I mean by bedding Roses varieties of vigorous growth, neat habit, bright colours and perpetual flowering which are suitable for growing in beds to themselves. Here are a few such varieties :

*Anna Ollivier*.—Cream Tea.

\* *Augustine Guinoisseau*.—A blush Hybrid Tea, very strong in growth, and highly scented ; perhaps a little stiff and artificial looking, but a fine variety.

\* *Betty*.—Coppery pink H.T. one of the best.

\* *Caroline Testout*.—Pink H.T. strong and free.

\* *Commandant Felix Faure*.—Crimson H.P., sweet ; vigorous.

*Corallina*.—Coral-coloured Tea, a fine late bloomer, strong grower.

*Dr. Grill*.—Coppery rose Tea, medium grower.

*Earl of Warwick*.—Salmon pink H.T., medium vigour.

*Ecarlate*.—Vermilion H.T., a low, rather weak grower, but about the most vivid of all Roses.

\* *Edu Meyer*.—Fawn H.T., medium strength.

*Eugénie Lamesch*.—Yellow Polyantha Pompon, low grower.

\* *Frau Karl Druschki*.—White H.P., tall and strong.

*General MacArthur*.—Carmine H.T., medium to strong, a very brilliant Rose. Or Richmond might be grown instead. These two varieties are very much alike.

*G. Nabonnand*.—Flesh-coloured Tea, medium grower, blooms profusely late in summer.

\* *Grüss an Teplitz*.—Crimson H.T., flowers in clusters, very sweet, tall and strong.

\* *Hugh Dickson*.—Crimson H.P., strong grower, perpetual, fragrant.

*Instituteur Sirdey*.—Orange yellow H.T., medium strength.

*Lady Ashtown*.—Pink H.T., medium grower.

*La France*.—Shell pink H.T., strong grower.

*La Tosca*.—Blush H.T., tall habit.

\* *Laurette Messimy*.—Rose China, strong grower.

*Liberty*.—Crimson H.T., medium grower.

\* *Madame Abel Chatenay*.—Salmon pink H.T., tall habit.

*Madame Ravary*.—Orange yellow H.T., medium height.

\* *Marie van Houtte*.—Lemon Tea, rose edge.

*Mrs. John Laing*.—Pink H.P., tall and strong, sweet.

\* *Mrs. W. H. Cutbush*.—Might be described as a dwarf form of Dorothy Perkins, pink flowers in clusters, medium height.

*Peace*.—Cream Tea, dwarf to medium, very dark wood, a good late bloomer.

*Petit Constant*.—Polyantha Pompon of dwarf habit, early, colour salmon pink.

*Prince de Bulgarie*.—Near the colour of La Tosca, but of medium height.

*Richmond*.—See under General MacArthur.

*Queen Mab*.—Apricot, reddish suffusion, dwarf, compact habit, a China.

*Sulphurea*.—Pale yellow Tea.

*Ulrich Brunner*.—Deep red H.P., strong grower.

*Viscountess Folkestone*.—Cream H.T., vigorous.

*Warrior*.—Crimson H.T., medium, a good late bloomer.

An asterisk distinguishes a dozen of the best.

Such varieties as the foregoing should be chosen where a garden is being made, in which separate beds are devoted to the best Roses. They may, however, be mixed in beds or borders if desired; in this case the information as to colour and habit will be useful.



LADY ASHTOWN.

A splendid pink H.T., very vigorous and free, a fine garden Rose.







## GARDEN ROSES.

The florist is fond of telling us in his catalogue that such and such varieties are "good garden Roses." To the untutored this might seem a vague phrase, but the amateur of some experience has a very good idea of what it means. He knows that what the nurseryman wants to convey is this : "The variety is not up to exhibition standard, but it is free blooming, bright and distinct in colour, and of good habit, therefore it is a suitable variety for growing where prize blooms are not wanted." Of course he cannot keep on repeating all this, so he cuts it down to a word or two, as the politicians do their party cries, and calls such varieties Garden Roses.

Observe that a good garden Rose may be a good exhibition Rose also ; note the cases of Frau Karl Druschki and Mrs. John Laing ; but it would be wrong to say that most exhibition Roses are good garden varieties too.

All the varieties named above as good for bedding are good garden Roses, and perhaps they are the pick, but there are many others, and in case a larger collection is wanted I name a few more :

*Aennchen Muller*.—Pink Polyantha Pompon.

*Hermosa*.—Pink Hybrid China.

*Austrian Copper and Austrian Yellow*.—Austrian Briers.

*Avoca*.—Crimson H.T.

*Blanc double de Coubert*.—Double white hybrid rugosa.

*Camoens*.—H.T., rose, with yellow base.

- Captain Christy*.—Pink H.P.  
*Charles Lefebvre*.—Scarlet H.P.  
*Château de Clos Vougeot*.—Dark red H.T.  
*Cherry Ripe*.—Cherry red H.T.  
*Clio*.—Flesh H.P.  
*Conrad F. Meyer*.—Pink Hybrid rugosa.  
*Dean Hole*.—Salmon-pink H.T.  
*Elizabeth Barnes*.—Coppery-salmon H.T.  
*Enchantress*.—Cream Tea.  
*Fellenberg*.—Rose Noisette.  
*Frau Lilla Rautenstrauch*.—H.T., colour apricot, suffused yellow.  
*G. C. Waud*.—H.T., colour orange-rose.  
*Général Jacqueminot*.—Scarlet H.P.  
*Gottfried Keller*.—Hybrid Austrian Brier, colour yellow, suffused terra cotta.  
*Grace Darling*.—Cream Tea.  
*Gustave Regis*.—H.T., colour nankeen yellow.  
*Harry Kirk*.—Sulphur Tea.  
*Homère*.—Pale rose Tea.  
*Hon. Edith Gifford*.—White Tea.  
*Irish Beauty*.—Single white H.T.  
*Irish Elegance*.—Single apricot H.T.  
*Irish Glory*.—Single silvery pink H.T.  
*Irish Harmony*.—Single saffron H.T.  
*Kaiserin Augusta Victoria*.—Lemon.  
*Killarney*.—Pale pink H.T.  
*Koenigin Carola*.—Rose H.T.  
*Lady Faire*.—Pale pink H.T.  
*Lady Roberts*.—Apricot Tea with yellow base.  
*Laurent Carle*.—Carmine H.T.

- Léonie Lamesch*.—Coppery Polyantha Pompon.  
*Le Progrès*.—Nankeen yellow H.T.  
*Lyon Rose*.—Salmon shaded H.T.  
*Madame Edmée Metz*.—Salmon-pink H.T.  
*Madame Eugène Résal*.—Coppery rose, China.  
*Madame Hoste*.—Lemon Tea.  
*Madame Jenny Gillemot*.—Pale yellow H.T.  
*Madame Lambard*.—Rose Tea.  
*Madame Mélanie Soupert*.—Yellow H.T.  
*Madame Pernet-Ducher*.—Canary H.T.  
*Maman Cochet*.—Flesh Tea.  
*Maman Levavasseur*.—Pink Polyantha Pompon.  
*Margaret Dickson*.—White H.P.  
*Marie van Houtte*.—Lemon Tea.  
*Marquise de Salisbury*.—Crimson Tea.  
*Marquise de Sinety*.—Orange yellow H.T.  
*Moss, common*.—Rose.  
*Moss, perpetual*.—White.  
*Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt*.—Flesh H.T.  
*Mrs. W. J. Grant*.—Rose H.T.  
*Papa Gontier*.—Rosy red H.T.  
*Princess Marie Mertchersky*.—Silvery rose H.T.  
*Rhea Reid*.—Crimson H.T.  
*Rayon d'Or*.—Yellow Hybrid Brier.  
*Rosette de la Légion d'Honneur*.—Red, veined yellow, H.T.  
*Souvenir de J. B. Guillot*.—Crimson Tea.  
*Souvenir de la Malmaison*.—Blush Bourbon.  
*Souvenir de Marie de Zayas*.—Carmine H. T.  
*Souvenir de Pierre Notting*.—Apricot Tea.  
*Souvenir de S. A. Prince*.—White Tea.

*Victor Hugo*.—Crimson H.P.

*W. E. Lippiatt*.—Crimson H.T.

There are many others, and there are also the climbing Roses, while the species should not be overlooked.

### EXHIBITION ROSES.

A Rose is of very little use for exhibition, at all events in the classes for units of the particular varieties, unless it is fairly large and full, symmetrical and thick in petal. The budding exhibitor finds that there is a standard of merit in show Roses, which it is to his interest to learn.

There are many Roses which, under good culture, produce flowers of the character expected by judges, but which are not sufficiently strong and floriferous to make good garden varieties. They are frankly called "Exhibition Roses." As set up by expert growers they are objects of great beauty.

Once upon a time the Hybrid Perpetuals dominated the shows, but it is not so now. The Hybrid Teas have taken pride of place. Intending exhibitors will not fail to note this fact.

The following are good exhibition H.T.s. :—

*Alice Lindsell.	Dr. O'Donel Browne.
Avoca.	Duchess of Portland.
*Bessie Brown.	Earl of Warwick.
*Caroline Testout.	*Florence Pemberton.
Countess of Caledon.	G. C. Waud.
Countess of Gosford.	George Laing Paul.
*Dean Hole.	Gladys Harkness.

\* These might be grown for a smaller selection.

- |                          |                             |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| *J. B. Clark.            | *Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.   |
| Joseph Hill.             | *Mrs. W. J. Grant.          |
| *Killarney.              | Mrs. Harold Brocklebank.    |
| *Lady Mary Fitzwilliam.  | Mrs. Stewart-Clark.         |
| Lady Ursula.             | Pharisaer.                  |
| La France.               | Princess Marie Mertchersky. |
| Laurent Carle.           | Renée Wilmart-Urban.        |
| *Lyon Rose.              | Richmond.                   |
| Madame Maurice de Luze.  | *W. E. Lippiatt.            |
| *Madame Mélanie Soupert. | White Lady.                 |
| Marquise Litta.          | *William Shean.             |
| *Mildred Grant.          | Yvonne Vacherot.            |
| Mrs. David McKee.        |                             |

The following are the principal show H.P.s. :—

- |                     |                               |
|---------------------|-------------------------------|
| †A. K. Williams.    | Général Jacqueminot.          |
| †Alfred Colomb.     | Helen Keller.                 |
| Ben Cant.           | †Horace Vernet.               |
| †Captain Hayward.   | †Hugh Dickson.                |
| Charles Lefebvre.   | Le Havre.                     |
| Comte de Raimbaud.  | Louis Van Houtte.             |
| †Comtesse de Ludre. | Madame Victor Verdier.        |
| Dr. Andry.          | Marie Baumann.                |
| Duchess of Bedford. | M. H. Walsh.                  |
| Duchesse de Morny.  | †Mrs. Cocker.                 |
| Duke of Connaught.  | †Mrs. John Laing.             |
| Duke of Edinburgh.  | †Mrs. R. G. Sharman-Crawford. |
| Duke of Teck.       | Prince Arthur.                |
| Duke of Wellington. | †Susanne Marie Rodocanachi.   |
| Dupuy Jamain.       | Tom Wood.                     |
| Earl of Dufferin.   | †Ulrich Brunner.              |
| Etienne Levet.      | Ulster.                       |
| Exposition de Brie. | Victor Hugo.                  |
| Fisher Holmes.      | Xavier Olibo.                 |
| Frau Karl Druschki. |                               |

\* These might be grown for a smaller selection.

† These are particularly good.



The following are excellent show Teas. :—

Anna Ollivier,	*Madame Jules Gravereaux.
Bridesmaid,	*Maman Cochet,
*Catherine Mermet,	*Medea,
Cleopatra,	*Mrs. Edward Mawley,
*Comtesse de Nadaillac,	*Mrs. Myles Kennedy,
*Comtesse de Saxe,	*Molly Sharman-Crawford,
Ernest Metz,	Muriel Grahame,
Innocente Pirola,	Niphetos,
Jean Ducher,	Rubens,
*Lady Roberts,	*Souvenir d'Elise Vardon,
*Madame Constant Soupert,	Souvenir de S. A. Prince,
Madame Cusin,	*Souvenir de Pierre Notting,
*Madame de Watteville,	The Bride,
Madame Hoste,	*White Manan Cochet,

\* These could be chosen for a smaller selection.

### STANDARD ROSES.

The old type of standard Rose has not a very wide circle of admirers among the cultured. It is regarded as rather stiff, and its long, bare leg has a storky look. But the modern standard, with long, drooping head, enjoys high favour.

Several of the show Roses do well as standards, and when we wander among the plants of a great prize-winner, we see that he has many representatives of the old type standard. Wanting a limited number of very fine blooms he is content to leave the more graceful weeping standard to those who grow Roses for garden beauty alone.

The following are good as compact standards.

Augustine Guinoisseau.	Madame Chedane Guinoisseau.
Captain Hayward.	Madame Hoste.
Caroline Testout.	Madame Pierre Cochet.
Charles Lefebvre.	Madame Ravary.
Corallina.	Marie van Houtte.
Fisher Holmes.	Marquise Litta.
Frau Karl Druschki.	Marquise de Salisbury.
Frau Lilla Rautenstrauch.	Mrs. Edward Mawley.
G. Nabonnand.	Mrs. John Laing.
Gustav Grünerwald.	Mrs. R. G. Sharman-Crawford.
Hugh Dickson.	Peace.
Killarney.	Prince de Bulgarie.
Lady Ashtown.	Souvenir de Pierre Notting.
La France.	Suzanne Marie Rodocanachi.
La Tosca.	Ulrich Brunner.
Madame Abel Chatenay.	White Maman Cochet.

The following make beautiful tall weeping standards.

Alberic Barbier.	Lady Godiva.
Dorothy Perkins.	Paul Transon.
Excelsa.	Tausendschön.
François Foucard.	White Dorothy.
Hiawatha.	

Pretty Roses for button-holes.

Gustave Regis.	Maréchal Niel.
Homère.	Niphetos.
Lady Roberts.	Rosette de la Légion d'Honneur.
Ma Capucine.	Wm. Allen Richardson (in
Madame Chedane Guinoisseau.	bud stage).
Madame Pernet-Ducher.	

## ROSES FOR CLOTHING BANKS.

Alberic Barbier.  
Dorothy Perkins.  
Gardenia.

Jersey Beauty.  
Lady Godiva.  
Wichuraiana.

## ROSES FOR HEDGES.

Bennett's Seedling.  
Blanc double de Coubert.  
Dorothy Perkins.

Fellenberg.  
Penzance Briers in variety.  
Sweetbrier.

## ROSES FOR PEGGING DOWN.

Clio.  
Frau Karl Druschki.  
Grüss an Teplitz.

Madame Isaac Pereire.  
Madame Jules Gravereaux.  
Longworth Rambler.

## ROSES FOR EDGINGS.

Anna Marie de Montravel.  
Eugénie Lamesch.  
Mignonette.

Mrs. W. H. Cutbush.  
Petit Constant.  
Spong.

## ROSES FOR WALLS.

*North :*  
Félicité-et-Péropétue.  
Gloire de Dijon.  
René André.  
*South and West.*  
Alister Stella Gray.  
Banksian.  
Bardou Job.

Cheshunt Hybrid.  
L'Idéal.  
Madame Alfred Carrière.  
Reine Marie Henriette.  
Zéphirine Drouhin.  
*East.*  
Gloire de Dijon.  
Wm. Allen Richardson.

ROSES FOR TALL PILLARS, ARCHES, SUMMERHOUSES  
AND PERGOLAS.

Aglaia.	Leuchtstern.
Alberic Barbier.	Madame D'Arblay.
American Pillar.	Minnehaha.
Blush Rambler.	Mrs. F. W. Flight.
Carmine Pillar.	Penzance Briers in variety.
Crimson Rambler.	Philadelphia Rambler.
Dorothy Perkins.	René André.
Euphrosyne.	Ruby Queen.
Evangeline.	Tausendschön.
Excelsa.	Tea Rambler.
Felicité-et Pépétue.	Thalia.
François Foucard.	The Lion.
Lady Gay.	Trier.
Lady Godiva.	White Dorothy.

## ROSES FOR LOW PILLARS.

Alister Stella Gray.	Tausendschön.
Grüss an Teplitz.	The Dawson.
Paul's Single White.	Zephirine Drouhin.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### Of the Roses and the Nations.

To what Nation do we owe the most beautiful of our modern Roses ?

Ten years ago the answer would have been France, unhesitatingly. The reader who is sufficiently interested in the progress of the Rose to examine the record of the introductions finds that for nearly a hundred years the French held undisputed sway. Germany did nothing, America was negligible, Great Britain barely kept herself recognised.

The names of the older Roses speak for themselves : the Provence Rose, Rosa Gallica ; do they not remind us of beautiful France ?

The French have been Rose-growers since the great days of Charlemagne. Was it merely that the mighty king loved Roses, or was it that he was farseeing enough to realize that they might become a commercial unit of considerable value that he actively encouraged the culture of Roses in France ?

The peculiar genius of the French—their taste, their quick intelligence, their imagination—gave them a long series of triumphs in Rose-growing. France gave us our greatest work on Roses, the *Des Roses* of Redouté and Thory. She alone maintained a periodi-

cal—the *Journal des Roses*—specially devoted to the Queen of Flowers.

A series of great raisers made her Roses famous : Noisette, Provost, Vibert, Jamain, Lacharme, Verdier, Levet, Guillot, Margottin, Liabaud, Soupert, Notting, Cochet, Bernaix, Dubreuil, Gravereaux, Barbier, Pernet, Ducher, Nabonnand, Levavasseur—these kept France at the head of the Rose-raising nations.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century the situation changed with almost dramatic suddenness. Ireland began to produce remarkable new Roses, and year after year she poured out an unending stream of beautiful varieties through the famous raisers, Alexander Dickson, Hugh Dickson, and S. McGredy. In England Bennett, B. R. Cant, the Pauls, Prince, and Turner did good work. America made a wonderful find in the Wichuraiana Rose, and transformed our gardens with a glorious series of hybrid pillar Roses, as well as by raising very beautiful Hybrid Teas. Her two great raisers were E. G. Hill and M. H. Walsh. Germany, through Lambert, Müller, Schmidt and Schwartz, provided several important Roses.

The reader shall be provided with a table of the principal introductions of recent years, and left to judge for himself which country should be given pride of place as the home of new Roses.

#### AMERICA.

Admiral Dewey.  
Daybreak.  
Débutante.  
Dorothy Perkins.

Evangeline.  
Gardenia.  
General MacArthur.  
Golden Gate.

Hiawatha.	Philadelphia Rambler.
Jersey Beauty.	Rhea Reid.
Lady Duncan.	Richmond.
Lady Gay.	Ruby Queen.
Mayflower	The Dawson.
Minnehaha.	The Farquhar.
Minnie Dawson.	White Killarney.
Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.	Wm. Egan.
Mrs. Walsh	W. R. Smith.
My Maryland.	

The great strength of this set lies in its climbing Roses, and it is doubtful if any other country can show such a splendid lot of modern pillar and arch varieties of first class merit as the United States.

#### ENGLAND.

Alice Cory Wright.	Elaine.
Alister Stella Gray.	Electra.
Beatrice.	Enchantress.
Ben Cant.	Fairy Queen.
Blush Rambler.	Goldfinch.
Buttercup.	Hugo Roller.
Captain Hayward.	Janet's Pride.
Carmine Pillar.	Jessie.
Cherry Ripe.	Juliet.
Chin-chin.	Lady Battersea.
Clara Watson.	Lady Curzon.
Claudius.	Lady Faire.
Cleopatra.	Lady Godiva.
Clio.	Lady Hillingdon.
Corallina.	Lady Roberts.
Crimson Rambler.	Maharajah.
Cynthia.	Marcella.
Dainty.	Margaret.
Dawn.	Medea.



Mrs. B. R. Cant.	Royal Scarlet,
Mrs. Cocker,	Rugosa atropurpurea,
Mrs. F. W. Flight.	Rugosa repens alba,
Mrs. O. G. Orpen.	Souvenir de S. A. Prince.
Mrs. Paul.	Sulphurea,
Mrs. W. H. Cutbush.	Sunrise,
Paula,	Tea Rambler.
Paul's Single White,	The Lion,
Peace,	The Wallflower,
Portia.	Una,
Psyche.	Warrior,
Queen Mab.	White Dorothy,
Queen of Spain.	White Lady.
Refulgence.	White Maman Cochet,
Rev. Alan Cheales.	

A strong and representative list, containing good varieties of all the important classes. It will show the great advance made by English raisers.

## FRANCE.

Aimée Cochet.	Comtesse du Cayla.
Alberic Barbier.	Comtesse Icy Hardegg.
Alexandre Girault.	Dr. Grill.
Alice Chamrion.	Ecarlate.
Antoine Rivoire.	Edmond Proust.
Arthur R. Goodwin.	Elisa Robichon.
Auguste Barbier.	Entente Cordiale.
Augustine Guinoisseau.	Ernest Metz.
Aviateur Bleriot.	Firmino Huet.
Bardou Job.	François Crousse.
Caroline Testout.	François Dubreuil.
Château de Clos Vougeot.	François Juranville.
Claire Jacquier.	Georg Reimers.
Commandant Felix Faure.	George Laing Paul.
Comtesse de Saxe.	Georges Pernet.

Gerbe Rose.	Madame N. Levavasseur.
G. Nabonnand.	Madame P. Euler.
Gustave Piganeau.	Madame Pierre Cochet.
Gustave Regis.	Madame Ravary.
Hélène Wattine.	Madame Segond-Weber.
Instituteur Sirdey.	Maman Cochet.
Jean Ducher.	Maman Levavasseur.
Joseph Hill.	Marquise de Salisbury.
La France de '89.	Marquise de Sinety.
Laurent Carle.	Marquise Litta.
Laurette Messimy.	Mrs. Aaron Ward.
Le Progrès.	Mrs. E. G. Hill.
Leontine Gervais.	Orleans Rose.
L'Idéal.	Paul Lédé.
Lieutenant Chauré.	Paul Transon.
Lyon.	Petit Constant.
Madame Abel Chatenay.	Prince de Bulgarie.
Madame Antoine Mari.	Rayon d'Or.
Madame Charles de Luze.	René André.
Madame Constant Soupert.	Renée Wilmart-Urban.
Madame Edmée Metz.	Rosette de la Légion d'Honneur
Madame Eugène Résal.	Rosomane Gravereaux.
Madame Georges Bruant.	Sénateur Mascuraud.
Madame Hector Leuilliot.	Soleil d'Or.
Madame Hoste.	Souvenir de J. B. Guillot.
Madame Jenny Gillemot.	Souvenir de Maria de Zayas.
Madame Jules Gravereaux.	Souvenir de Pierre Notting.
Madame Jules Grolez.	Souvenir de President Carnot.
Madame Leon Pain.	Sunburst.
Madame Maurice de Luze.	Viscountess Enfield.
Madame Mélanie Soupert.	Yvonne Vacherot.

France, we see, is making a determined effort to maintain her old supremacy. She is very strong in Hybrid Teas.

## GERMANY.

Aennchen Müller.	La Tosca.
Aglaia.	Léonie Lamesch.
Aschenbrödel.	Leuchtstern.
Conrad F. Meyer.	Lohengrin.
Edu Meyer.	Madame Jean Dupuy.
Eugénie Lamesch.	Oscar Cordel.
Farben Königin.	Papa Lambert.
Frau Karl Druschki.	Perle von Godesberg.
Frau Lilla Rautenstrauch.	Pharisaer.
Gottfried Keller.	Princess Marie Mertchersky.
Grüss an Teplitz.	Rubin.
Gustave Grünerwald.	Schneewitchen.
Hélène.	Tausendschön.
Johanna Sebus.	Thalia.
Kaiserin Augusta Victoria.	Trier.
Katherine Zeimet.	Veilchenblau.

An excellent list, proving that Germany will have to be reckoned with in the future.

## IRELAND.

A. Hill Gray.	Dorothy Dennison.
Alice Lindsell.	Dorothy Page Roberts.
Ard's Pillar.	Dr. J. Campbell Hall.
Ard's Rover.	Dr. O'Donel Browne.
Ard's Rambler.	Duchess of Portland.
Avoca.	Duchess of Wellington.
Bessie Brown.	Earl of Dufferin.
Betty.	Earl of Warwick.
Charles J. Grahame.	Edward Mawley.
Countess of Annesley.	Elizabeth Barnes.
Countess of Caledon.	Ethel Malcolm.
Countess of Derby.	Florence E. Coulthwaite.
Countess of Gosford.	G. C. Waud.
Dean Hole.	Gladys Harkness.

Harry Kirk.	Mrs. David McKee.
Helen Keller.	Mrs. Edward Mawley.
Hugh Dickson.	Mrs. E. J. Holland.
Hugh Watson.	Mrs. Foley Hobbs.
Irish Elegance.	Mrs. Fred Straker.
Irish Glory.	Mrs. G. Preston.
J. B. Clark.	Mrs. G. W. Kershaw.
John Cuff.	Mrs. Harold Brocklebank.
John Ruskin.	Mrs. Hubert Taylor.
Killarney.	Mrs. Leonard Petrie.
Lady Alice Stanley.	Mrs. Myles Kennedy.
Lady Ashtown.	Mrs. Peter Blair.
Lady Helen Vincent.	Mrs. R. G. Sharman-Crawford.
Lady Mary Corry.	Mrs. Stewart Clark.
Lady Moyra Beaclerc.	Mrs. Walter Easlea.
Lady Quartus Ewart.	Mrs. W. J. Grant.
Lady Ursula.	Mrs. W. Lloyd.
Liberty.	Muriel Grahame.
Mamie.	Nita Weldon.
Marchioness of Londonderry.	Simplicity.
Margaret Molyneux.	Souvenir of Stella Gray.
M. H. Walsh.	Theresa.
Mildred Grant.	Tom Wood.
Molly Sharman-Crawford.	Ulster.
Mrs. Alfred Tate.	Viscount Carlow.
Mrs. A. Munt.	Walter Speed.
Mrs. C. C. Harrison.	W. E. Lippiatt.
Mrs. David Jardine.	Wm. Shean.

A wonderful list for a poor little country. Note the splendid number of Hybrid Teas. Ireland has covered herself with Rose glory, and her proud countrymen say that they have still greater treasures in store.





ALISTER STELLA GRAY.

Pale yellow; the best of all Roses for stumps; it blooms continuously for several months.





## CHAPTER XX.

### The Rose-Grower's Calendar.

JANUARY.—A quiet month among the outdoor Roses. Most of the trees are bare and the buds are dormant. An opportunity may be taken of examining the labels and renewing those which are worn out, or the writing of which is illegible. Pillars and pergolas may be examined, and rotting or broken pieces removed. If planting is to be done it may be gone on with, as long as the ground is free from snow and frost, and is not too wet. Examine the plants for the small grey pupæ of the Gold-tail Moth, *Porthesia auriflua*; and also for the little tents of the Brown-tail Moth, *Euproctus chrysorrhæa*. If these are picked off and burned there will be less trouble from caterpillars later on. Plants under glass should be watered carefully, water only being given when the soil becomes dry. Ventilate at the top of the house in fine weather, but be careful to avoid cold draughts, which may bring on a bad attack of mildew. Keep flowers of sulphur at hand to dust over the leaves at the faintest sign of the fungus. A temperature of 45 to 50 degrees will suffice. Standard Roses should be staked securely. Labels may be prepared and boxes repainted if bad weather jobs are wanted.

FEBRUARY.—Planting may be done under the conditions referred to under January. If the weather is mild some of the buds will break into growth. This need cause no alarm in warm districts, but where late frosts are prevalent it will be well to shorten the shoots by half the extent to which they are to be pruned eventually, completing the pruning at the end of March or early in April. Look over trained Roses, and where there is crossing and crowding wood thin and regulate it. This is particularly desirable on walls, where no shoots should cross each other. If there is plenty of ripe young wood cut out some of the old rods and train in fresh. Avoid cutting out all the mature wood of the Banksian, or there will be no flowers that year. There is still time to get early flowers under glass by buying pot plants, or potting them up from the ground. They should be pruned hard when put in the greenhouse. Green fly may appear on earlier plants under glass. It can be checked by burning a vaporising cone in the house. Grafting may be done under glass.

MARCH.—A busy month, inasmuch as it brings with it the pruning. In mild districts pruning may begin at mid-March, but in cold places it should be left till the end, in order to guard against injury to back buds, which are excited into growth by pruning. It is advisable to keep the prunings apart from softer rubbish, so that they can be handled separately when making up a fire, and so save unexpected scratches. They should be burned as soon as possible, in order to destroy fungi, larvae and eggs. It is desirable to gather

up carefully all prunings, especially those of pillar Roses. If pieces drop about among shrubs they may inflict sharp wounds when they have got hard, dry and brown. All planting from the open ground should be completed. Mats may be removed from tender varieties on walls, which have been covered for the winter. Plants under glass that are coming into bloom should be given liquid manure twice a week. The soil may be drawn away from plants which were earthed up for protection in autumn. If any shoots show on the stems of standards they should be rubbed off. Any suckers should be removed.

APRIL.—Active growth will begin, except in cold districts, where late frosts and keen winds prevail. There is no need to despair if mild March weather has started a good deal of tender young growth on the climbers which is blackened by harsh winds and frosts in April, for they will probably break again all right. Pruning may be finished off. Brier shoots budded the previous summer may be shortened to stumps, only lengths of about three inches being left to tie the young growths to, and prevent their being broken off when they are in active progress. By August the new shoots will be secure and the stumps may be cut clean away. The small caterpillars of the Winter Moth, *Cheimatobia brumata*; and the Mottled Umber Moth, *Hybernia defoliaria*, may appear this month. Any seen should be picked off and destroyed, and as a safeguard the trees may be sprayed with arsenate paste solution. See Chapter XV.

MAY.—A pleasantly expectant month for the rosarian. The plants are, or ought to be, in full growth, and towards the end of the month some will be in bloom if the weather is fine. If the plants are weak the buds which appear at the tips of the shoots should be removed and growth encouraged by hoeing and the use of liquid manure. Green fly will probably put in an appearance, and will cluster thickly on the tips of the shoots. A vigorous syringing with an approved wash (see Chapter XV.) should be given at once. A mulching of manure may be spread among the plants towards the end of the month. If the plants are growing thickly some of the shoots may be removed to keep the centres open. Any dwarf stocks which are to be budded in summer may have the stems earthed up to soften the bark. The froghopper will probably appear on the plants, also sawfly grubs. Hand picking should be practised, and the plants sprayed as advised in Chapter XV. Pot plants that have done flowering should be stood out of doors on a bed of ashes and watered when dry.

JUNE.—“The sweet o’ the year” for the rosarian, as many varieties will be in bloom and others in bud. The pillar Roses will be throwing up fresh shoots from the base if healthy, and these should be lightly looped to the supports, so that they may not be broken off. Hoe regularly if the ground is not mulched with manure or covered with dwarf things such as Violas, not only for the sake of keeping down weeds, but to check the rapid drying of the soil. Spray with sulphide of

potassium or carbolic soft soap solution, as advised in Chapter XV., at the first sign of mildew. Look out for orange fungus and black spot also, and use remedies at the first sign of attack. The intending exhibitor should prepare the necessary appliances mentioned in Chapter XII., as the shows begin early in July. The caterpillars of the Vapourer moth, *Orgyia antiqua*, which are grey with red dots, may be in evidence, and should be picked off and destroyed. If new varieties can be obtained in pots, a few early stocks may be budded, and in favourable circumstances the plants will flower the same year. Plants to carry prize blooms should have the flower buds thinned to two or three of the best early in June.

JULY.—Now, if ever, the Rose garden will be full of beauty. Some of the early summer bloomers will be over, but the bulk of the Ramblers and multifloras on supports, and the great majority of the H.P.s, H.T.s and Teas in the beds and borders, will be at their best. Cut freely, and make the rooms bright and cheerful (see Chapter XIV.). Continue to attack insects and fungi as fast as they appear, in order to keep the plants clean and healthy. Give soakings of liquid manure if possible. Visit shows, take notes of meritorious varieties, and place orders for novelties at once if the price is not prohibitive. Directly the exhibitions are over prepare for budding, and do not let any opportunity provided by showery weather for doing this work pass.

Watch for the larvæ of *Emphytus cinctus*, which



attack the edge of the leaf, and eat the foliage away ; they are green with white spots ; if any are seen, hand-pick and spray with tobacco wash.

AUGUST.—Remove the faded clusters of Crimson Rambler and other bunch-flowered Roses, which when withered are unsightly. Most of the Ramblers will not flower again, but the multifloras will probably bloom on later growths. Tie in the new growths, but not tightly. Pick faded flowers from bed and standard Roses. Give Teas and Hybrid Teas liquid manure to encourage late flowering. Watch for a late attack of mildew and attack it as before. Briars may be budded. If the weather is dry give the soil a good soaking of water the night before the budding is to be done. The ties may be removed from the buds in four or five weeks after the budding. The leaf-mining grub may appear, and any affected leaves should be picked off at once and burned. The orange larvæ of the Rose scale, *Diaspis rosae*, may be present this month, and if any are seen the plants should be sprayed with soft soap and quassia solution (see Chapter XV.).

SEPTEMBER.—Most of the Roses will be over for the year, but there will be bloom on the later kinds, and a note should be taken of the best of the autumn bloomers seen in various gardens, so that they may be ordered early. A judicious admixture of early and late sorts means a long supply of flowers. Take an opportunity of looking over the pillar Roses, and thinning out, or cutting back to young wood, the old rods. Young



canes should be tied in lightly, and will ripen up well. Cuttings may be inserted firmly, nearly to the top ; see Index for details. Pieces of wood which have borne flowers, taken off about six inches long with a shred ("heel") of the older wood, are best. Look out for any late caterpillars, also for mildew, and deal with them as before.

OCTOBER.—Although there will be still a little bloom left, interest will be centred in preparations for the following season. The Rose catalogues will arrive, and plants should be ordered early, to make sure of getting good trees of the desired varieties. Ground should be drained, trenched and manured as early in October as possible, to give time for it to settle before the plants arrive. Materials for arches and other supports should be procured and prepared. As soon as the soil softens under the autumn rains holes should be made and poles set up. Cuttings may still be put in. Gather and burn falling leaves that have been affected by fungi. If there has been much trouble from grubs of various kinds, remove some of the top soil in the beds, and spread it over the next heap of rubbish which is made up for a garden fire in order to kill the chrysalids ; after it has been well charred replace it, or substitute fresh decayed loam. Do not spread manure on the ground in autumn. Long, soft shoots on dwarf and standard Roses may be shortened to half their length to prevent wind-sway.

NOVEMBER.—The great planting month of the year. Planting is best done when the ground is moist, but not

pasty or waterlogged. Plant firmly, ramming the soil well round the roots. See Index for details. Plants which are to be forced under glass should be taken in and pruned.

DECEMBER.—Complete planting if the soil is in a favourable state ; if not, heel in newly-arrived plants by laying the roots in a trench and covering with soil ; or if frosty, leave the straw bundle unpacked in an outhouse. Draw soil up to the stems of dwarf plants in cold districts. Fasten a mat over tender varieties on walls. Put bracken among the branches of standards of tender varieties in exposed places.





A CHARMING VISTA OF RAMBLER ROSES,  
at Fox Hill, Reading, the Country Seat of Sir Rufus Isaacs, K.C.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### Of too-much-alike Roses.

WE may grow any Rose under any name that we like in our gardens, but when we start exhibiting we bring ourselves under the benevolent despotism of the body that rules Rose shows, the National Rose Society. An autocrat with a gentle, kindly heart, this monarch of the exhibitions. It gives raisers and growers a long loose rein. Only when they put into boxes, that should consist of different varieties, sorts which palpably differ only in name, does it interfere.

There are cases of synonymous Roses, and the exhibitor should learn them, in order to avoid disqualification. He may not put the varieties bracketed below in the same box if the sorts are to be distinct, for the reason that they are not distinct, although they have different names. In each cases the top name has the first claim.

{ Alfred Colomb.	{ Duke of Wellington.
{ Marshall P. Wilder.	{ Rosieriste Jacobs.
{ Wilhelm Koelle.	{ Exposition de Brie.
{ Augustine Guinoisseau.	{ Ferdinand de Lesseps.
{ White La France.	{ Maurice de Bernardin.
{ Charles Lefebvre.	{ Sir Garnet Wolseley.
{ Marguerite Brassac.	{ Fortune's Yellow.
{ Paul Jamain.	{ Beauty of Glazenwood

{ Lady Faire.	{ Mrs. W. J. Grant.
{ Joseph Lowe.	{ Belle Siebrecht.
{ Madame Wagram.	{ Prince Camille de Rohan.
{ Comtesse de Turenne.	{ La Rosière.
{ Marie Baumann.	{ Souvenir de S. A. Prince.
{ Madame A. Lavallée.	{ The Queen.

It is such a very short list, in consideration of the enormous number of varieties of Roses, that the reader is lost in admiration for the honesty of rosarians, because he cannot believe that the National Rose Society would carry forbearance to the point of laxity. And yet, when one goes about among great Rose growers, one sees so many cases of Roses so similar that one cannot help thinking the list of too-much-alikes might be lengthened with advantage. Perhaps the Society will consider this in the near future.

## Reference Table of Varieties.

THE following is a list of all the important Roses in commerce, with notes of the colour and class.

ABBREVIATIONS :—*Aust. B.*, Austrian Brier ; *Ch.*, China ; *D.*, Damask ; *F.Sp.*, Form of Species ; *H. Aust. B.*, Hybrid Austrian Brier ; *H.B.*, Hybrid Brier ; *H.Ch*, Hybrid China ; *H.P.*, Hybrid Perpetual ; *H. Rug.*, Hybrid rugosa ; *H.T.*, Hybrid Tea ; *Mult.*, Multiflora scandens ; *N.*, Noisette ; *Pen.B.*, Penzance Brier ; *Poly. Pom.*, Polyantha Pompon ; *Prov.*, Provence ; *Rug.*, rugosa ; *Wich.* Wichuraiana.

<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Acicularis nipponensis, F.Sp.	.. rose.
Abel Carrière, H.P. .. ..	.. dark crimson.
Abel Grand, H.P. .. ..	.. light pink.
Adelaide Mouille, Wich. .. ..	.. lilac rose.
Admiral Dewey, H.T. .. ..	.. white.
Aennchen Muller, Poly. Pom.	.. carmine pink.
Aglaia, Mult. .. ..	.. yellow.
A. Hill Gray, Tea .. ..	.. lemon.
Aimée Cochet, H.T. .. ..	.. flesh.
Aimée Vibert, N. .. ..	.. white.
A. K. Williams, H.P. .. ..	.. carmine.
Albatross, H.T. .. ..	.. white.
Alberic Barbier, Wich. .. ..	.. lemon.
Alexandre Girault, Wich. .. ..	.. carmine.
Alberto N. Calamet, H.T. .. ..	.. pink.
Alfred Colomb, H.P. .. ..	.. red.
Alice Garnier, Wich. .. ..	.. yellow, suffused rose.
Alice Gray, Ayrshire. .. ..	.. white, edged pink.
Alice Hamilton, Ch. .. ..	.. crimson.



<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour</i>
Alice Chamrion, Poly. Pom. .. ..	rose, then flesh.
Alice Lindsell, H.T. .. ..	cream, pink centre.
Alice Cory Wright, H.T. .. ..	deep pink.
Alister Stella Gray, N. .. ..	lemon.
Alphonse Soupert, H.P. .. ..	pink.
Alpina, species .. ..	rose.
Alpina pyrenaica, F.Sp. .. ..	carmine rose.
Altaica, species .. ..	lemon.
Altmarker, H.T. .. ..	cream, flushed red.
Amadis, Boursault .. ..	crimson.
Amateur Teyssier, H.T. .. ..	white, yellow centre.
Amazone, Tea .. ..	lemon.
American Pillar, Mult. .. ..	cerise pink, white eye.
Amy Robsart, Pen.B. .. ..	rose.
Andersoni, species .. ..	pink.
André Gamon, H.T. .. ..	deep rose.
Anna Chartron, Tea .. ..	cream, rose edge.
Anna Marie de Montravel, Poly. Pom.	white.
Anna Marie Soupert, H.T. .. ..	carmine.
Anna Ollivier, Tea .. ..	cream or pale rose.
Anne of Geierstein, Pen. B. .. ..	deep rose.
Annie Müller, Poly. Pom. .. ..	rose.
Annie Wood, H.P. .. ..	red.
Antoine Rivoire, H.T. .. ..	cream.
Apple Blossom, Poly. Pom. .. ..	appleblossom.
Arcadia, Wich. .. ..	cherry rose.
Ard's Pillar, H.T. .. ..	crimson.
Ard's Rambler, H.T. .. ..	carmine.
Ard's Rover, H.P. .. ..	crimson.
Arethusia, Ch. .. ..	apricot.
Armosa, H.Ch. .. ..	pink.
Arthur R. Goodwin, H.T. .. ..	cream.
Arvensis, Ayrshire .. ..	white.
Aschenbrödel, Poly. Pom. .. ..	peach.
Atropurpurea, rug. .. ..	dark red.

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<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Auguste Barbier, Wich. .. ..	rose.
Auguste Rigotard, H.P. .. ..	cherry.
Augustine Guinoisseau, H.T. .. ..	blush.
Austrian Copper, Aust. B. .. ..	coppery.
Austrian Yellow, Aust. B. .. ..	yellow.
Aviateur Bleriot, Wich. .. ..	saffron.
Avoca, H.T. .. ..	crimson.
Baby Dorothy, <i>see</i> Maman Levavasseur.	
Baby Rambler, <i>see</i> Mdme. N. Levavasseur.	
Banksia alba, Banksian .. ..	white.
Banksia lutea, Banksian .. ..	yellow.
Barbarossa, H.P. .. ..	red.
Bardou Job, H.T. .. ..	crimson.
Bar le duc, mult. .. ..	coppery carmine.
Baroness Rothschild, H.P. .. ..	pale pink.
Beatrice, H.T. .. ..	pink.
Beauté de Lyon, H.B. .. ..	coral, shaded yellow.
Beauté Inconstante, Tea .. ..	coppery.
Beauty of Glazenwood, <i>see</i> Fortune's Yellow.	
Beauty of Waltham, H.P. .. ..	crimson.
Bébé Fleuri, Ch. .. ..	China rose.
Belle Poitevine, rug. .. ..	rose.
Belle Siebrecht, <i>see</i> Mrs. W. J. Grant.	
Ben Cant, H.P. .. ..	crimson.
Bennett's Seedling, Ayrshire .. ..	white.
Beryl, Tea .. ..	yellow.
Bessie Brown, H.T. .. ..	cream.
Betty, H.T. .. ..	coppery rose
Betty Berkeley, Tea .. ..	crimson.
Billard et Barré, Tea .. ..	yellow.
Black Prince, H.P. .. ..	dark crimson.
Blairii No. 2, H.Ch. : .. ..	blush.
Blanc double de Coubert, H.rug. .. ..	white.
Blanche Moreau, moss .. ..	white.
Blush Rambler, Mult. .. ..	blush.

<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Boadicea, Tea .. ..	peach.
Bob Davison, H.P. .. ..	scarlet.
Boule de Neige, H.P. .. ..	white.
Bouquet d'Or, Tea .. ..	yellow.
Bracteata, species .. ..	white.
Brenda, Pen. B. .. ..	blush.
Bridesmaid, Tea .. ..	pink.
Brunonis, see Moschata .. ..	
Buttercup, Mult. .. ..	yellow.
Cabbage, Prov. .. ..	red.
Camille Bernardin, H.P. .. ..	crimson.
Camoens, H.T. .. ..	rose, yellow.
Canarienvogel, Tea .. ..	yellow.
Captain Christy, H.T. .. ..	pale pink.
Captain Christy, climbing H.T. .. ..	pink.
Captain Hayward, H.P. .. ..	crimson.
Carmine Pillar, H.T. .. ..	scarlet.
Caroline Küster, N. .. ..	lemon.
Caroline Testout, H.T. .. ..	deep pink.
Caroline Testout, climbing, H.T. .. ..	pink.
Catherine Mermet, Tea .. ..	pale pink.
Cecile Brunner, Poly. Pom. .. ..	blush.
Celestial, Alba .. ..	blush.
Celia, H.T. .. ..	salmon pink.
Celine, Moss .. ..	crimson.
Céline Forestier, N. .. ..	yellow.
Charles J. Grahame, H.T. .. ..	crimson.
Charles Lawson, H. Ch. .. ..	rose.
Charles Lefebvre, H.P. .. ..	crimson.
Charlotte Klemm, H. Ch. .. ..	red.
Chateau de Clos Vougeot, H.T. .. ..	deep crimson.
Cherry Ripe, H.T. .. ..	cherry red.
Cheshunt Hybrid, H.T. .. ..	carmine.
Cheshunt Scarlet, H.P. .. ..	scarlet.
China (old Blush Monthly), Ch. .. ..	China pink

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<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Chin-Chin, Ch. . . . .	sulphur.
Cinnamomea, species . . . . .	rose.
Claire Jacquier, Mult. . . . .	nankeen yellow.
Clara Watson, H.T. . . . .	cream, tinted rose.
Claudius, H.T. . . . .	cerise.
Cleopatra, Tea . . . . .	cream.
Clio, H.P. . . . .	flesh.
Cloth of Gold, N. . . . .	yellow.
Clotilde Soupert, Poly. Pom. . . . .	white, rose centre.
Commandant Felix Faure, H.P. . . . .	crimson.
Commander Jules Gravereaux, H.P. . . . .	red.
Comte de Raimbaud, H.P. . . . .	crimson.
Comtesse de Ludre, H.P. . . . .	crimson.
Comtesse de Nadaillac, Tea . . . . .	coppery.
Comtesse de Saxe, Tea . . . . .	white.
Comtesse de Turenne, see Mdme. Wagram	
Comtesse du Cayla, Ch. . . . .	nasturtium red.
Comtesse Festetics Hamilton, Tea . . . . .	copper
Comtesse Icy Hardeg, H.T. . . . .	carmine.
Comtesse Murinais, Moss . . . . .	white.
Comtesse Riza du Parc, Tea . . . . .	coppery rose.
Conrad F. Meyer, H. rug. . . . .	pink
Coquina, Mult. . . . .	salmon pink.
Cora, Ch. . . . .	yellow, tinted carmine.
Corallina, Tea . . . . .	coral red.
Countess Annesley, H.T. . . . .	salmon rose.
Countess of Caledon, H.T. . . . .	rosy carmine.
Countess of Derby, H.T. . . . .	peach.
Countess of Gosford, H.T. . . . .	salmon pink.
Countess of Ilchester, H.T. . . . .	carmine.
Countess of Rosebery, H.P. . . . .	carmine rose.
Cramoisie Supérieure, Ch. . . . .	crimson.
Crépuscule, N. . . . .	coppery.
Crested Moss, Moss . . . . .	pink.
Crested Provence, Prov. . . . .	pink.

<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Crimson China, Ch. . . . .	crimson.
Crimson Damask, D. . . . .	crimson.
Crimson Rambler, Mult. . . . .	crimson.
Cristata, see Crested Provence. . . . .	
Cyclope, Poly. Pom. . . . .	crimson, striped white.
Dainty, Tea . . . . .	primrose.
Danmark, H.T. . . . .	shell pink.
Damask, D. . . . .	red.
Daniel Lacombe, Mult. . . . .	chamois yellow
David Harum, H.P. . . . .	peach pink.
David R. Williamson, H.P. . . . .	carmine.
Dawn, H.T. . . . .	pink.
Dean Hole, H.T. . . . .	salmon rose.
Debutante, Wich. . . . .	rose, then blush.
Delicata, Rug. . . . .	rose.
Delight, Mult. . . . .	carmine, white eye.
De Meaux, Moss . . . . .	blush.
De Meaux, Miniature Provence . . . . .	pink.
Devoniensis, Tea (also climber) . . . . .	cream.
Dora, H.T. . . . .	peachblossom.
Dorothy, H.T. . . . .	blush.
Dorothy Dennison, Wich. . . . .	blush.
Dorothy Page Roberts, H.T. . . . .	coppery pink.
Dorothy Perkins, Wich. . . . .	pink.
Dr. Andry, H.P. . . . .	crimson.
Dr. Felix Guyon, Tea. . . . .	coppery yellow.
Dr. Grill, Tea . . . . .	rose.
Dr. J. Campbell Hall, H.T. . . . .	rose.
Dr. O'Donel Browne, H.T. . . . .	carmine.
Dr. Rouges, Tea . . . . .	bronzy red.
Dr. Sewell, H.P. . . . .	crimson, shaded.
Dr. Wm. Gordon, H.P. . . . .	pink.
Ducher, Ch. . . . .	white.
Duchess of Albany, H.T. . . . .	pink.
Duchess of Bedford, H.P. . . . .	scarlet.



IRISH ELEGANCE.

A beautiful single H.T., buds orange, flowers apricot, charming for cutting and a good bedder.







# REFERENCE TABLE OF VARIETIES

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<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Duchess of Portland, H.T. ..	.. sulphur.
Duchess of Wellington, H.T. ..	.. saffron
Duchesse d'Auerstadt, Tea ..	.. yellow.
Duchesse de Morny, H.P. ..	.. silvery rose.
Duchess of Westminster, H.T. ..	.. rose.
Duke of Connaught, H.P. ..	.. crimson.
Duke of Edinburgh, H.P. ..	.. scarlet.
Duke of Fife, H.P. ..	.. crimson.
Duke of Teck, H.P. ..	.. crimson.
Duke of Wellington, H.P. ..	.. dark crimson.
Dundee Rambler, Ayrshire ..	.. white, pink edge.
Dupuy Jamain, H.P. ..	.. cerise.
Earl of Dufferin, H.P. ..	.. maroon.
Earl of Warwick, H.T. ..	.. salmon pink.
Ecarlate, H.T. ..	.. vermilion.
Edith Bellenden, Pen. B. ..	.. light rose.
Edmond Proust, Wich. ..	.. coppery.
Edouard Morren, H.P. ..	.. pink.
Edu Meyer, H.T. ..	.. coppery.
Edward Mawley, H.T. ..	.. crimson.
Edward VII., Poly. Pom. ..	.. soft pink.
Elaine, H.T. ..	.. lemon.
Electra, Mult. ..	.. pale yellow.
Elisa Robichon, Wich. ..	.. yellow, suffused rose.
Elizabeth Barnes, H.T. ..	.. coppery salmon.
Ellen Drew, H.P. ..	.. silvery pink.
Empress Alexandra, Tea ..	.. lake red.
Enchantress, Tea ..	.. cream.
Ernest Metz, Tea ..	.. rosy salmon.
Ethel Brownlow, Tea ..	.. salmon pink.
Ethel Malcolm, H.T. ..	.. white.
Etienne Levet, H.P. ..	.. rosy carmine.
Etoile de France, H.T. ..	.. red.
Etoile de Lyon, Tea ..	.. lemon.
Eugénie Lamesch, Poly. Pom. ..	.. yellow.

<i>Variety and Type.</i>				<i>Colour.</i>
Eugene Fürst, H.P.	..	..	..	crimson.
Evangeline, Wich.	..	..	..	pink, white centre.
Evergreen Gem, Wich.	..	..	..	buff.
E. Veyrat Hermanos, Tea	..	..	..	coppery.
Excellency Kuntze, Wich.	..	..	..	cream.
Excelsa, Wich.	..	..	..	crimson.
Exposition de Brie, H.P.	..	..	..	crimson.
Exquisite, H.T.	..	..	..	crimson.
E. Y. Teas, H.P.	..	..	..	red.
Fabvier, Ch.	..	..	..	crimson, white centre.
Fairy Queen, Tea	..	..	..	yellow, tinted pink.
Farben Königin, H.T.	..	..	..	salmon rose.
Félicité-et-Péropétue, Sempervirens	..	..	..	white.
Fellenberg, N.	..	..	..	rose.
Ferdinand de Lesseps <i>see</i> Exposition de Brie				
Fimbriata, rug.	..	..	..	blush.
Firmino Huet, H.T.	..	..	..	carmine.
Fisher Holmes, H.P.	..	..	..	crimson.
Flora, Sempervirens	..	..	..	pink.
Flora McIvor, Pen.B.	..	..	..	white, rose-tinted.
Florence Edith Coulthwaite, H.T.	..	..	..	pinkish yellow.
Florence Pemberton, H.T.	..	..	..	cream, edged blush.
Flower of Fairfield, Mult.	..	..	..	perpetual crimson Rambler
Fortune's Yellow, N.	..	..	..	orange.
Francisca Krüger, Tea	..	..	..	coppery.
François Crousse, H.T.	..	..	..	crimson.
François Dubreuil, Tea	..	..	..	crimson.
François Foucard, Wich.	..	..	..	lemon
François Juranville, Wich.	..	..	..	salmon rose.
François Michelon, H.P.	..	..	..	rose.
François Poisson, Wich.	..	..	..	white.
Franz Deegen, H.T.	..	..	..	yellow.
Frau Cecile A. Walter, Poly. Pom.	..	..	..	ivory.
Frau Ernest Fisher, H.T.	..	..	..	bronzy rose.

<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Frau Geheimrath Dr. Staub, H.T. ..	red.
Frau Karl Druschki, H.P. ..	white.
Frau Lilla Rautenstrauch, H.T. ..	apricot.
Frau Peter Lambert, H.T. ..	pink.
Frau Philipp Siesmayer, H.T. ..	yellow.
Frederick Harms, H.T. ..	lemon and orange.
Fulgens, H.Ch. .. ..	crimson.
Gardenia, Wich. .. ..	yellow.
G. C. Waud, H.T. .. ..	orange rose.
Géant des Batailles, H.P. ..	crimson, shaded purple.
General Gallieni, Tea ..	cerise.
Général Jacqueminot, H.P. ..	crimson.
General MacArthur, H.T. ..	carmine.
General Schablikine, Tea ..	salmon rose.
George Laing Paul, H.T. ..	carmine.
Georges Pernet, Poly. Pom ..	peach.
Gerbe Rose, Wich. .. ..	pink.
Gladys Harkness, H.T. ..	salmon pink.
Glorie de Chedane Guinoisseau, H.P. ..	red.
Gloire de Dijon, T. .. ..	yellow.
Gloire de Margottin, H.P. ..	red.
Gloire des Mousseuses, Moss ..	blush.
Gloire des Polyantha, Poly. Pom. ..	rose.
Gloire des Rosomanes, H.B. ..	crimson.
Gloire Lyonnaise, H.T. ..	white.
G. Nabonnand, Tea .. ..	flesh.
Golden Gate, Tea .. ..	cream, tinted rose.
Goldfinch, Mult. .. ..	pale yellow. [fusion.
Gottfried Keller, H.Aus.B. ..	terra cotta, yellow suf-
Goubault, Tea .. ..	buff pink.
Grace Darling, H.T. .. ..	cream pink.
Grace Molyneux, H.T. .. ..	apricot.
Gracilis, Boursault .. ..	rosy red.
Grand Duc Adolphe de Luxembourg, H.T. .. ..	pale rose.

<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Grand Mogul, H.P. .. ..	maroon.
Green Mantle, Pen. B. .. ..	rose, white centre.
Grossherzog Friedrich, H.T. .. ..	carmine, shaded yellow.
Grüss an Sangerhausen, H.T. .. ..	scarlet.
Grüss an Teplitz, H.T. .. ..	crimson.
Grüss an Zabern, Mult. .. ..	white.
Gustav Grünerwald, H.T. .. ..	pink.
Gustave Piganeau, H.P. .. ..	carmine.
Gustave Regis, H.T. .. ..	nankeen yellow.
H. Armytage Moore, H.T. .. ..	rose
Harrisonii, Aust. B. .. ..	yellow.
Harry Kirk, Tea .. ..	sulphur.
Hebe's Lip, Sweet Brier .. ..	white, purple edge.
Heinrich Schultheis, H.P. .. ..	pink.
Helen Keller, H.P. .. ..	cerise.
Hélène, Mult. .. ..	flesh.
Hélène Guillot, H.T. .. ..	flesh.
Helen Wattine, H.T. .. ..	lemon.
Henriette de Beauveau, Tea .. ..	yellow.
Her Majesty, H.P. .. ..	pink.
Hermosa, H.Ch. .. ..	pale pink.
Hiawatha, Mult. .. ..	crimson, white eye.
Hippolyte Jamain, H.P. .. ..	carmine.
His Majesty, H.T. .. ..	crimson.
Homère, Tea .. ..	rose.
Hon. E. Gifford, Tea .. ..	cream.
Horace Vernet, H.P. .. ..	crimson.
Hugh Dickson, H.P. .. ..	crimson.
Hugh Watson, H.P. .. ..	crimson.
Hugonis, species .. ..	yellow.
Inermis Morletti, Boursault .. ..	pink.
Innocente Pirola, Tea .. ..	cream
Instituteur Sirdey, H.T. .. ..	orange yellow.
Involuta Wilsoni, F.sp. .. ..	pink.
Irene Watts, Ch. .. ..	white, shaded pink.

# REFERENCE TABLE OF VARIETIES

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<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Irish Beauty, H.T. . . . .	white.
Irish Brightness, Tea . . . . .	crimson.
Irish Elegance, H.T. . . . .	apricot
Irish Glory, H.T. . . . .	silvery pink.
Irish Harmony, H.T. . . . .	saffron.
Irish Pride, Tea . . . . .	blush.
Irish Star, Tea. . . . .	carmine.
Isabella Sprunt, Tea . . . . .	lemon.
Jacques Vincent, H.T. . . . .	coppery.
James Veitch, Moss . . . . .	violet shaded.
Janet's Pride, Sweetbrier . . . . .	white, shaded red.
J. B. Clark, H.T. . . . .	scarlet, shaded plum.
Jean Ducher, Tea . . . . .	salmon.
Jean Liabaud, H.P. . . . .	dark crimson.
Jean Noté, H.T. . . . .	cream.
Jeanne d'Arc, Poly. Pom. . . . .	white.
Jeanie Deans, Sweetbrier . . . . .	rose.
Jeannie Dickson, H.P. . . . .	pink.
Jersey Beauty, Wich. . . . .	yellow.
Jessie, Poly Pom. . . . .	rose.
Johanna Sebus, H.T. . . . .	rosy cerise.
John Cuff, H.T. . . . .	carmine pink.
John Hopper, H.P. . . . .	rose.
John Ruskin, H.T. . . . .	rosy cerise.
John Stuart Mill, H.P. . . . .	bright red.
Jonkheer J. L. Mock, H.T. . . . .	deep silvery rose.
Joseph Billard, Wich. . . . .	rose, yellow centre.
Joseph Hill, H.T. . . . .	coppery.
Joseph Lamy, Wich. . . . .	white, pink edge.
Joseph Lowe, <i>see</i> Lady Faire	
Juliet . . . . .	rose and old gold.
Jules Margottin, H.P. . . . .	cherry.
Julia Mannering, Sweetbrier . . . . .	pale pink
Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, H.T.	lemon.
(also climbing form).	



<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Katherine Zeimet, Poly. Pom.	.. white.
Kathleen, Mult. .. ..	.. rose, white eye.
Killarney, H.T. .. ..	.. pale pink.
Kleiner Alfred, Poly. Pom. .. ..	.. red, yellow shading.
Königin Carola, H.T. .. ..	.. light rose.
Lady Alice Stanley, H.T. .. ..	.. flesh.
Lady Ashtown, H.T. .. ..	.. deep pink.
Lady Battersea, H.T. .. ..	.. cherry red.
Lady Clanmorris, H.T. .. ..	.. cream, edged pink.
Lady Curzon, D. .. ..	.. light pink.
Lady Downe, H.T. .. ..	.. blush.
Lady Faire, H.T. .. ..	.. pale pink.
Lady Gay, Wich. .. ..	.. pink.
Lady Godiva, Wich. .. ..	.. blush.
Lady Helen Stewart, H.P. .. ..	.. crimson.
Lady Helen Vincent, H.T. .. ..	.. shell pink.
Lady Hillingdon, Tea .. ..	.. orange yellow.
Lady Mary Corry, Tea .. ..	.. yellow.
Lady Mary FitzWilliam, H.T.	pink
Lady Moyra Beauclerc, H.T. .. ..	.. rose.
Lady Penzance, Pen. B. .. ..	.. coppery.
Lady Pirrie, H.T. .. ..	.. coppery.
Lady Quartus Ewart, H.T. .. ..	.. white.
Lady Roberts, Tea .. ..	.. apricot.
Lady Rossmore, H.T. .. ..	.. red.
Lady Sheffield, H.P. .. ..	.. rosy cerise.
Lady Ursula, H.T. .. ..	.. pale pink.
Lady Waterlow, H.T. .. ..	.. salmon pink.
Laevigata, species .. ..	.. white, yellow stamens.
La France, H.T. .. ..	.. shell pink.
(also climbing form).	
La France de '89, H.T. .. ..	.. brick red.
Lamarque, N. .. ..	.. white.
Laneii, Moss .. ..	.. crimson, shaded yellow.
La Tosca, H.T. .. ..	.. blush.

# REFERENCE TABLE OF VARIETIES

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<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Laure Davoust, Mult. . . . .	pink, then blush.
Laure Dupont, Ch. . . . .	carmine.
Laure Wattine, H.T. . . . .	rose.
Laurence Allen, H.P. . . . .	soft pink.
Laurent Carle, H.T. . . . .	carmine.
Laurette Messimy, Ch. . . . .	rose, yellow base.
La Ville de Bruxelles, D. . . . .	rose, blush margin.
Le Havre, H.P. . . . .	vermilion.
Lena, Tea . . . . .	apricot, yellow edge.
Le Progrès, H.T. . . . .	nankeen yellow.
Leonie Lamesch, Poly. Pom. . . . .	coppery.
Leontine Gervais, Wich. . . . .	salmon rose.
Leopoldine d'Orleans, Sempervirens . . . . .	white and red.
Leslie Holland, H.T. . . . .	red.
Leuchtstern, Mult. . . . .	carmine, white centre
Liberty, H.T. . . . .	crimson.
(also climbing form).	
L'Idéal, N. . . . .	coppery.
L'Innocence, H.T. . . . .	white.
Lieut. Chauré, H.T. . . . .	red.
Lina Schmidt-Michel, H.T. . . . .	pink.
Little Gem, Moss. . . . .	crimson.
Lohengrin, H.T. . . . .	silvery pink.
Longworth Rambler, H.T. . . . .	crimson.
Lord Macaulay, H.P. . . . .	crimson.
Lord Penzance, Pen. B. . . . .	fawn.
Louis Van Houte, H.P. . . . .	crimson.
Lucida, species . . . . .	pink.
(also double form).	
Luciole, Tea . . . . .	rose, tinted yellow.
Lucy Ashton, Pen. B. . . . .	white, pink edge.
Lucy Bertram, Pen. B. . . . .	crimson, white centre.
Lyon, H.T. . . . .	salmon pink.
Mabel Morrison, H.P. . . . .	white or pale pink.
Ma Capucine, Tea . . . . .	reddish yellow.

<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Macrantha, Hybrid of species ..	flesh.
Madame Abel Chatenay, H.T.	salmon pink.
Madame Alfred Carrière, H.P.	white.
Mdme. Antoine Mari, Tea ..	rose.
Mdme. Bérard, Tea ..	fawn.
Mdme. Berkeley, Tea ..	flesh.
Mdme. Cadeau-Ramey, H.T. ..	flesh, edged rose.
Mdme. C. de Luze, H.T. ..	flesh.
Madame Charles, Tea ..	apricot.
Mdme. Charles Monnier, H.T.	rose flesh.
Madame Chauvry, climbing Tea	salmon.
Mdme. Chédane Guinoisseau, Tea	yellow.
Mdme. C. Joigneaux, H.P. ..	red, shaded lilac.
Mdme. Constant Soupert, Tea	yellow.
Mdme. Cusin, Tea ..	rose.
Mdme. d'Arblay, H. Musk ..	flesh.
Mdme. de Watteville, Tea ..	cream, diffused rose.
Mdme. E. A. Nolte, Poly. Pom.	nankeen yellow.
Mdme. Edmée Metz, H.T. ..	salmon pink.
Mdme. E. Ory, Moss ..	carmine.
Mdme. Eugène Résal, Ch. ..	coppery.
Mdme. Eugène Verdier, H.P. ..	silvery rose.
Mdme. Falcot, Tea ..	apricot.
Mdme. Gabriel Luizet, H.P. ..	silvery pink.
Mdme. Georges Bruant, Rug. ..	white.
Mdme. Hector Leuilliot, H.T. ..	yellow.
Mdme. Hoste, Tea ..	lemon.
Mdme. Isaac Pereire, B. ..	carmine rose.
Mdme. Jean Dupuy, Tea ..	yellow, pink edge.
Mdme. Jenny Gillemot, H.T. ..	pale yellow.
Mdme. Joseph Combet, H.T. ..	cream, shaded rose.
Mdme. Jules Gravereaux, Tea	flesh.
Mdme. Jules Grolez, H.T. ..	silvery rose.
Mdme. J. W. Budde, H.T. ..	carmine.
Mdme. Lacharme, H.P. ..	white.

# REFERENCE TABLE OF VARIETIES

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<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Mdme. Lambard, Tea .. ..	rose.
Mdme. Leon Pain, H.T. .. ..	white, fawn centre.
Mdme. Louis Poncet, Tea .. ..	nasturtium red.
Madame Margottin, Tea .. ..	lemon.
Mdme. Maurice de Luze, H.T. .. ..	rose.
Mdme. Mélanie Soupert, H.T. .. ..	yellow, salmon shading.
Mdme. N. Levavasseur, Poly. Pom. .. ..	crimson.
Mdme. P. Euler, H.T. .. ..	carmine rose.
Mdme. Paul Ollivier, H.T. .. ..	yellow, mauve shading.
Mdme. Pernet-Ducher, H.T. .. ..	pale yellow.
Mdme. Pierre Cochet, Tea .. ..	orange yellow.
Mdme. Plantier, H.Ch. .. ..	white.
Mdme. Ravary, H.T. .. ..	orange yellow.
Mdme. Segond-Weber, H.T. .. ..	salmon rose.
Mdme. Vermorel, Tea .. ..	sulphur.
Mdme. Victor Verdier, H.P. .. ..	light crimson.
Mdme. Wagram, H.T. .. ..	flesh.
Mdlle. Pauline Bersez, H.T. .. ..	cream.
Magna Charta, H.P. .. ..	rose.
Maharajah, H.P. .. ..	deep crimson.
Maiden's Blush, Alba .. ..	blush.
Maman Cochet, Tea .. ..	rosy flesh.
Maman Levavasseur, Poly. Pom. .. ..	pink.
(Baby Dorothy)	
Mamie, H.T. .. ..	rose.
Ma Paquerette, Poly. Pom. .. ..	white.
Marcella, H.T. .. ..	creamy buff.
Marchioness of Downshire, H.P. .. ..	satin pink.
Marchioness of Londonderry, H.P. .. ..	ivory.
Maréchal Niel, N. .. ..	yellow.
Maréchal Vaillant, H.P. .. ..	crimson.
Margaret, H.T. .. ..	light pink.
Margaret Dickson, H.P. .. ..	white.
Margaret Molyneux, H.T. .. ..	saffron.
Marguerite Brassac, <i>see</i> Charles Lefebvre.	

<i>Variety and Type.</i>			<i>Colour.</i>
Marie Baumann, H.P.	..	..	carmine.
Marie Corelli, H.P.	..	..	salmon pink.
Marie Finger, H.P.	..	..	salmon rose.
Marie Lavalley, H.T.	..	..	white, suffused pink.
Marie Pavie, Poly. Pom.	..	..	flesh.
Marie Rady, H.P.	..	..	red.
Marie van Houtte, Tea	..	..	lemon, rose edge.
Marie Verdier, H.P.	..	..	rose.
Marjorie, H.T.	..	..	white, shaded pink.
Marquise de Castellane, H.P.	..	..	rose.
Marquise de Salisbury, H.P.	..	..	crimson.
Marquise de Sinety, H.T.	..	..	orange yellow.
Marquise de Vivens, Tea	..	..	rose and yellow.
Marquise J. de la Chataigneraye, H.T.			silvery.
Marquise Litta, H.T.	..	..	carmine rose.
Martha, Poly. Pom.	..	..	pink.
Ma Surprise, Microphylla	..	..	white, rose centre.
Maurice de Bernardin, <i>see</i> Exposition de Brie.			
Mavourneen, H.P.	..	..	silvery pink.
Mayflower, H.T.	..	..	cream, pink edge.
May Kenyon Stanley, H.T.	..	..	blush.
Medea, Tea	..	..	lemon.
Meg Merrilees, Pen. B.	..	..	crimson.
Merveille de Lyon, H.P.	..	..	white.
Meta, Tea	..	..	crushed strawberry.
M. H. Walsh, H.P.	..	..	crimson.
Mignonette, Poly. Pom.	..	..	pink.
Mildred Grant, H.T.	..	..	ivory.
Milky Way, Wich.	..	..	white.
Minna, Pen. B.	..	..	white, blush tint.
Minnehaha, Mult.	..	..	pink.
Miss Cynthia Forde, H.T.	..	..	pink.
Molly Sharman-Crawford, Tea	..	..	white.
Monsieur Boncenne, H.P.	..	..	dark crimson.

<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Monsieur Désir, Tea .. .. .	crimson.
Monsieur Joseph Hill, <i>see</i> Joseph Hill.	
Monsieur Paul Lédé, <i>see</i> Paul Lédé.	
Monthly, <i>see</i> China.	
Morgenroth, H.T. .. .. .	crimson.
Morletti, Boursault .. .. .	pale rose.
Morning Glow, Tea .. .. .	fawn and crimson.
Moschata, species .. .. .	white.
Moschata fl. pl. double .. .. .	white.
Moschata himalayica, Hybrid of species	white, yellow stamens.
Moschata nivea, Hybrid of species ..	white, tinted pink.
Moss .. .. .	rose.
Moss, Perpetual white .. .. .	white.
Mrs. Aaron Ward, H.T. .. .. .	yellow, edged white.
Mrs. Alfred Tate, H.T. .. .. .	coppery.
Mrs. Amy Hammond, H.T. .. .. .	pink, shaded apricot.
Mrs. A. Munt, H.T. .. .. .	cream.
Mrs. Antony Waterer, Rug. .. .. .	crimson.
Mrs. A. R. Waddell, H.P. .. .. .	coppery red.
Mrs. A. M. Kirker, H.P. .. .. .	cerise.
Mrs. Bosanquet, Ch. .. .. .	flesh.
Mrs. B. R. Cant, Tea .. .. .	rose.
Mrs. C. C. Harrison, H.T. .. .. .	crimson.
Mrs. Cocker, H.P. .. .. .	pink.
Mrs. Conway Jones, H.T. .. .. .	cream, flushed salmon.
Mrs. David Jardine, H.T. .. .. .	pink.
Mrs. David McKee, H.T. .. .. .	pale yellow.
Mrs. Dudley Cross, Tea .. .. .	chamois yellow.
Mrs. Edward Mawley, Tea .. .. .	salmon
Mrs. E. G. Hill, H.T. .. .. .	pale rose.
Mrs. E. J. Holland, H.T. .. .. .	silvery pink.
Mrs. Edward Mawley, Tea .. .. .	salmon.
Mrs. Foley Hobbs, Tea .. .. .	ivory.
Mrs. Fred. Straker, H.T. .. .. .	orange fawn.
Mrs. F. W. Flight, Mult. .. .. .	rose.

<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Mrs. George Preston, H.T. .. ..	silvery rose.
Mrs. G. Shawyer, H.T. .. ..	salmon pink.
Mrs. G. W. Kershaw, H.T. .. ..	deep pink.
Mrs. Harold Brocklebank, H.T. ..	cream.
Mrs. Herbert Stevens, Tea .. ..	white, shaded fawn
Mrs. Hubert Taylor, Tea .. ..	pink, edged white.
Mrs. Isabelle Milner, H.T. .. ..	ivory, margined mauve.
Mrs. James Craig, H.T. .. ..	salmon rose.
Mrs. John Bateman, H.T. .. ..	China rose.
Mrs. John Laing, H.P. .. ..	pink.
Mrs. Leonard Petrie, H.T. .. ..	yellow.
Mrs. M. H. Walsh, Mult. .. ..	white.
Mrs. Myles Kennedy, Tea .. ..	cream.
Mrs. O. G. Orpen, D. .. ..	blush.
Mrs. Paul, B. .. ..	blush.
Mrs. Peter Blair, H.T. .. ..	lemon.
Mrs. P. H. Coates, H.T. .. ..	milk white.
Mrs. R. G. Sharman-Crawford, H.P.	rose.
Mrs. Rumsey, H.P. .. ..	pink.
Mrs. Stewart Clark, H.T. .. ..	cerise.
Mrs. S. Treseder, Tea .. ..	lemon.
Mrs. T. Roosevelt, H.T. .. ..	flesh.
Mrs. Wakefield Christie-Miller, H.T.	salmon and rose.
Mrs. Walter Easlea, H.T. .. ..	carmine.
Mrs. W. H. Cutbush, Poly. Pom. ..	pink.
Mrs. Wilfred Lloyd, H.T. .. ..	rose.
Mrs. W. Cooper, H.T. .. ..	flesh.
Mrs. W. J. Grant, H.T. .. ..	rose.
(also climbing form).	
Multiflora, species .. ..	white.
Multiflora grandiflora, Hybrid of species	white.
Muriel Grahame, Tea .. ..	cream.
My Maryland, H.T. .. ..	pink.
Myrianthes Rénoncule, evergreen ..	blush, edged rose.
Nance Christy, H.T. .. ..	shell pink.



<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Nita Weldon, Tea .. ..	ivory.
Niphetos, Tea .. .. (also climbing form.)	white.
Noella Nabonnand, Tea .. ..	purplish red
Nova Zembla, Rug. .. ..	white.
Nymph .. ..	white.
Oberhofgartner Terks, H.T. .. ..	ivory, tinted rose.
Oeillet Parfait, Gallica .. ..	white, crimson stripes.
Old Blush, <i>see</i> China.	
Ophirie, N. .. ..	nankeen yellow.
Orleans Rose, Poly. Pom. .. ..	rose.
Oscar Cordel, H.P. .. ..	carmine
Papa Gontier, H.T. (also climber)	rosy red.
Papa Lambert, H.T. .. ..	rose.
Papillon, Tea .. ..	pink and white.
Paradise, Wich. .. ..	pink and white.
Paul Jamain, <i>see</i> Charles Lefebvre.	
Paul Neyron, H.P. .. ..	silvery rose.
Paul Ricaut .. ..	rosy crimson.
Paul Transon, Wich. .. ..	salmon pink.
Paula, Tea .. ..	pale yellow.
Paul's Single White, H.P. .. ..	white.
Peace, Tea .. ..	ivory.
Perle des Jardins, Tea (also climber)	yellow.
Perle des Panachées, Gallica .. ..	white, striped rose.
Perle des Rouges, Poly. Pom .. ..	crimson.
Perle d'Or, Poly. Pom. .. ..	nankeen yellow.
Perle von Godesberg, H.T. .. ..	cream.
Persian Yellow, Aust. B. .. ..	yellow.
Petit Constant, Poly. Pom .. ..	salmon pink.
Pharisaer, H.T. .. ..	blush, shaded salmon.
Philadelphia Rambler, Mult. .. ..	crimson.
Philippine Lambert, Poly. Pom. .. ..	silvery pink.
Pimpinellifolia, species .. ..	blush.
(Scotch or Burnet Rose).	

<i>Variety and Type.</i>				<i>Colour.</i>
Pink Roamer, Wich.	..	..	..	pink, white centre.
Pink Rover, H.T.	..	..	..	pale pink.
<i>Polyantha grandiflora, see Multiflora grandiflora.</i>				
<i>Polyantha Simplex, see Multiflora.</i>				
Pomifera, species	..	..	..	blush.
Pride of Reigate, H.P.	..	..	..	striped.
Pride of Waltham, H.P.	..	..	..	salmon pink.
Prince Arthur, H.P.	..	..	..	dark crimson.
Prince Camille de Rohan, H.P.	..	..	..	dark crimson.
Prince de Bulgarie, H.T.	..	..	..	blush.
Princesse de Sagan, Tea.	..	..	..	deep red.
Princess Marie Mertchersky, H.T.	..	..	..	silvery rose.
Provence, Prov.	..	..	..	rose, also white and crested forms.
Psyche, Mult.	..	..	..	flesh.
Purity, H.B.	..	..	..	white.
Queen Alexandra, Mult.	..	..	..	pink.
Queen Mab, Ch.	..	..	..	rosy apricot.
Queen of Spain, H.T.	..	..	..	flesh.
Rainbow, H.T.	..	..	..	pink striped.
Rampant, climber	..	..	..	white.
Rayon d'Or, H.Aust.B.	..	..	..	deep yellow.
Refulgence, Hybrid Sweetbrier	..	..	..	rosy red, yellow stamens.
Reine Marie Henriette, H.T.	..	..	..	deep rose.
Reine Olga de Wurtemberg, H.T.	..	..	..	rose.
Reliance, H. T.	..	..	..	blush.
René André, Wich.	..	..	..	saffron.
Renée Wilmart-Urban, H.T.	..	..	..	salmon.
<i>Repens alba, see Rugosa repens alba.</i>				
Rev. Alan Cheales, H.P.	..	..	..	lake.
Rev. D. R. Williamson, H.T.	..	..	..	velvety red.
Rêve d'Or, N.	..	..	..	yellow.
Reynolds Hole, H.P.	..	..	..	maroon.
Rhea Reid, H.T.	..	..	..	cerise.

# REFERENCE TABLE OF VARIETIES

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<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Richmond, H.T. . . . .	carmine.
Robert Duncan, H.P. . . . .	rosy lake.
Robert Scott, H.T. . . . .	pink.
Rosa Mundi, Gallica . . . . .	red, white stripes.
Rose a parfum l'hay, Rug. . . . .	red.
Rose Bradwardine, Pen. B. . . . .	rose.
Rose du Barry, H.T. . . . .	deep rose.
Rose Celeste, Alba . . . . .	blush.
Rosette de la Légion d'Honneur, H.T.	red, yellow veins.
Rosieriste Jacobs, <i>see</i> Duke of Wellington.	
Rosomane Gravereaux, H.T. . . . .	flesh.
Rosslyn, H.P. . . . .	pink.
Royal Scarlet, single . . . . .	scarlet
Rouge Angevine, H. P. . . . .	crimson.
Royal Scarlet, H.P. . . . .	scarlet.
Rubens, Tea . . . . .	white, shaded rose.
Rubin, Mult. . . . .	crimson.
Rubrifolia, species . . . . .	rose-tinted leaves.
Ruby Queen, Wich. . . . .	carmine, white edge.
Ruga, hybrid, ( <i>arvensis indica</i> ) . . . . .	flesh.
Rugosa alba, Rug. . . . .	white.
Rugosa atropurpurea, Rug. . . . .	deep red.
Rugosa Kamtchatica, Rug. . . . .	rose.
Rugosa repens alba, Rug. . . . .	white.
Rugosa rubra, Rug. . . . .	deep rose.
Safrano, Tea . . . . .	apricot yellow.
St. Helena, H.T. . . . .	old gold and pink.
Salamander, H.P. . . . .	scarlet.
Salet, Moss . . . . .	pink.
Sarah Bernhardt, H.T. . . . .	purplish red.
Schneewitchen, Poly. Pom. . . . .	ivory.
Scotch, <i>see</i> Pimpinellifolia.	
Sénateur Belle, H.T. . . . .	white, orange centre.
Sénateur Mascraud, H.T. . . . .	yellow.
Sénateur Vaisse, H.P. . . . .	crimson.

<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Sericea, species .. .. .	ivory.
Setigera, species (Prairie Rose) ..	pink.
Setina, Bourbon .. .. .	pink.
Sheila Wilson, climbing H.T. ..	carmine.
Shower of Gold, Mult. .. .. .	yellow.
Simplicity, H.T. .. .. .	white.
Sinica or laevigata, species .. ..	white, yellow stamens.
Sinica Anemone, F.Sp. . . .	pale pink.
Sir Garnet Wolseley <i>see</i> Exposition de Brie.	
Sir Rowland Hill, H.P. .. .. .	maroon.
Soleil d'Or, H.Aust.B. .. .. .	orange yellow.
Souvenir d'Elise Vardon, Tea ..	white.
Souvenir de Catherine Guillot, Tea ..	coppery red.
Souvenir de Gustave Prat, H.T. ..	sulphur.
Souvenir de J. B. Guillot, Tea ..	crimson.
Souvenir de la Malmaison, Bourbon ..	blush.
Souvenir de L. Rose Vilin, H.T. ..	white.
Souvenir de Maria de Zayas, H.T. ..	carmine.
Souvenir de Maria Zozaya .. .. .	coral, changing to pink.
Souvenir de Pierre Notting, Tea ..	apricot.
Souvenir de S. A. Prince, Tea ..	white.
Souvenir de Stella Gray, Tea ..	orange and yellow.
Souvenir de Thérèse Levet, Tea ..	red .
Souvenir de Wm. Robinson, Tea ..	fawn.
Souvenir d'un Ami, Tea .. .. .	pink
Souvenir du President Carnot, H.P. ..	satin pink.
Spenser, H.T. .. .. .	blush.
Spinosissima, species .. .. .	blush.
Spinosissima altaica, F.Sp. .. ..	white, yellow anthers.
Spinosissima lutea, F.Sp. .. .. .	yellow.
Splendens, Ayrshire .. .. .	flesh.
Spong, Miniature Prov. .. .. .	rosy lilac.
Stanwell Perpetual, Scotch .. ..	blush.
Star of Waltham, H.P. .. .. .	crimson.

<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Stella, Mult. . . . .	carmine.
Sulphurea, Tea . . . . .	sulphur.
Sultan of Zanzibar, H.P. . . . .	maroon.
Sunbeam, H.T. . . . .	copper, flushed rose.
Sunrise, Tea . . . . .	fawn.
Sunset, Tea . . . . .	apricot.
Suzanne Marie Rodocanachi, H.P. . . . .	rose.
Sweetbrier, species . . . . .	pink.
Sweetheart, Mult. . . . .	white.
Sylph, Tea. . . . .	white, tinted peach.
Tausendschön, Mult. . . . .	pink.
Tea Rambler, Tea . . . . .	coppery.
Thalia, Mult. . . . .	white.
(Also perpetual-flowering form).	
The Bride, Tea . . . . .	white.
The Dandy, H.T. . . . .	crimson.
The Dawson, Mult. . . . .	pink.
The Farquhar, climbing . . . . .	pink.
The Garland, H.Ch. . . . .	blush.
The Lion, Mult. . . . .	carmine.
The Queen <i>see</i> Souvenir de S. A. Prince.	
Theresa, H.T. . . . .	orange apricot.
The Wallflower, Mult. . . . .	rosy red.
Thomas Mills, H.P. . . . .	scarlet.
Thoresbyana, <i>see</i> Bennett's Seedling.	
Thunbergii, Mult. . . . .	white.
Tom Wood, H.P. . . . .	light red.
Trier, Mult. . . . .	cream.
Tuscany, Prov. . . . .	violet.
Ulrich Brunner, H.P. . . . .	deep red.
Ulster, H.P. . . . .	salmon pink.
Una, H. Brier . . . . .	cream.
Universal Favourite, Wich. . . . .	pink.
Veilchenblau, Mult. . . . .	violet blue.
Veluwezoom, H.T. . . . .	carmine rose.

<i>Variety and Type.</i>	<i>Colour.</i>
Victor Hugo, H.P. .. ..	crimson.
Village Maid, Gallica .. ..	red, white stripes.
Violette Bouyer, H.P. .. ..	white, tinted pink
Viridiflora, Ch. .. ..	green.
Viscount Carlow, H.T. .. ..	carmine pink.
Viscountess Folkestone, H.T. ..	cream.
Walter Speed, H.T. .. ..	ivory, suffused pink.
Waltham Bride, .. ..	ivory, buff buds.
Waltham Climber, No. 3, H.T. ..	rose.
Waltham Rambler, Mult. .. ..	rose.
Warrior, H.T. .. ..	crimson.
Wedding Bells, Mult. .. ..	pink.
W. E. Lippiatt, H.T. .. ..	crimson.
Wellesley, H.T. .. ..	pink.
White Baroness, H.P. .. ..	white.
White Bath, Moss .. ..	white.
White de Meaux, Miniature Prov. ..	white.
White Dorothy, Wich. .. ..	white.
White Killarney, H.T. .. ..	white.
White Lady, H.T. .. ..	cream.
White Maman Cochet, Tea .. ..	white.
White Pet, Ch. (also climber) ..	cream.
White Provence, Prov. .. ..	white.
Wichuraiana rubra, Wich. .. ..	red.
Wichuraiana, species .. ..	white, yellow anthers.
Wm. Allen Richardson, N. .. ..	orange.
Wm. F. Dreer, Wich. .. ..	white, pink edge.
Wm. Shean, H.T. .. ..	pink.
W. R. Smith, Tea .. ..	white.
Xanthina, species .. ..	lemon.
Xavier Olibo, H.P. .. ..	dark crimson.
York and Lancaster, D. .. ..	striped or pale rose.
Yvonne Vacherot, H.T. .. ..	white.
Zephirine Drouhin, H.B. .. ..	pink.
Zephyr, Tea .. ..	sulphur,

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